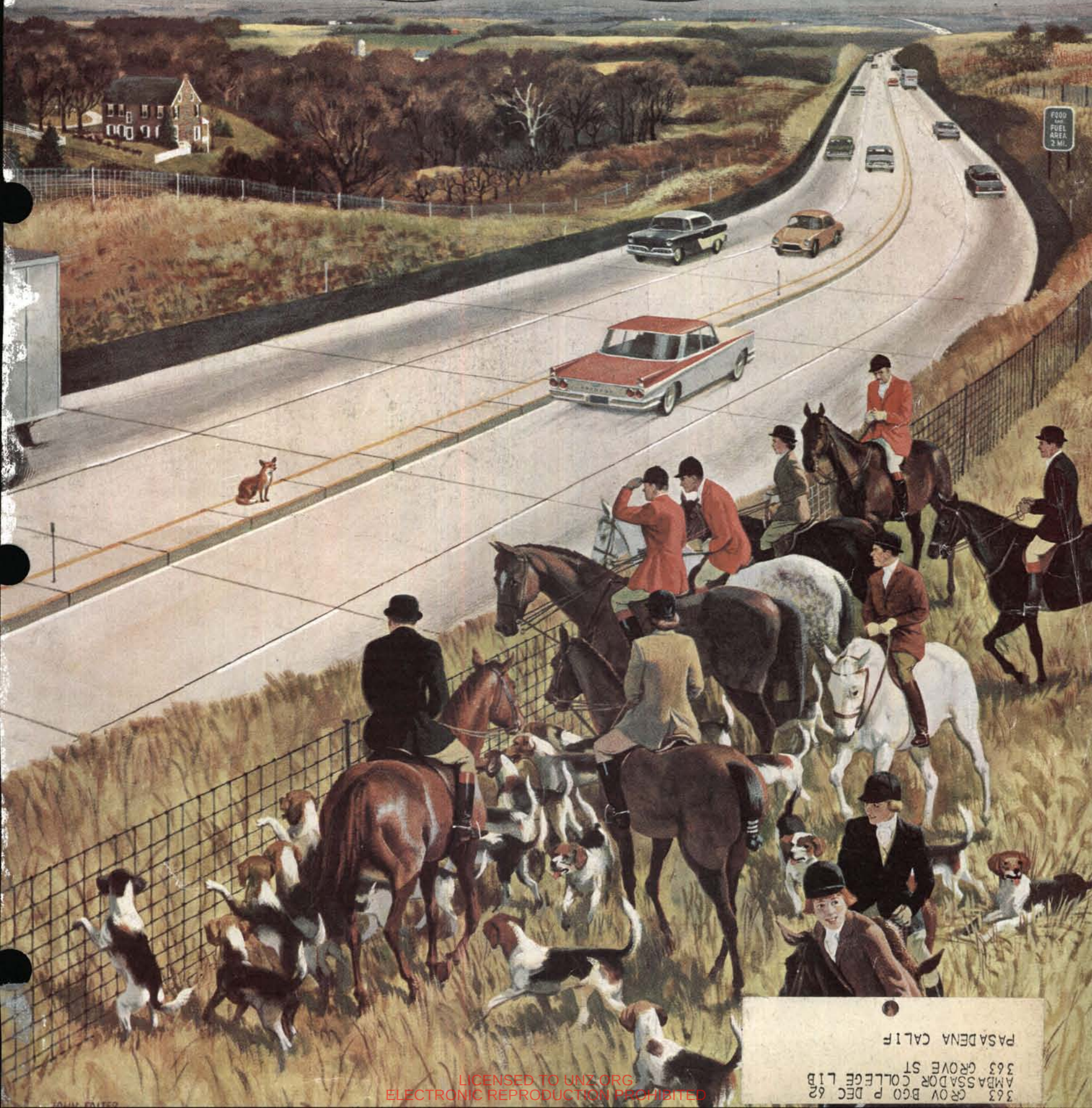
TANGANYIKA: AFRICA'S NEWEST NATION IN COLOR PICTURES

WHY MUST OUR CITIES BE SO UGLY?

The Saturday Evening POST

Dec. 2, 1961 20¢



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SUEDELON VISCOUNT — Fabulous greatcoat with the brushed look of suede, yet made of DuPont Nylon for wear, warmth, lightness. Bonded with SCOTT APPAREL FOAM. PRINCETON lining of Orlon acrylic Shepherd Cloth. $39.95

Scott Apparel Foam*, the lightest, liveliest inner-lining a jacket can wear...the most comfort a man ever slipped into. This amazing foam keeps warmth inside, cold outside! Adjusts automatically, lets the body breathe, keeps you comfortable as the thermometer dips and dives. Scott Apparel Foam, laminated to rugged new fabrics, keeps the fabric's shape. The most practical, pleasing gift ever to light up his holidays!

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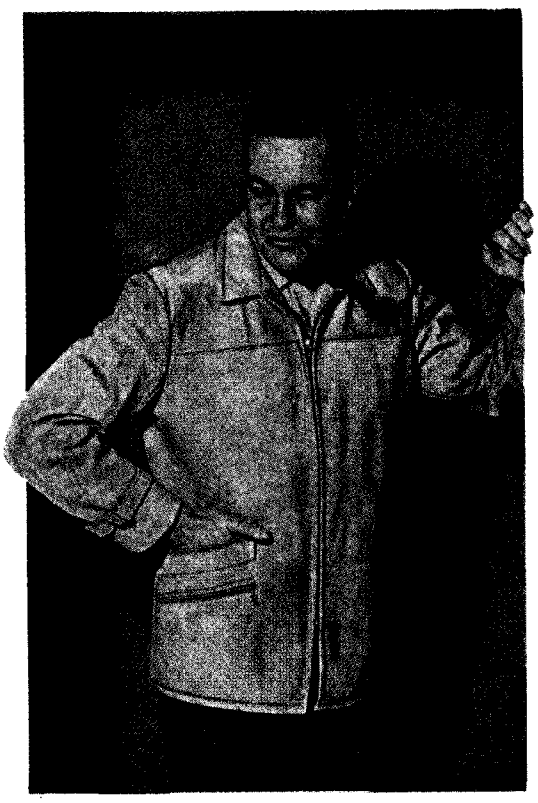
ive the warm glow of McGREGOR

MATADERO WARMSTER—Leather the way he likes it—glove-soft, smooth! Short bloused jacket with knit collar, cuffs, waistband. PRINCETON lining of Orlon acrylic pile. $35.00

NORDIC JUMBO—65% Dacron polyester and 35% cotton. Knit collar bulks up to chin! PRINCETON lining of Orlon acrylic pile. $25.95. NORDIC JUMBO JET, longer version, $29.95†



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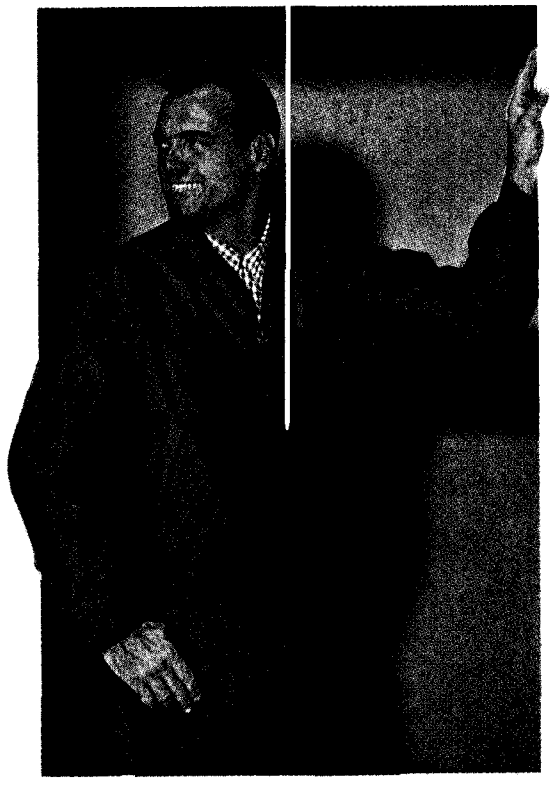
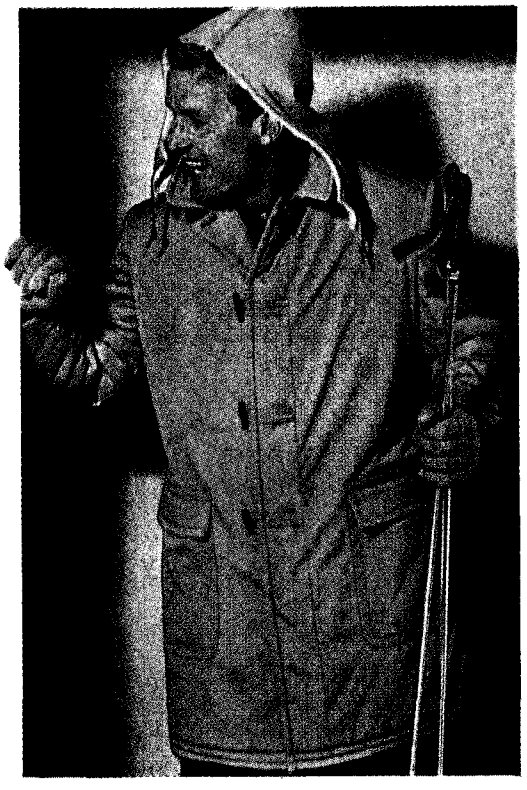
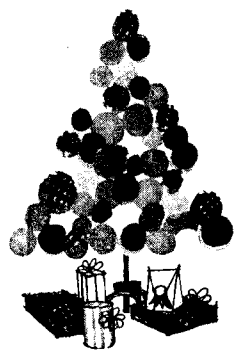


ANTI-FREEZE JACKET— of Antron nylon warmest jacket in the world for its weight! Completely washable; toss it in the machine. PRINCETON lining of Nylon fleece. $19.95



NORDIC VIKING—65% Dacron polyester, 35% cotton. Insulated with 2 layers SCOTT APPAREL FOAM to stop cold. Detachable hood, PRINCETON lining of Orlon acrylic pile. $39.95

Great colors...great styling...great fabrics. That's why McGregor jackets make great Christmas gifts. Inside each one is always the plus of something new and dramatic in the way of linings, interlinings. And remember—with McGregor jackets, you get all the benefits of DACRON®, ORLON®, ANTRON®.



McGREGOR®

†Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. For store nearest you, write McGregor-Doniger Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. or in New York, call CI 5-0800.

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Touch a white handkerchief to dust catchers like this to see how clean flameless electric house heating can be

Look how clean electric house heating is in the modern home

Only flameless electricity provides central heating without combustion and eliminates old-fashioned fuel grime

With flameless electric house heating, there's far less housecleaning to do.

And this cleanliness can add years to the useful life of costly furnishings. Redecorating is much less frequent, the freshly painted look of walls and woodwork lasts for years and the frequent cleaning of drapes and upholstery is no longer necessary.

Moreover, families who live with electric house heating appreciate its evenness, its freedom from cold drafts or blasts of hot air. They speak proudly of its low maintenance, too.

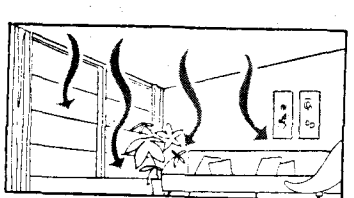
Such noticeable cleanliness and comfort are possible because flameless electric house heating creates heat, and heat alone. For, unlike other fuels, electricity is totally efficient. With it there is no need for combustion, no by-products of combustion. So there is positively no fuel grime to cloud windows or pile up on natural dust collectors.

Look into electric house heating yourself. Besides providing wonderfully clean heating, it immediately enhances the value of your home. And its installation and operating costs are competitive with other heating methods. It will also be just as modern in the future as it is today.

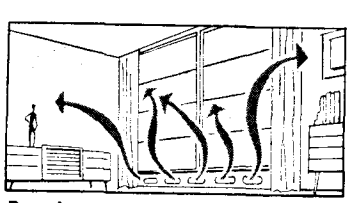
Before building, buying or modernizing, talk over modern electric house heating with the people from your local Electric Utility Company.

For a quick survey of the five basic types of electric house heating, look over the diagrams below.

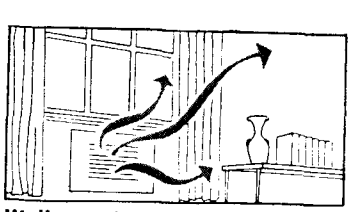
Flameless electric house heating is so clean . . .
YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY
Sponsored by Edison Electric Institute



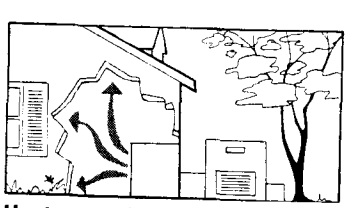
Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than 1/8" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



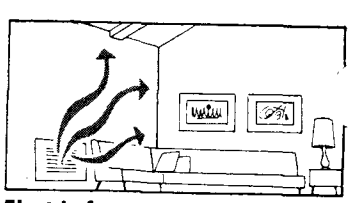
Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.



Wall panel heaters have heating coils behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Heat pump heats home in winter, cools it in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year-round temperature.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use

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The Hempstones in Africa

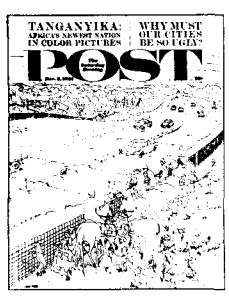
Tanganyika: Bright Spot in a Dark Continent. From Africa a veteran correspondent and free-lance writer reports on an exotic country that gains independence next week. Author Smith Hempstone and his wife Kathaleen have lived and traveled in Africa for the past five years. At the left of our picture, taken in Kenya, stands a sign reading, "It is dangerous to go near lions in an open car"—a warning given emphasis by an outsize death's head at center formed by the skull and legbones of an elephant. Mr. Hempstone is the author of the recently published book, Africa—Angry Young Giant, and last spring won the foreign-reporting prize from Sigma Delta Chi, the national professional journalism fraternity. In this issue he analyzes Tanganyika—a moderate nation in seething Africa—and her Edinburgh-educated leader (page 13).

The Flemings and H & B puppets

TV's Most Unexpected Hit is the cartoon show starring that bourgeois paleolithic family, the Flintstones. Their creators, Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, are also responsible for thinking up such cartoon cavorters as Top Cat, Huckleberry Hound and Yogi Bear. Author Thomas J. Fleming explains: "The reason I got interested in Hanna and Barbera's animated menagerie is the same reason I have an office. Their names are Alice, 9, Thomas, 8, David, 6, and Richard, 5. (My wife's name is Alice too.) They all inhabit our New York apartment, making it difficult to write—and, at times, to talk. They are also fanatic devotees of Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear and company. At supper I heard nothing but imitations of Huck and Yogi, including such cracks as, 'I'm smarter than the average father!' Just to learn to speak the language, I started to watch a few of the programs—and became one of those adults who constitute 40 per cent of the audience for these supposed kiddie shows. Then, when I connected H & B with the Flintstones, I realized they were worthy of an article" (page 62).

PT 109: The Adventure That Made a President. Warner Brothers will produce a motion-picture version of Bob Donovan's book (published by McGraw-Hill and now on sale). The third installment of this exciting true adventure appears in this issue (page 28).

The Bungling Repairman. Bill Mauldin, World War II cartoonist and sometime movie star, takes a withering look at irritations in his life as a householder: garage men who drain his crankcase but forget to put in fresh oil, roofers who do more damage to his roof than repair, plumbers who charge him king-size prices for pint-size jobs. So now he does the jobs himself. If enough Americans do likewise, he asks, will we again become pioneers? (Speaking Out, page 8.)



The Cover. The fox impudently seated on that turnpike medial strip is relishing one of the greatest triumphs of his life, for surely he has rarely been able to enjoy his laugh in full view of his victims. Artist John Falter knows of at least three foxes living around his Pennsylvania home, near which he painted this scene. (The background is real, the situation imaginary.) But whether or not the riders find another fox to chase, word of the turnpike dodge will spread quickly among the local Reynards. So the master of foxhounds might just as well go home, scarlet of coat and face, and search his map for better hunting grounds, fox-filled but turnpike-free.

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Published by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Issued weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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LETTERS

PEARL HARBOR LESSONS

Dear Sirs:

Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison's THE LESSONS OF PEARL HARBOR [Oct. 28] is by far the most realistic account of that tragedy that I have read. He fails, like all the others, to note one fact, and that is that the lack of readiness was in the forces afloat of the Navy itself.

The cause of that lack of readiness was that the Navy afloat had come to think of its life with a civilian attitude, that each officer and man afloat had a job to do aboard ship and when that job was finished he was through for the day and should be able to go home. . . .

I have often been asked for my opinion as to the cause of Pearl Harbor, and I have invariably answered, "The four-thirty boat."

Sunday morning in port was selected by the Japanese because the fleet would then be at a maximum state of unreadiness, owing to the fact that the Army had the first role of defense and that naval officers and a high percentage of the crews would be on liberty or completely relaxed. So blame the "four-thirty boat."

ALFRED WALTON ATKINS
Captain, U. S. Navy (Ret.)
Charleston, S.C.

• *Author Morison says, "Captain Atkins certainly has something when he lists the 4:30 liberty boat among the causes. That was, however, a symptom of something more fundamental: the notion that young Americans were not supposed to sacrifice anything for national defense; the Navy must be made fun to attract them."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . fails to report the well-known fact that the sitting-duck arrangement of the main battle fleet was caused by the substitution of Admiral J. O. Richardson as commander by President Roosevelt some months prior to the attack, because Richardson did not trust the Japs and therefore had his fleet mostly dispersed outside the harbor, especially on weekends. This did not suit the society wives of the officers, who were desirous of frequenting the weekend cocktail parties and dances with their officer-husbands. These wife pressures succeeded in having Roosevelt give the command to Admiral Kimmel, who speedily arranged to have his fleet assembled in port, especially during weekends. We all know what the result was.

M. P. OLSEN
Vancouver, B.C.

• *Professor Morison replies, "Admiral Richardson testified in the Pearl Harbor investigation that he advocated return of the fleet from Hawaii to the West Coast not for security but for logistic reasons. He was relieved of command because of his outspoken dislike of basing the fleet anywhere except on the West Coast."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Morison's article is something that has been needed for a long time. Too much that has been written and said on the subject has stemmed from bias. I am especially glad that he explained the impossibility of the so-called Roosevelt Conspiracy. The promulgation of that myth always seemed to me to be so vicious.

ERNEST C. ARNOLD
Muskogee, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Come now, Admiral Morison, a white-wash job after twenty years!

FRED STRAUSS
Woodhaven, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Morison says: "What an education in military preparedness and military intelligence the Japanese gave us on that 'day of infamy,' as President Roosevelt called it." Hogwash!

Take a look at any military airfield, A.D. 1961. Notice the neat, orderly rows of aircraft, so typically military in dress. . . .

What have we learned?

TOM E. MOORE
Springfield, Va.

TOO ABSTRACT?

Dear Sirs:

I emphatically disagree with Roger Burlingame [SPEAKING OUT: IS ABSTRACT ART A PRIVATE JOKE? Oct. 21] when he says modern and abstract art are not for the workaday folk of today and beyond our understanding.

As the wife of a bricklayer and mother of five children, I must say

most modern art does reflect part of my everyday life, since it looks just like my nightmares.

BONNIE L. HEIBEL
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

TOBGACPUTACKNY, RANOTH MUB TER MIBNANY. KUL PIM RUJOR PONILSOR? SUSTICEW NEM PRESHAT VETH KOS HACKSIGANY.

The above communication from a man of letters to men of letters—which I assume you surely must be, my dear editors—will be both understood and appreciated. It is abstract literary art, which, as Jackson Pollock has said so profoundly, "comes from the Unconscious." Lay people can not be expected to understand or appreciate it, since it is intended for only those who understand and appreciate the abstract.

If you like this sample of an art form which will become very popular with the status-seeking public, I can provide more, either in short-story or full-novel length.

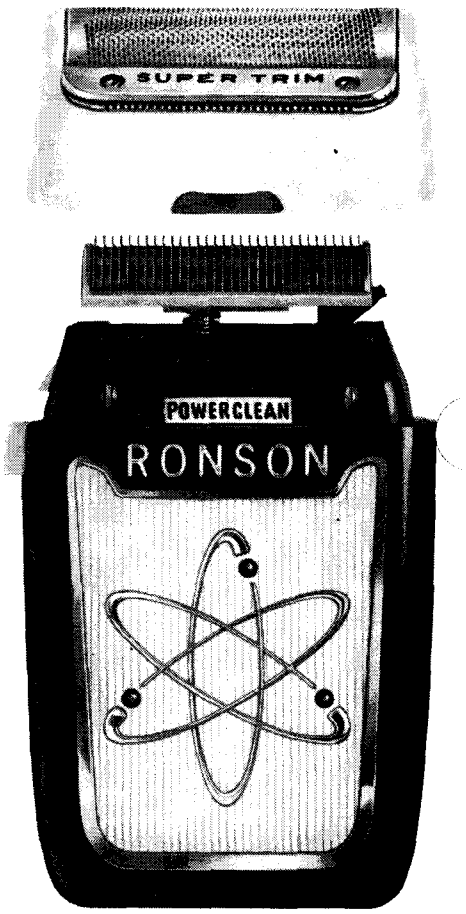
LEONARD H. PILLSBURY
Fairport, N.Y.

P.S. I can also supply abstract poetry.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Burlingame apparently does not understand the nature and purpose of fine art when he demands that paintings be immediately understood by the "man in the street." . . . When he says

If your electric shaver is 9 months old, you should have its head examined.

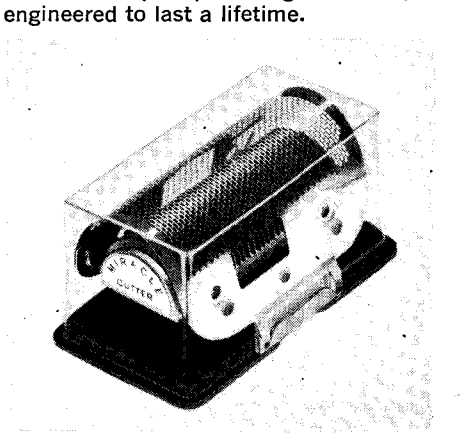


Everything that cuts gets dull. A "safety" blade dulls in a day, electric shavers in about 9 months or so—despite claims to the contrary.

Normally you have to send your electric shaver back to the factory (and lose the use of it for weeks on end), and pay as much as $6.50 to have the job done.

If you own a Ronson CFL Mark II, however, you can keep it sharp as new with Ronson's replaceable shaving screen and multi-blade Miracle cutter you snap in at home in 10 seconds. This new cutter and shaving screen, boxed together, cost only $3.00 (suggested retail price).

Snap them in and your Ronson shaver is new again. Unlike other shavers, every other shaver part (including the motor) is engineered to last a lifetime.



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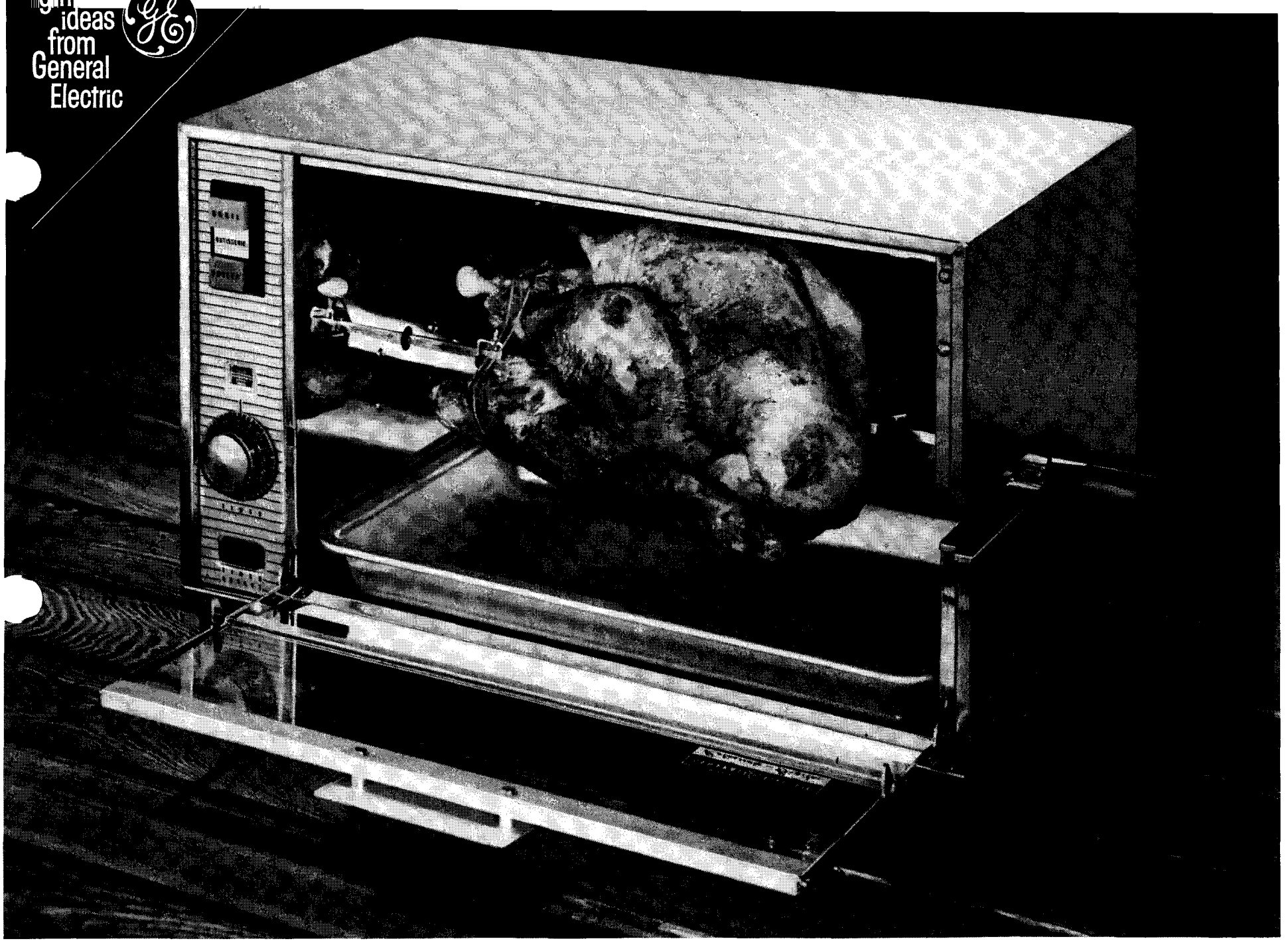

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True broiling needs a flow of fresh, dry air—not moisture-laden air that "steam roasts."

General Electric's Rotisserie-Broiler provides a flow of cool, fresh air, plus direct infra-red heat. Quickly crisps the outside of meats and seafood, seals in the natural juices. Rotisserizes, too. Large enough for two chickens or a leg of lamb! There's an automatic timer and timed appliance outlet for your coffee maker or other appliances. Enjoy *true* broiling—in your home or on your patio! Ask your dealer about the Rotisserie-Broiler. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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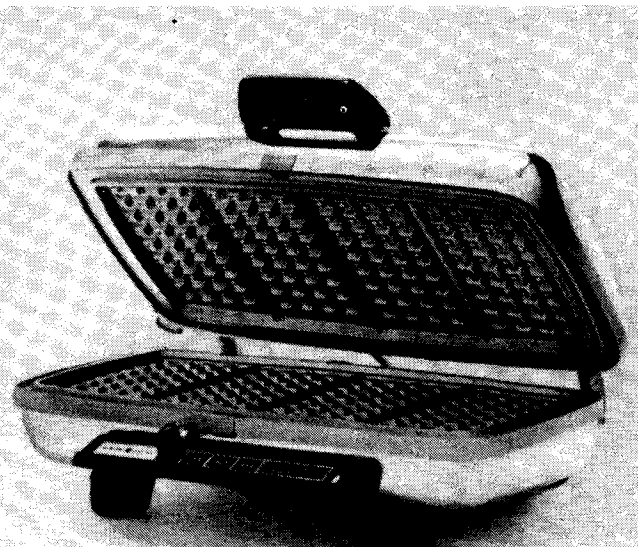

Two Appliances in One! Makes pancakes, grills sandwiches, bacon, eggs. Grids flip over to make crisp, tender waffles.

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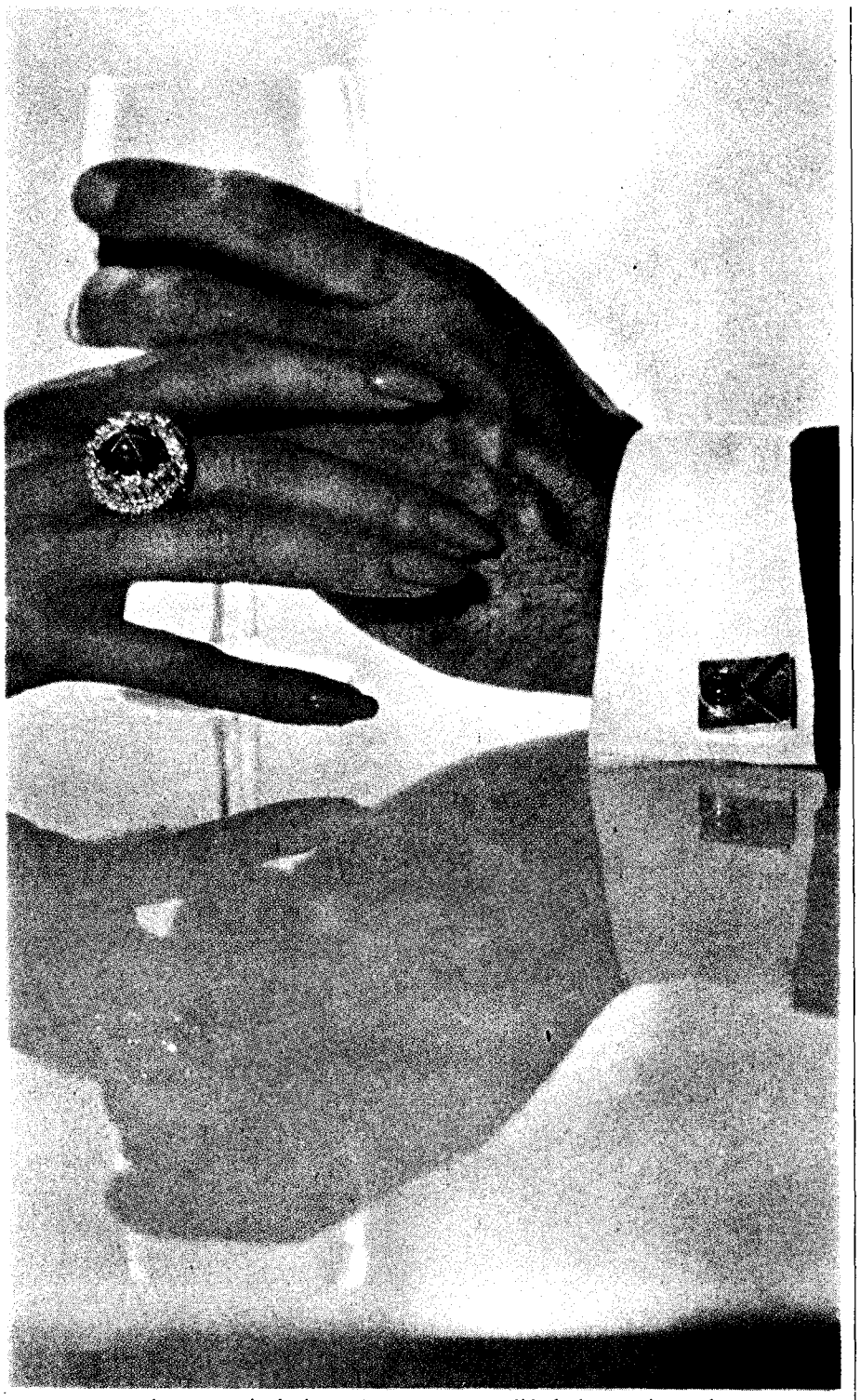
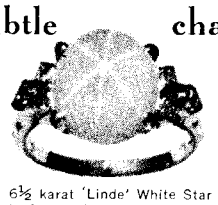


Ring by Raymond Abrahams, $6,300 F. T. I. Cuff links by Joseph Kirsch, $225 F. T. I.

Timeless as a 'Linde' Star

A man...a woman...the gift that is as timeless as love itself ...the splendour of your 'Linde' Star. Within its depths shimmers the secret that has fascinated all the ages of mankind...the breath-taking beauty of a mysterious six-rayed star. Set in white or yellow karat gold, Stars are priced from a discreet $85. Let the subtle charm of a 'Linde' Star cast its magic spell over you...both of you!



6½ karat 'Linde' White Star in 14K white gold mounting with 6 side diamonds, $150.

'Linde Stars' are available at these & other fine jewelers throughout the U. S.: Stedman's, Santa Ana, Calif.; Dodson's, Spokane, Wash.; Hamilton Jewelers, Trenton, N. J.; Jacob's Jewelers, South Bend, Ind.; Rosenzweig, Phoenix, Ariz.; Long's, Boston, Mass. 'Linde' is a registered trade mark of UNION CARBIDE

LETTERS

that "lay people are forbidden to understand such things," he has stated a half truth. For modern art, like much modern music and poetry, requires some *effort* to be understood and appreciated. We have been wooed by the "ten-easy-lessons" concept and, as a consequence, fallaciously label anything that requires work and effort as "forbidding." Like fine foods, many art forms require cultivated tastes

Most of the Impressionists, whose paintings are widely reproduced and hung today, were regarded as outcasts by the critics and public of their time. The art of Rothko, Pollock, *et al.*, will probably be the art of the "man in the street" tomorrow. The role of the artist is to alter and advance our tastes, not to cater to them.

KENNETH J. THOMPSON
York, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Burlingame, no stranger to how to cash in on controversy, renders everyone except himself a disservice in this article. Essentially what he says to the reader is this: "I don't understand or appreciate something which I am pretty safe in assuming you feel the same way about, so let us pool your simple ignorance and my complicated ignorance (I'm a regular fellow just like you are, only more so) and proceed to ridicule and condemn the thing out of hand. When you read the result, you will feel that your ignorance is really wisdom, and I will have a check in my pocket."

JOHN GORDON
Danville, Ky.

TEEN-AGE HOSPITAL

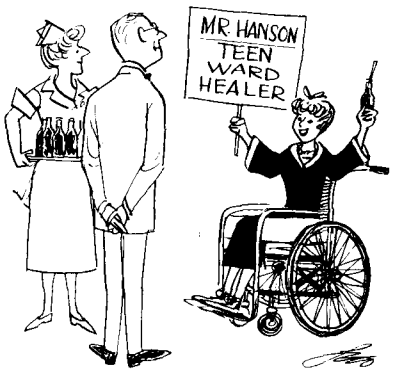
Dear Sirs:

After having read How to Have Fun in the Hospital [by Frank J. Taylor, Oct. 28], I was inspired to write this letter and bestow my special "honors" on Mr. Paul Hanson. I believe his "teen-age hospital" is the greatest discovery in recent medical history. I know by experience how boresome and tiring a long duration in a hospital can be.

EDWARD STROUD (age 17)
Shreveport, La.

Dear Sirs:

The teen-agers in Portland, Oregon, are certainly lucky to have someone as great as Paul R. Hanson looking after



them. It's inspiring to learn that somebody is thinking of us teen-agers as people to be looked after rather than as "demons" or "nuts." Thanks again.

MARY DELANEY (age 16)
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sirs:

A hospital remains a place where dedicated people work hard in order to heal the sick, even on the teen-age ward of Emanuel Hospital. I know, as I have been a nurse there. And lest there are more teen-agers who think that is the place to go and have a ball, as have some already who read your artic How to Have Fun in the Hospital, and lest there be parents who will undoubtedly be afraid their children would never return to earth after a visit to this teen-agers' "paradise," may I say one word?

We think there are many advantages in having our patients in a department of their own, but it is not a three-ring circus, nor should it be. There are too many sick ones who need and deserve good nursing care!

M. C. JORDAN, R.N.
Portland, Oreg.

NEW POST CARTOON

Dear Sirs:

Undoubtedly you have seen the enclosed cartoon [below], however I could not resist sending it in also. I find myself in the majority of your readers in that I approve of the change.

MICHAEL W. HARMUT
Inglewood, Calif.

"What have you done to *The Saturday Evening Post*?"

Dear Sirs:

Hit him again for me!

MRS. W. J. MCNAMAR
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

This is the way I felt when I saw your first issue with the new format, but now I can honestly say of the new Post—"I like it!"

JO ANN BODE
Pasadena, Calif.

● *At last count 257 readers had sent us this cartoon, clipped from 20 different newspapers.—ED.*

PLEASED READERS

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks to you for the index in the Oct. 28th issue. It is now as it should be.

JEANNETTE WILLIAMSON
San Marcos, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

There, after six weeks of impatient searching through much ink, I can read at a glance the information I desire. What a relief.

MARY A. CONKLE
Wayne, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Glad to see you are recovering fro. your recent serious illness. The index is now fine—even better than the old one.

MRS. OLA BIDWELL SHERRY
Los Angeles, Calif.

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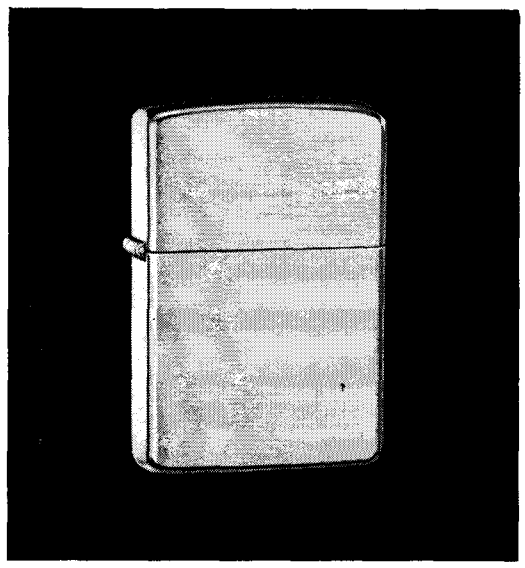
Save time and trouble. Make your Zippo gift selections, then take this page to your Zippo dealer.

Christmas shopping guide to Zippos...the lighters that work



Brush-Finish Zippo $3.50

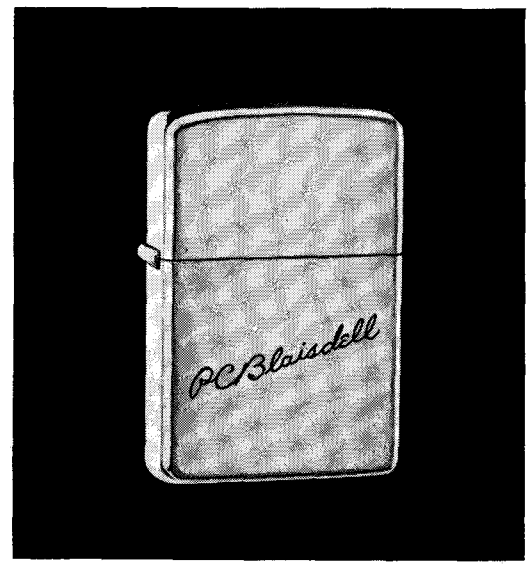
NAME GOES HERE

No matter how old it is, or what its condition, if a Zippo ever fails to work, we'll fix it free

Use this handy page to pick out the most appropriate lighter for each smoker on your gift list. Write each person's name in the space below the lighter.

Then clip out the page and take it to any store that sells Zippo lighters. Most good stores do.

Zippo Manufacturing Co., Bradford, Pennsylvania, Canada Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario



High-Polish Zippo $4.75

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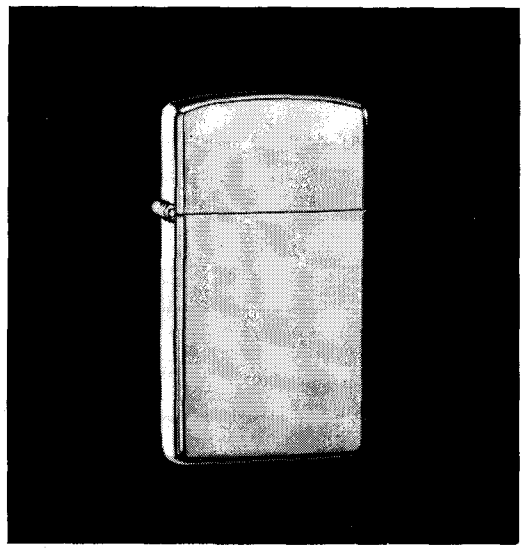

High-Polish Slim-Lighter Zippo $4.75

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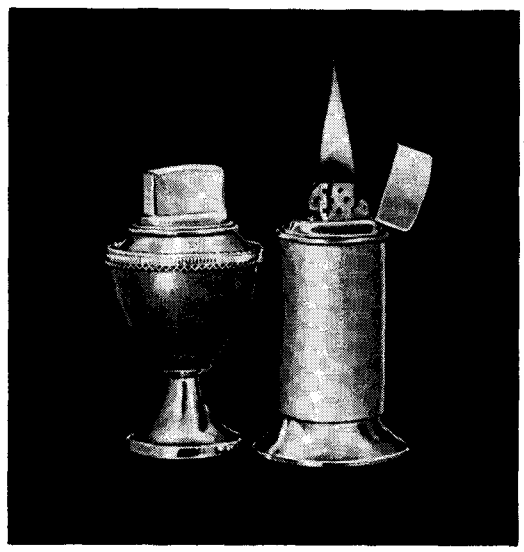

Zippo Table Lighters from $12.50

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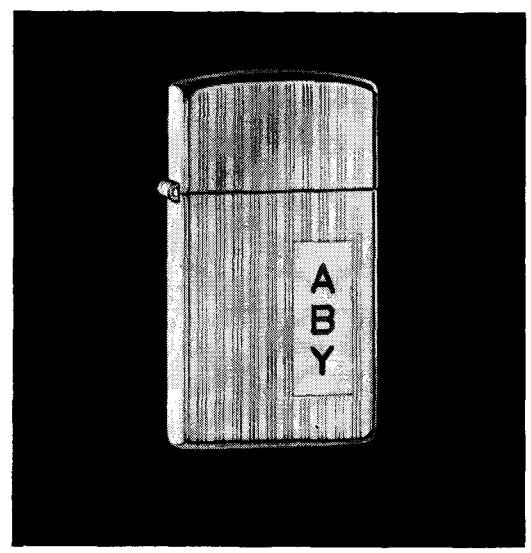

Ribbon Design Slim-Lighter Zippo $6.00

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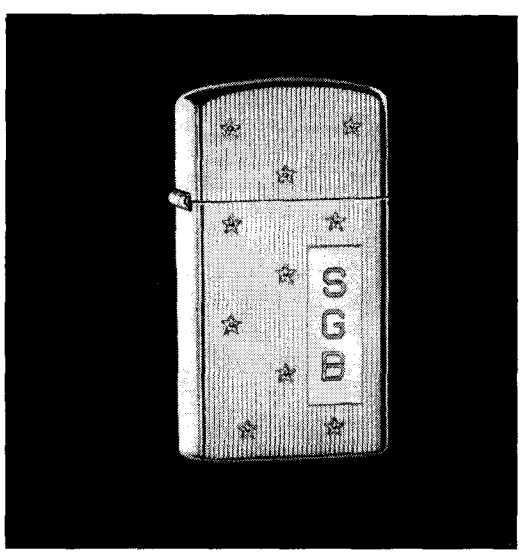

Gold-Filled Slim-Lighter Zippo $20.00*

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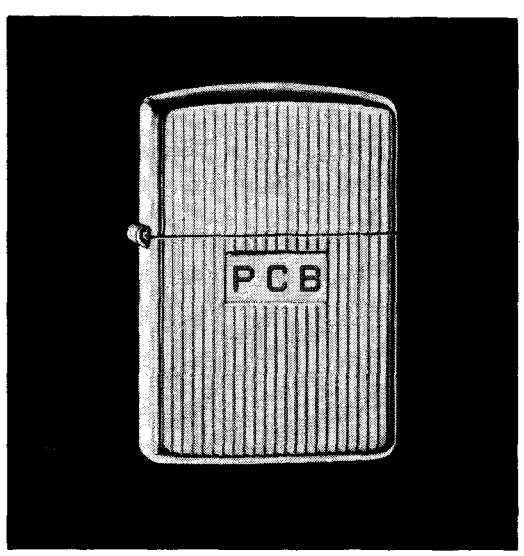

Solid Gold Zippo $175.00*

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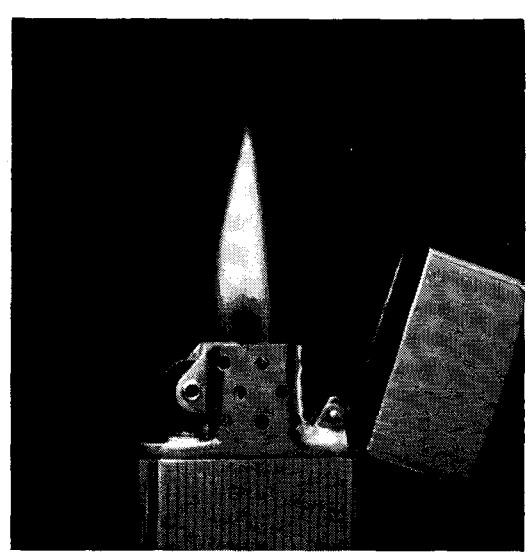

*Subject to 10% retail excise tax

ZIPPO—
THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS

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SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

Breaking two tiles while fixing one is a form of job insurance.

Anything I can't fix myself I try to ignore.

THE BUNGLING REPAIRMAN

by Bill Mauldin

A few years ago, when "do-it-yourself" was still a movement, not yet a way of life, one of my favorite diversions was poking fun at suburban friends and neighbors as they buzzed about their properties with wrenches, trowels, saws, brushes and electric drills clutched in their often-unsure, Mercurochrome-stained fingers.

There was pity in my laughter. I had been reading the accident statistics. Hundreds of thousands of medical cases every year caused by slipping chisels, toppling ladders and what not. You would have to see the figures to believe how many ways there are to do yourself in even with a short stepladder.

I was guilty of a certain smugness, too, having eschewed do-it-yourself out of choice, not ineptness. I was practically reared in tool sheds by a father and a brother who were—and still are—mediocre farmers, competent builders and highly talented professional mechanics. I never approached their level of skill, and in the end chose pencil pushing for a vocation. But I grew up helping them, and some of it was bound to rub off, so that I have a speaking acquaintance with many tools, real familiarity with some, and an abiding respect and affection for people who work with them for a living.

In fact, it was this feeling of kinship with the pros which, more than anything else, shaped my attitude in my early householding days: "Let the cobbler stick to his last." I used *my* hands at the drawing board and typewriter. I believed in calling plumbers to plumb, gutterers to gut and carpenters to carp. Besides, it seemed a lot cheaper, simpler and less painful than falling off ladders.

Since then I have owned three different houses, one in the East and two in the Middle West, and two or three cars. My present house, which I bought recently, is forty years old and well built but run down. In fact, it is a veritable handyman's dream. All the sashes and trim need paint badly. The kitchen floor sags. We need a new sink. During the summer somebody put a ball through a living-room window. A chimney crack needs filling. Two exhaust fans in the kitchen and one in the downstairs bath need replacing. The plumbing in the upstairs tub is shot, and the shower trickles.

There is a new wing, only seven years old, containing a library, master bedroom and bath, which cost the previous owner a pretty penny. The floors are random-width, pegged oak planks. It is green wood, and it curls. The flat roof leaks, partly because of skimpy covering, partly because of no pitch for drainage and mostly because the wing has pulled away from the mother building. The bathroom is loaded with electrical gadgets and has a control panel like a B-52, but hardly any of it works and, when you try to change one of the bulbs, the whole fixture comes out.

Would you like to hear about our car? It is six years old, with 70,000 miles and —— But never mind. The question is whether I am still true to my earlier principles and am going to start leafing through the Yellow Pages of the phone book for help. And the answer is that I am not. After dealing with Lord knows how many mechanics, plumbers, carpenters, gutterers, roofers, electricians, exterminators, contractors and painters I have finally come around to my former neighbors' point of view. My basement walls are pegboards festooned with tools, all my weekends are occupied, and what I can't fix myself I try to ignore.

A missing finger or a broken ankle is nothing compared to the misery of dealing with the average American craftsman today. Oh, there are still some competent ones, and some of these are even pleasant mannered and honest. But an incredible number of them are sloppy, surly, ignorant, rapacious or just plain crooked.

It is commonplace these days to send out a power lawn mower—as I have done twice, with two different dealers—for an engine overhaul, pay the bill, then have to overhaul it yourself and

William H. (Bill) Mauldin, outspoken writer and cartoonist, has won two Pulitzer prizes. For the past three years he has been speaking out as political cartoonist for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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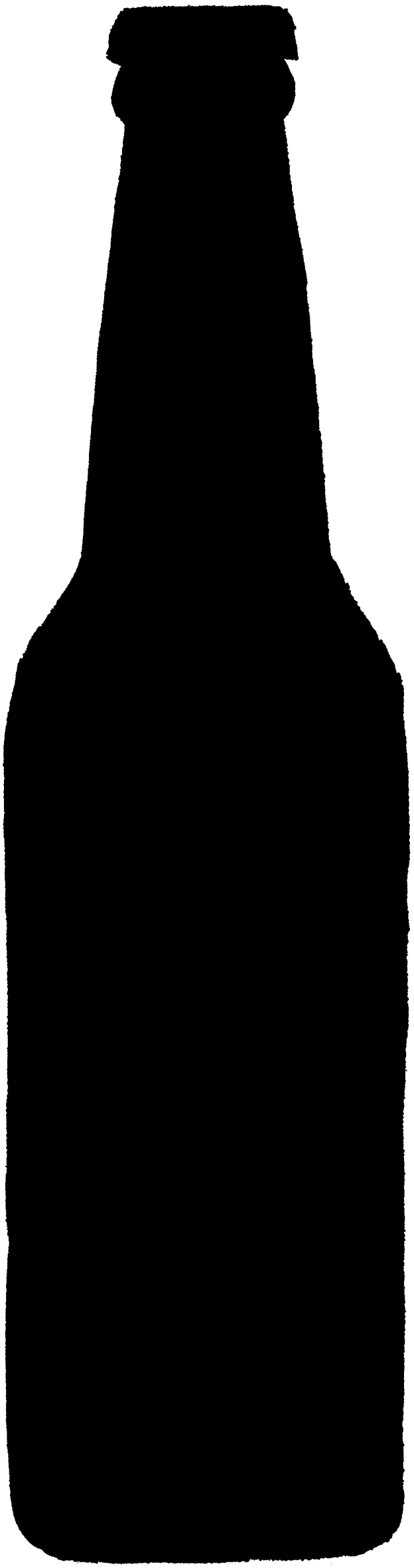
The Brown Bottle

Why did it make the beer taste better?



Today, most beer comes in brown bottles that look pretty much like this one.

Fifty years ago practically all beer came in clear glass bottles. What changed things?

Well, the Schlitz people up in Milwaukee put up a beer that they were particularly proud of, and they wanted it to taste as good when people drank it as it did when it left the brewery.

This wasn't possible with a clear glass bottle because just a little exposure to sunlight would cloud the beer and ruin the flavor. So Schlitz set out to find a bottle that would protect the beer from light.

The brown bottle did it and more and more people began to drink Schlitz.

Since that time most other breweries have copied the Schlitz brown bottle, but no one has ever been able to copy the taste of the good Schlitz beer inside.

How about a Schlitz?

Schlitz®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© 1961 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

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SPEAK!NG OUT

discover they never touched the insides, but merely ran some gunk through the carburetor. Call them up about it, and they brazen it out. In today's mad scramble the big thing is selling, not service.

Or hire a couple of plumbers (they come in pairs), as my wife did one day, to fix a drain in the basement. They had to move the washing machine. When they shoved it back, she asked them to level it. They said no dice. That was a serviceman's job. She wheedled, pointing out that she had a big wash, her husband was out of town, it took an act of Congress to get a serviceman, and it was only a ten-minute chore, involving a spirit level and four little screw feet. She had watched me do it. Grumpily they agreed. Four hours later she found them still on the job, surrounded by cigar butts, dreamily fiddling with the little screw feet, at $4.25 per hour per man. They sure showed *her*.

I could go on for hours about roofers who tramp around breaking more tiles than they fix (a form of re-employment insurance presumably), bicycle shops that leave out vital parts, gunsmiths who ruined my deer rifle, garages that drain old oil out and forget to put new oil in. But this sort of dreary tale has become so ordinary that I doubt if I could hold an audience for long.

What the hell has happened to us? Who's to blame? Unions and the Welfare State are, of course, the most popular villains in the story. In many businesses today it is less of a headache to keep a nincompoop on the payroll than to fire him. There are cases where it's virtually impossible to get rid of a man whose only fault is that he's worthless.

The professional military services used to be crowded with amiable bums making pensionable careers out of avoiding work and trouble. Today these types can operate the same way as civilian labor, at much better than GI pay.

And, just as it was in the Army, heaven help the eager-beaver newcomer, full of esprit and enthusiasm, who runs up against these old characters. To them he is a possible nut, a probable bootlicker and a definite menace, to be isolated, brainwashed, intimidated, or got rid of before he contaminates the place. None of this is conducive to craftsmanship.

The upsurge of "conservatism" in the younger set is puzzling to many people who consider it out of character for kids. But is it? A ruthless fact of life, among man packs no less than wolf packs, is that old, entrenched generations don't give up power gracefully. It is wrested from them. And youth is perceptive; where it attacks is where the real power lies. In daddy-o's heyday the mossbacks were the "economic royalists" who refused to emerge from the nineteenth century. Today the young, the zealous, the restless, the ambitious all too often see, or fancy they see, their way to power and glory blocked by superannuated New Dealers and bullnecked old unioneers who appear hostile to individual enterprise and inclined to gear labor to the lowest, slowest and dumbest common denominator.

Being a wage earner and somewhat subjective about all this, I stand four-square with the unions on pay. The more the workingman makes, the more everybody prospers. But I am a deep-dyed reactionary about featherbedding, bricklayers' quotas, or any other gimmick for collecting a day's pay without giving value received. It is a form of thievery—under any circumstance and no matter how sanctified by vote or custom. The man who pays the wage might seem to be the only victim of these practices, but it is demoralizing to the man who collects it, whether he admits it or even knows it. And he's not likely to put his heart into whatever little work he does do.

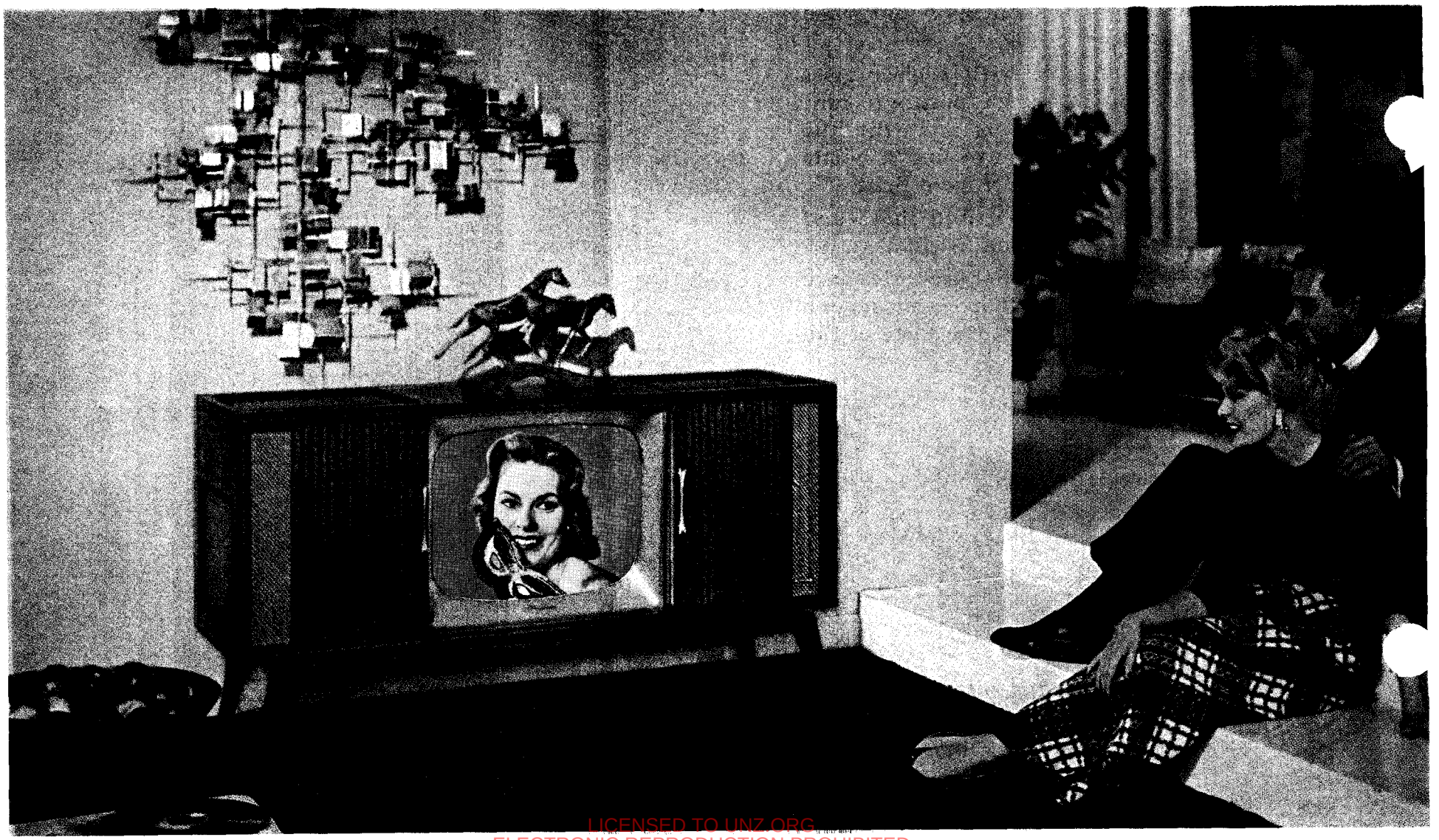
I think one of the biggest culprits—and one that is often overlooked—in the decline of American workmanship is that thing called "status." As wages and general living standards have gone up and up, such goodies as cab cruisers, swimming pools and second cars are no longer rare luxuries—that is, they do not set their owners very far apart from the main stream. What to do? Deep in his heart, *everybody* craves status (beatniks are probably the worst of the lot), and so what is left?

Job status, that's what. Suddenly you can't tell what people do by their titles. Secretaries become "administrative assistants." Peddlers become "representatives." Flunkies become second or third "vice presidents." Janitors are "custodians." Hard-to-classify personnel become "associates." I have even heard mechanics called "shop expediters." If anybody had called my old man a "shop expediter," he'd have had the flat of a tire iron alongside his skull before he could explain himself.

It would seem that if a man feels the need to obfuscate the nature of his work, he can't be too proud of it. And if he's not proud, how good a job is he going to do?

Maybe part of the trouble is that too many hand-cleaning lotions and jellies are on the market. There was a time when clean, soft hands on a man were rather loathsome, and a politician would toughen his right hand in brine to provide the proper "tactile image" when he shook with a voter. If you're a horny-handed son of toil today and show it, your teen-age daughter will strive to give the impression to her friends that you are an uppity hired man who walked through the house without knocking.

A magnificent **Magnavox** Stereo Theatre



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Heaven help the eager beaver who likes his work.

Pessimists fear that all this is merely a symptom of a general deterioration of our national character. I think it is mostly a case of cockeyed standards. Everybody has a capacity and a *need* for pride in his work. When it becomes unfashionable, or unsociable, or eccentric, or illegal to put out a little extra effort on the job, then this need, this hunger, has to go someplace, just the same as any other frustration, even if it goes only into peptic ulcers.

Thus we have the odd spectacle of craftsmen puttering through the working day with an eye on the clock, then rushing home and putting in long, arduous hours lining their basement furnace rooms with exquisite paneling, or building intricate nuclear-powered-submarine models out of used razor blades.

All this is none of my business, of course. I have nothing against hobbies, and I would certainly hate to see us go back to the days when everybody worked so hard that he barely had enough strength left to stagger home to bed. It's just that I'm getting a little bitter about what's happened to my spare time. I would like to devote it to fishing or loafing or playing cards. Instead I spend it hammering or drilling or painting, because I have found that just about the only sure way of getting a conscientious job done these days is to hire myself.

And that suggests a hopeful note on which to end. Maybe this is the back road to returning to the individualism and independence whose passing we all like to bewail. Maybe two or three generations hence they'll be bragging about the fine American tradition of pride in craftsmanship, handed down by grandpap himself from his simple basement workshop. He took care of his own home with nothing but his two strong hands and some primitive power tools. THE END

. . . the greatest home entertainment you've ever known . . . from true Stereo-High Fidelity and new Automatic Big Picture TV

Hear the world's great music superbly re-created—thrill to TV programs with dramatic realism you've never seen before!

The Magnavox Stereo Theatre gives you: Stereophonic—Phonograph—FM and AM radio—Automatic TV—all in one beautiful furniture piece.

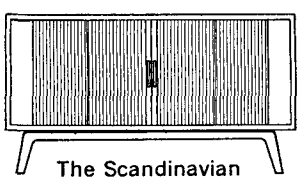
Fully Automatic TV—Now you just select your program and let Video-matic make *all* adjustments electronically—to give you the best pictures you've ever seen—day or night.

Bigger, Clearer Pictures—330 sq. in. screen—with a Chromatic optical filter that eliminates reflections and glare which cause eyestrain. And, the sound of high fidelity puts a "breath of life" into every scene.

True Stereo-High Fidelity—only Magnavox attains the spectacular dimension of stereophonics and the tonal purity of high fidelity with an advanced acoustical system that projects sound from the sides as well as the cabinet front—to surround you with the beauty of music.

Your records can now last a lifetime! Because there is no discernible record or stylus wear with the new Micromatic player, **the Diamond Stylus is guaranteed for 10 years.**

The most dependable—so trouble-free that only Magnavox guarantees **service, as well as all parts and tubes for a full year.** These are but a few of the advantages that distinguish Magnavox as the world's finest.



The Scandinavian
Stereo Theatre 24

Though Magnavox is the finest—it will cost you less than you may think. Magnavox is sold only through selected fine dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages)—saving you the cost of middleman distribution. Select from over 100 styles: Portable hi-fi phonographs from $69.90 . . . stereo consoles from $149.50 . . . TV from $168 . . . and Stereo Theatres priced from only $359.50.

Magnavox Big Picture TV will raise your standards of viewing—the Normandy Provincial 24, with Video-matic and many other features exclusive to Magnavox—has a 20% bigger screen (330 sq. in.). Four high fidelity speakers, two on each side of the picture, create the illusion of sound coming from the screen itself. Select from ten 24″ models in a variety of styles and woods "Anniversary priced" as low as $249.50.

This is the Magnavox 50th Anniversary. See the beautiful models priced for this celebration, before December 10th.

the magnificent
Magnavox

truly the finest...and your best buy on any basis of comparison

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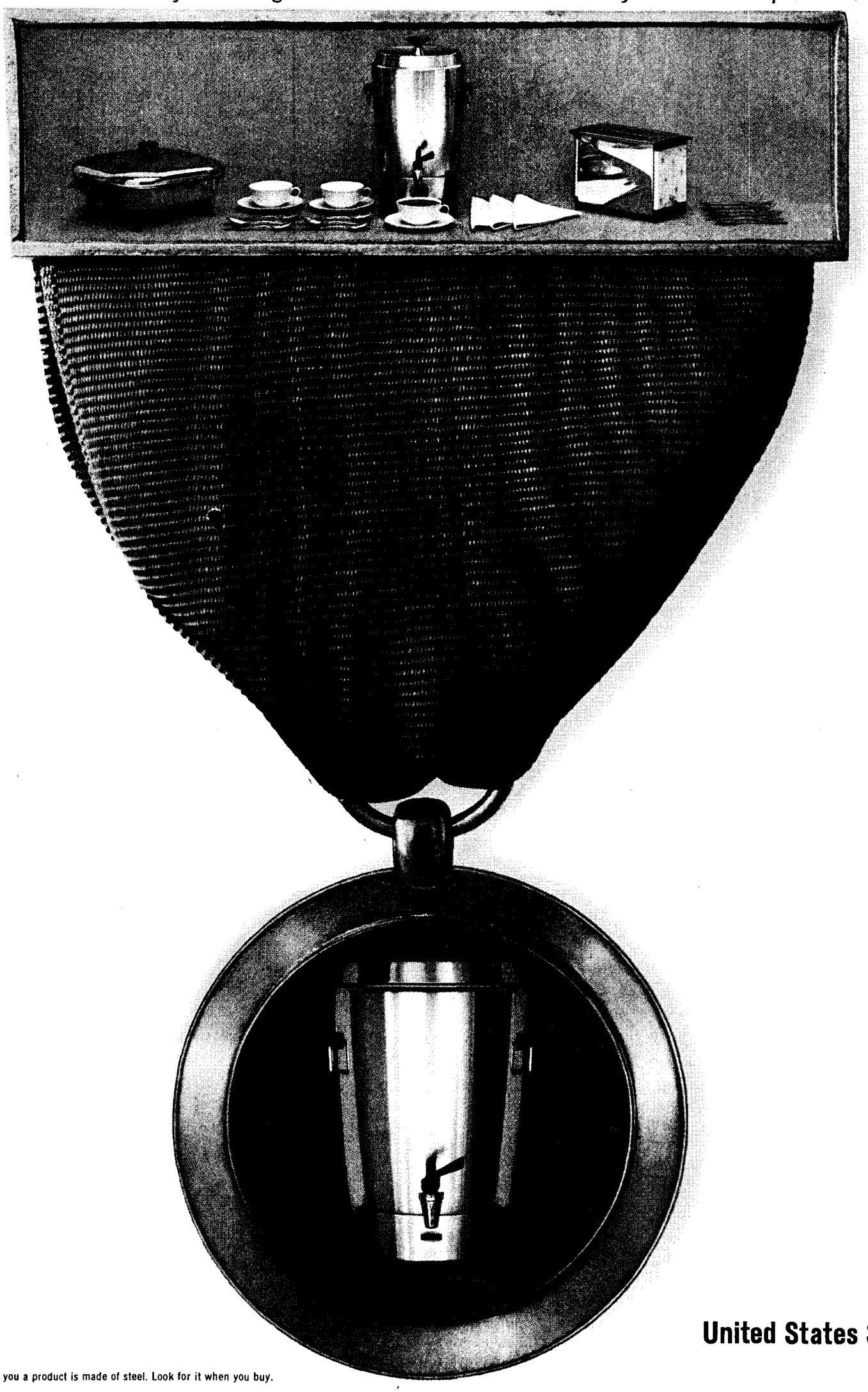
GALLANT

Some cooking utensils beat a retreat once the food has been prepared. Not the new steel electric appliances. They're styled for the serving line—up front where the guests are. Cook right at the buffet or dining table, then serve from the same appliances: skillets, toasters, broilers, coffee makers. They always look party-perfect because steel has the luster that always reflects good taste. See the new models and buy now. You'll be proud to serve, too.



Steel

The Steelmark on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

United States Steel USS TRADEMARK

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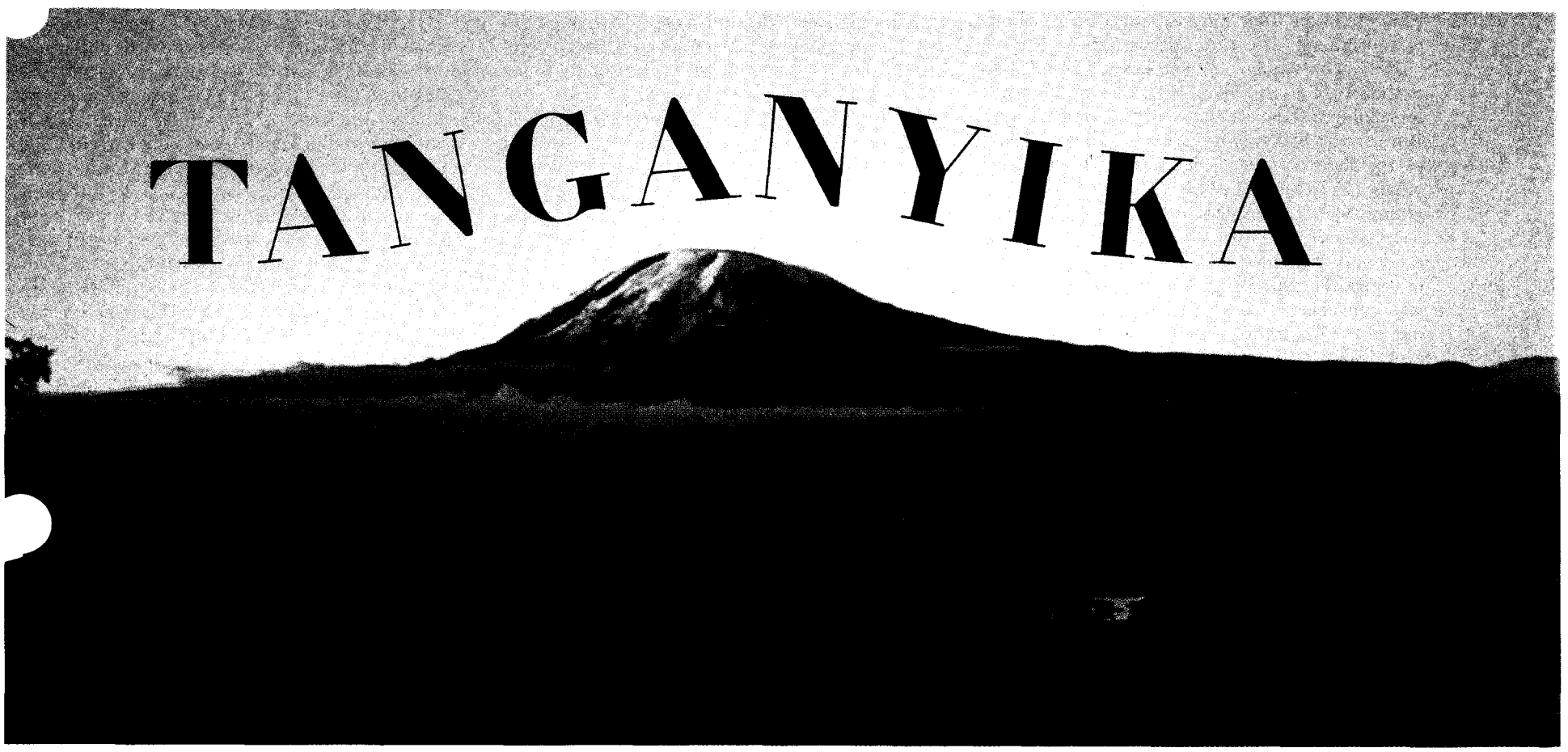
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin



The storied peak of Mount Kilimanjaro rises majestically in the north of Tanganyika.

BRIGHT SPOT IN A DARK CONTINENT

Will Africa's "Cinderella Country" be able to sustain its new national peace when it faces the responsibilities of independence next week?

BY SMITH HEMPSTONE

DAR ES SALAAM.

In a few days now—next Saturday, December ninth—thousands of proud green, black and gold flags will be raised in this capital by the sea and throughout this land, a land as exotic as its name. Independence will come to Tanganyika—the twenty-third new nation to be spawned in Africa in the last six years, but quite different from all the others. Tanganyika is unique in history, in natural phenomena and in the course it took to race to independence. This country, four times as large as West Germany, and with a population only slightly greater than New York City's, may well be the cradle of the human race. Its history drifts back into the gray dawn of mankind. Fossil bones of gigantic reptiles 135,000,000 years old have been found pressed between this rugged country's layers of rock. Recent findings, dating back more than 500,000 years, indicate a Stone Age culture. From the snow-capped peak of Kilimanjaro, down the foothills where white settlers thrive, to the bleak central wastes, this is a game-hunter's paradise. There are some 430 species or subspecies of mammals. They include a fruit bat with a five-foot wingspread, a scaly ant-eater whose flesh is a delicacy and a fierce little honey badger, a fellow who will attack anything.

But the most unusual creature in Tanganyika is a man, Julius Kambarage Nyerere, who became prime minister early this year. This is because Nyerere, forty, modest, and pencil-thin, guided this nation aborning to independence through a policy of studied reasonableness and moderation. This is why Tanganyika will become Africa's most peaceful new nation, why it is unlikely to become a Congo and why white settlers most likely will settle here permanently.

But, you may ask, what difference will it make to Americans whether Nyerere is able to carry out his policy of moderation and justice for all in this desperately poor corner of remote East Africa? It makes a great deal of difference if only because Nyerere has become a symbol for

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TANGANYIKA

everything in African politics that is wise, temperate, fair and genuinely democratic, as the majority of Americans understand this word.

If you want to find out why this is so, it is necessary to know something about the career of this extraordinary African political leader.

He has only one wife, who keeps a small shop in the native quarter here. He is one of the countless children (best estimate, fifty-two) of Nyerere Burito, who had twenty-six wives and was a chief of the Zanaki, one of the smallest of Tanganyika's 120 tribes. When he was twelve years old, young Nyerere was sent to school at the Lake Victoria port of Musoma. He showed promise early and graduated to a high school at Tabora in central Tanganyika. While at Tabora, Nyerere was converted to Catholicism, and he remains one of the few African-nationalist leaders who is a practicing and devout Christian. Here lies one of the keys to Nyerere's constructive leadership.

From Tabora, Nyerere went on to the University College of East Africa. The soft-spoken, shy African studied there from 1943 to 1945, obtaining a diploma in Education.

Returning to his old school at Tabora, he taught for four years before a scholarship to Scotland's famed University of Edinburgh came his way. Three years at Edinburgh left Nyerere with a master-of-arts degree in history, a slight Scottish burr and an awakening national consciousness he could not deny.

Back in Tanganyika in 1952 the young teacher returned to his classrooms—this time at St. Francis High School outside this capital. But he began to take an increasing interest in an organization called the Tanganyika African Association, formed by British civil servants in 1929 as a social club for Africans. Nyerere had plans for this musty organization that its founders would not have approved. Elected president of the Tanganyika African Association in 1953, Nyerere first rewrote the club's constitution to give it a political complexion and then renamed it the Tanganyika African National Union.

This was the birth of the nationalist movement which is bringing independence to this United Nations Trust Territory.

Now Nyerere had a tough decision to make. Should he leave a profession he found highly congenial, as well as comfortable, to become a politician? As a teacher he could look forward to a secure and comparatively well-paying career—the average Tanganyikan has a cash income of thirty-four dollars a year. The prospects for a politician, by contrast, were none too rosy. Nyerere consulted the Irish priest, headmaster at St. Francis, and was told gently that teaching and politics were not a good combination—advice many American professors would not accept. Nyerere prayed, meditated and thought.

Even if T.A.N.U. absorbed all the old members of the old Tanganyika African Association, it could boast only 17,000 supporters and no financial backing. The majority of Tanganyikans, primitive people, might not respond to a call to nationalism. There was no constitutional means whereby his voice could be heard by his countrymen; there was no hope in sight for power. Poverty, certainly, and arrest, probably, would result from a decision against teaching.

Nevertheless, Nyerere resigned from St. Francis and sent his new bride—they now have four children—to a home in Musoma. With money painfully solicited, he took to the road in a battered Land-Rover to mobilize support for his one-plank platform: complete independence in the shortest possible time. Within twelve months he raised T.A.N.U.'s membership to 250,000—it is now in excess of 1,000,000—paid a visit to the United Nations to plead his case, and accepted appointment to Tanganyika's Legislative Council. But he quickly resigned when it became apparent that the government was not ready to listen to demands for independence.

In this early period of the political struggle, some of Nyerere's subordinates, often without his knowledge, were guilty of extremism and intimidation. This angered the then governor, Sir Edward (now Baron) Twining. This massive, shrewd, Gilbertian administrator governed the country for ten (1949–1958) of its forty-three years under the British and served in subordinate posts for most of the remainder. Inheritor of a tea fortune, he wore his gubernatorial plumes with regal assurance, but enjoyed nothing more than getting out in the bush in a pair of worn khakis to mingle with the chiefs—or waddle through an impromptu native dance whenever the throb of the tribal drums moved him.

The rural African tribesmen loved and respected him. This feeling was not shared by the urban Africans who were in Tanganyika—as they have been and are elsewhere—the backbone of the nationalist movement. Twining, no mincer of words, called T.A.N.U. officials "a lot of irresponsible and self-seeking riffraff." Yet, in his way, former Governor Twining did much to lay the groundwork for the excellent racial relations which Tanganyika now enjoys.

Late in 1957 Twining announced that the first elections in Tanganyika's history would be held the following year. These elections, first test of Nyerere's strength, required that each voter cast a ballot for three candidates in his constituency, an African, an Asian and a European. The idea was to induce the Africans to think in terms of nonracial political alignments.

When the ballots were counted, T.A.N.U. had won all ten African seats, while Nyerere-sponsored whites and Indians had made a clean sweep of the remaining seats. Five ministerial portfolios were allotted to the newly elected politicians. Nyerere refused one for himself but appointed three Africans, one Asian and one European to form an interim government. So moderately did he conduct himself that he was able last year to negotiate a new constitution. The new deal involved the extension of the franchise from 60,000 to nearly 1,000,000 Tanganyikans. Tripartite voting was abolished in favor of a system establishing fifty "open" seats for which a candidate of any race could stand. Eleven seats were reserved for Asian candidates and ten for Europeans.

Nyerere promised Tanganyika's 8,500,000 Africans no El Dorado. Independence, he told them, would mean more hard work and self-sacrifice. He warned that he would not tolerate corruption. More than a few of his lieutenants were dismayed to hear that they were in office not to enrich themselves but to serve the people.

To Tanganyika's 76,000 Indians, 20,000 Europeans, and as many Arabs, Nyerere promised equality under the law and security of their land titles. Once again these people were quick to see that in Nyerere lay their best chance for a productive future in their adopted country.

In the 1960 elections, T.A.N.U. or T.A.N.U.-backed candidates swept seventy of seventy-one seats. As a result Nyerere became chief minister, and ten of twelve cabinet posts were assigned to T.A.N.U. nominees. Nyerere named two whites and an Indian to hold portfolios. Once more he had demonstrated his moderation, and the government was working effectively. It was an easy matter to negotiate the final stages in Tanganyika's advance to independence.

As independence dawns, the recorded picturesque history of the country is worth our attention. Our first firm knowledge of Tanganyika dates from about the ninth century, when Arabs borne on the northeast monsoon coasted down from Masqat and Oman, where the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea meet, in their rakish, lanteen-rigged dhows, even as they do today. More than fifty medieval Arabian sites have so far been identified. Excavations have revealed glazed pottery from Egypt and Syria, stoneware from Siam and porcelain from China.

The first European to reach Tanganyika was the discoverer of Brazil, the Portuguese Pedro Alvares Cabral, who sailed his six ships into Kilwa on a blistering July afternoon in 1500. Vasco da Gama came two years later.

Thus the European exploration of Tanganyika began. It stemmed equally from missionary zeal and geographical curiosity. The missionary societies were eager to spread their interpretation of Christianity and to halt the slave trade. For their part, the scientists were vexed by the question of the source of the Nile, which, as early as the first century, the Syrian geographer Marinus of Tyre had believed to lie somewhere in the boundless interior of Tanganyika.

It was David Livingstone and his rescuer, Henry Morton Stanley, who added the final touches to the exploration of Tanganyika. Livingstone, son of a poor Glasgow tea merchant, led several expeditions covering most of south and central Africa, over the span of thirty-three years. In 1865 he agreed to return to Africa on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society to attempt to solve the question of the Central African watersheds. In 1866 he skirted Lake Nyasa to the south, and in the next two years reached the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, discovered Lake Mweru and Bangweulu, and then crossed into what is today the Congo Republic.

For more than five years, during which he received no medicine, supplies or news from the outside world, Livingstone wandered through Tanganyika. People who never would have heard of Tanganyika became intensely interested in the whereabouts of the famous explorer.

In 1870 James Gordon Bennett Jr., of the New York *Herald*, sent one of his veteran foreign correspondents, Henry Morton Stanley, to "find Livingstone." Stanley outfitted himself with a lavish safari, complete with a famous African guide named Seedy Bombay. After many adventures Stanley got his man with the deathless phrase "Doctor Livingstone, I presume?" Livingstone continued his work and died some months later on the shores of Lake Bangweulu.

In little more than twenty-five years the long-suspected system of great lakes fringing Tanganyika's western boundary had been discovered and the mystery of its snow-capped mountains revealed. Now it remained for one or another of the European powers to assert ownership over the sprawling land and those who lived there.

The Germans moved in. A German explorer named Carl Peters, a sadist shunned by most Germans of his time, picked up a couple of companions and made a lightning swing through northern Tanganyika, signing treaties with vari-

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Photographs by Marc Riboud

Bedecked with fetishes and feathers, a witch dancer with white-painted face symbolizes superstitions that are only slowly dying out.

Ablaze at early dawn, sugar cane is burned to make it easier to cut.

Modern trends in a rising nation: New buildings under construction in the outskirts of Tanganyika's progressive capital, Dar es Salaam.

A metalworker at the capital's "Independence Stadium."

In a shoe factory, a Sikh foreman helps an African operate a machine.

Skeins of sisal, the major export, are readied for drying. Most sisal plantations are owned by foreigners.

Local rugby is played barefoot.

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Next week 8,500,000 native Africans become citizens of a new nation—along with 76,000 East Indians and 40,000 Europeans and Arabs.

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ous chiefs in which they ceded their territory to his "German Colonization Society" for all time.

Back in Germany, Peters interested Bismarck, "The Iron Chancellor," but it turned out that the Sultan of Zanzibar claimed suzerainty over the territories involved. Bismarck promptly sent five German warships to anchor off Zanzibar and clear their decks for action, whereupon the Sultan recognized Germany's claim and finally ceded all his mainland possessions north of Mozambique and south of Kenya.

After putting down various native rebellions in bloody campaigns, the Germans seemed firmly entrenched when World War I came. Many settlers, both British and German, hoped that it might be possible to insulate Africa from World War I, so that the natives might be spared the unedifying spectacle of white men slaughtering one another. But this was not to be.

At no time during the four-year campaign which was to follow did the brilliant German commander, Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, have more than 3300 Germans and 15,000 Africans under his command. He was faced, after the initial weeks of the war, with 300,000 British, Indian, Kenyan, Rhodesian, South African, Belgian and Portuguese troops, supported by the all-powerful blockading British navy, with limitless supplies at their disposal.

By anybody's reckoning Von Lettow was beaten before he began. But the Allied forces, able to capture most of Tanganyika's towns, were never able to catch up with Von Lettow. Only when the news of the Armistice was confirmed did he march into Rhodesia with flags flying to lay down his arms. With him at the time of his surrender were 155 Germans and 4277 Africans, including 819 African women and many children born during the long campaign. Von Lettow's surrender ended German administration of Tanganyika. Britain was given a League of Nations mandate over the territory.

World War I caused great damage to Tanganyika, the effects of which are felt to this day. Crops lay devastated, disease broke out; influenza alone killed 80,000 Africans between 1917 and 1919. Those Germans who had not joined Von Lettow were interned and their plantations returned to bush. The railways were damaged and many buildings destroyed. In short, most of the progress so painfully achieved by Tanganyika's German administrators over a period of thirty years had been wiped out.

When World War II broke out, most of the German population was either repatriated or interned, with a consequent disruption of Tanganyika's economy. A second jolt was the departure of most adult British males for the war theaters. Some 92,000 Africans enlisted in the armed services, and it was necessary to conscript 84,000 others to work on Tanganyika's farms and in government service to keep the economy ticking over. Education, the veterinary and agricultural services and the general administration—as might be expected—suffered.

The end of the war did not mean an end to uncertainty. Britain voluntarily converted League of Nations mandate into a United Nations trusteeship. The confidence of many white settlers, who had hoped for colonial status, tumbled.

In short Tanganyika never has enjoyed a period untroubled by war or political disturbance when its people could devote their full energies to the development of its economy and social services. This background explains why Tanganyika acquired the nickname "Cinderella Country."

Independence solves none of these problems. Tanganyika's real struggle is just beginning. The battle is against the tyranny of hunger, ignorance and poverty. The new nation is immense, lightly populated and only thinly administered.

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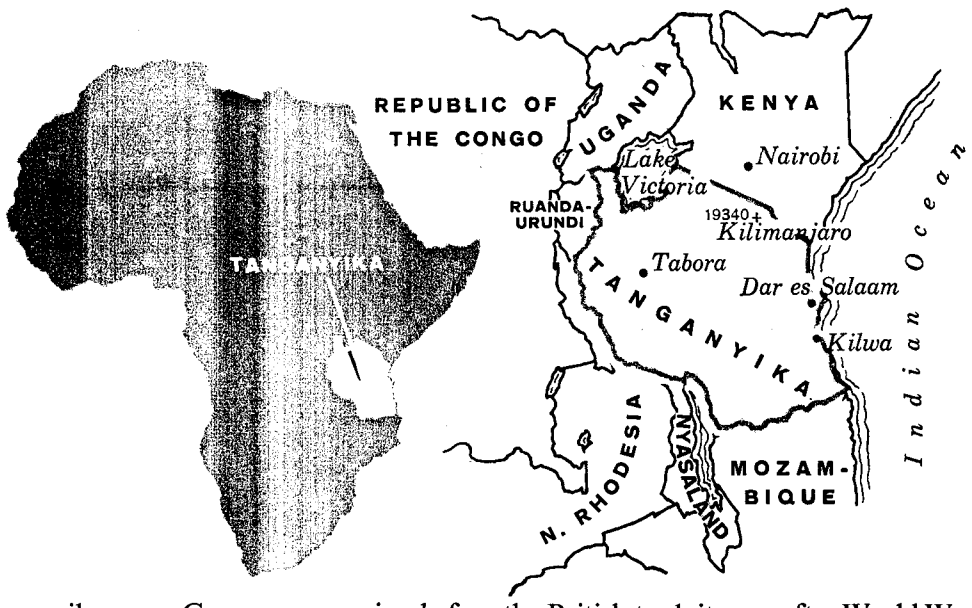

Tanganyika was a German possession before the British took it over after World War I.

Julius Kambarage Nyerere, the prime minister, persuades his people with gentle humor.

The most productive areas—and hence the most heavily populated—are found on the extreme fringes of the country. Much of the central depression of Tanganyika is not only uninhabited but uninhabitable. This means that the costly railways must pass through long stretches of unproductive land to tap the richer areas.

Tanganyika's most important export, sisal, a fiber used to make twine, is grown near the coast where it doesn't need this cost-heavy haul. The first sisal plants to reach Tanganyika from Florida at the turn of the century were smuggled into the country in a German agriculturalist's umbrella to avoid bureaucratic delay.

From these smuggled plants has blossomed an industry which in 1959 produced 205,273 tons of fiber worth $36,000,000 and gave work to a third of Tanganyika's 450,000 employed laborers. In the postwar years alone, the sisal industry has contributed more than $450,000,000 to Tanganyika's economy, more than the total of all other products combined.

Sisal, however, contributes little directly to the development of African peasant farming. Only about 3 per cent of the country's sisal is grown by Africans; the remainder is largely in the hands of Britons, Greeks and Indians. This is not the case with cotton, Tanganyika's second most important agricultural export, worth $17,000,000 in 1959. Almost the entire 200,000-bale crop is grown by African farmers. Coffee, worth $16,000,000 in 1959, is grown by both Africans and whites.

Behind this agricultural Big Three comes a more romantic "crop," diamonds, discovered near Lake Victoria in 1940 by an eccentric Canadian geologist named John Williamson. He received 500 marriage proposals a year and lived simply, despite an estimated annual income of $15,000,000. Says a former friend, "The money went right to his head—he bought himself a new sun helmet." Williamson kept his diamonds in sardine tins, discouraged visitors and shunned publicity. His magnificent wedding gift to Queen Elizabeth II of England was a fifty-four-carat diamond worth an estimated $3,600,000.

Williamson died in 1958, and his mine is now owned jointly by the Tanganyika government and the great South African De Beers company. About 2,200,000 tons of earth and rock are moved each year to recover 220 pounds of diamonds. The mine pays off to the tune of $5,000,000 per year to the Tanganyika government in taxes, royalties and dividends.

Although Tanganyika has made earnest efforts to attract foreign investment, little has been accomplished, and the economy remains in shaky condition. The country's volume of trade is only a little over $235,000,000 per year; the annual budget amounts to a slender $75,000,000. It was only after being forced into that popular modern form of international blackmail—"I may have to accept a Russian loan"—that Nyerere got from Britain the funds necessary to finance his $67,200,000 three-year development plan.

Although there is little chance that Tanganyika will become another Congo, the new state faces pressing administrative problems. Of the territory's 1700 top British civil servants, 308 retired in the weeks immediately before independence. Another 1250 have the option of retiring at any time. Only 150 have volunteered to stay on for at least the first crucial two years after independence. At present only 50 per cent of Tanganyika's children get any education at all.

Because T.A.N.U. controls the national assembly, and Nyerere has led the party since its inception, some observers make the mistake of assuming that Nyerere's power is absolute and his political position impregnable. This is far from the case. As in most other African countries, the presence of a single-party government does not imply the absence of an opposition. There is a strong segment of T.A.N.U. which gives only lip service to Nyerere's policies.

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The more radical wing of the party, led by sleepy-eyed young Education Minister Oscar Kambona (the average age of Tanganyika's legislators is thirty-three), is impatient with Nyerere's conservative approach to domestic problems and international relations. To date Nyerere has had his way only because his policies have produced fortunate results.

The country's last governor, Sir Richard Turnbull, a tall, mustachioed, fifty-one-year-old Scot, puts Nyerere's success this way, "Julius, who is an exceptional man of a type too infrequently produced in any society, used to be the fair-haired boy of the extremists; now he runs the risk of becoming their Colonel Blimp."

Independence is not likely to produce immediate improvement in the lot of Tanganyika's man in the gray-flannel loin cloth. Thus Nyerere is likely to feel pressure from his young subordinates to jettison moderate policies in favor of

A British official and his African successor discuss harbor changes for Dar es Salaam.

ones which would provide local scapegoats—the white and Indian population—and attract financial assistance from the Communist bloc. Tanganyika's expatriates understand the position. Says one, "We have one hope, and his name is Nyerere."

African moderates were dealt a body blow in recent weeks when Great Britain, under heavy pressure from Rhodesian whites, promulgated a Northern Rhodesian constitution which does not ensure an African majority in the legislative assembly. Northern Rhodesia's African leader, Kenneth Kaunda, who has always followed Nyererelike nonviolent policies, has declared himself and his country "betrayed."

If Nyerere fails to receive adequate financial and technical assistance from the West, which has demonstrated a tendency to take him for granted, that could be the knockout punch against moderation as an effective political weapon. African eyes from Nairobi to Cape Town are fixed on Tanganyika. Nyerere is the best hope for all that the West stands for in Africa. Should he go under, the loss would be not only Tanganyika's but the world's. THE END

The *liwali*—a minor member of the judiciary—sits in judgment on The Case of the Stolen Bicycle. His costume reflects the pervading Arab influence in Tanganyika.

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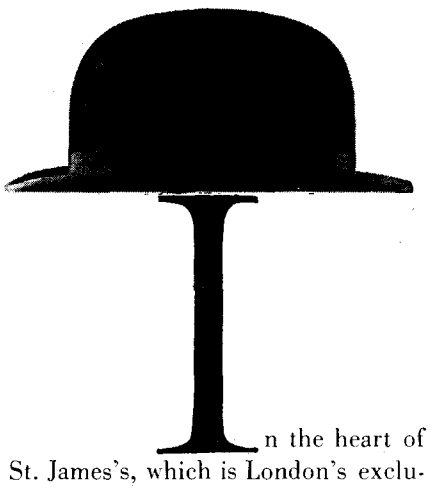
DESIGN: S. NEIL FUJITA

Madame Scandal



In the heart of St. James's, which is London's exclusive clubland, within pistol shot of the mad roar of Piccadilly, there exists and has existed for over a century—as at the center of a typhoon—a small area of silence which is almost palpable. This is the reading room of the Ancient Warriors, as it is called by the irreverent, a ponderously exclusive club whose membership is confined to senior army officers, active and retired. Until very recently there were only two known occasions on which the strict rule of silence had been broken. The first was on May 17, 1900, when a somewhat exuberant member burst into the room to announce the Relief of Mafeking. The second was November 11, 1918, when a member, hearing the peal of bells from Westminster Abbey, the honking of 10,000 motor horns and the frenzied cheering of the populace without, asked irritably, "What's all that damned noise about?"

On each occasion the Committee took severe disciplinary action.

The third violation of the silence rule occurred only a few months ago, and the appropriate action by the Committee is still under discussion, because the offender was not only one of the most popular older members but a man with such a splendid record of gallantry.

There were on this occasion nine members present in the reading room. It was after lunch on a warm spring day. With only one of these need we concern ourselves: a fine old soldier with pink cheeks, silver hair and mustache and dauntless bright-blue eyes. none other than Gen. Sir Humphrey Gallstone, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., known affectionately by a dwindling band of old friends and comrades in arms as "Daddles."

The two eyewitnesses to this grand old soldier's fall from grace—the six other members present were asleep—agree upon the main facts. Daddles, they say, took a copy of that day's *Times* from the table, crossing to his usual seat in the bay window. For a few moments he glanced down the "Hatched, Matched and Despatched" columns on the left side of the front page and thence to the "Personal" column. Halfway down the latter he was observed to hurl the newspaper to the floor. Leaping to his feet in what appeared to be a frenzy of rage, he danced upon it. His usually deep baritone voice shrill with emotion, he was heard to shout, "Somebody must stop

her! Kittapore! She can't do that to *me!* Milly, of all people!"

Then, evidently realizing how shockingly he had behaved, Daddles strode out of the room, muttering. He had awakened the sleepers.

Colonel Mulliner, who had been looking over the other's shoulder, retrieved the trampled newspaper and began a systematic examination of the announcements in the "Personal" column in order to ascertain which particular one had caused this scandalous conduct upon the part of a highly respected member. Having identified it by certain points of similarity to the general's outburst, Colonel Mulliner—using only sign language, of course—beckoned the seven other members to follow him into the bar, where the ban of silence did not exist.

"What do you make of this?" he asked rhetorically, reading the following announcement aloud:

LADY MILLICENT PELHAM-LANGLEY, now engaged in writing her memoirs—to be titled *Murder Will Out*—would appreciate the loan of letters, documents and photos (all of which will be returned) to refresh her memories of incidents and people in India between 1898 and 1907 (especially Kittapore 1900–02), also permission to quote from and reproduce many already in her possession. Please write: Primrose Cottage, Bellingdon Green, Surrey.

"This," observed Major General Rumbold, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., better though quite unfairly known as "Rumpot," "will put the cat among the pigeons! Poor old Daddles! No wonder he hit the roof! All the same," he added, "it's naughty of Milly to do this, because some of her reminiscences might—well—create the wrong impression, if you know what I mean."

"I say, Rumpot," interposed another member, "she isn't by any chance old Jumbo Pelham-Langley's widow, is she? It was a bit before my time, but I remember some odd stories about her."

"That's who she is," replied Major General Rumbold, dipping his muzzle into a whisky and soda and wearing a worried expression as he did so, "and unfortunately it wasn't before *my* time. Just between ourselves, I hope nobody refreshes Milly's memories of some of the things that happened in Kittapore at the turn of the century. Also between ourselves, I'm not the only one who'll wish that. Milly, you know, used to kick the gong around in those days—that was long before she knew Jumbo, of course—and, I may say, Daddles wasn't past kicking it back to her. Dear, oh dear! I hope for his sake that his missus never reads *Murder Will Out.* Julia's a holy terror."

"But surely," said a callow young brigadier about fifty years of age, "holy terror or not, she can't be such an ass as to care what Daddles got up to sixty years ago?"

"That's what you may think, my lad," said Rumpot, "but you've evidently not had the pleasure of meeting Julia Gallstone, or you wouldn't say that. I've heard Julia sound off about things Daddles is alleged to have done when he sang alto in the choir and, when she's really roused, her voice has many of the soothing qualities of a buzz saw. I've been under fire with Daddles many a time, and he didn't turn a hair, but Julia has the power to reduce him to a mere lump quivering jelly."

"I seem to remember," said another voice, "that Jumbo Pelham-Langley got his promotions rather quickly. Wasn't there some talk about it at the time? My memory isn't what it was."

"The way I heard it," said Rumpot, "was that Milly knew where something was buried and that when she told one or two senior officers that it was time Jumbo was promoted, they—well, they thought it best to agree with her. But I'm bound to say in Milly's defense that she didn't strike me as being like that. She was wild—yes, even for an earl's daughter—but the other, no. That would have been downright nasty. And Milly, with all her faults, was never that. Mark you, some of those senior officers may well ha had guilty consciences and, just to be on the safe side, saw to it that Jumbo was promoted."

"Was she good-looking?" asked Colonel Mulliner, who had found the announcement and was now feeling somewhat out of it all.

"She was lovely, my dear chap—lovely and charming. She had what's rare in a woman, a sense of humor and a sense of fun. She was the only green-eyed woman I've ever known—anyway, known at all well. Hers were bright-emerald green, and they seemed to look right through a chap. Ginger hair too. Bless my soul, I can see her now as though it were yesterday. It was at a ball in Simla. Milly arrived a little late—she liked to make an entrance, if you know what I mean. She wore a gown of royal-blue velvet—wonderful color with those eyes a the ginger hair. As she came out onto the ballroom floor—she was dancing with Daddles, as I remember it—there

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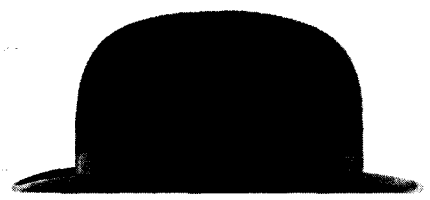
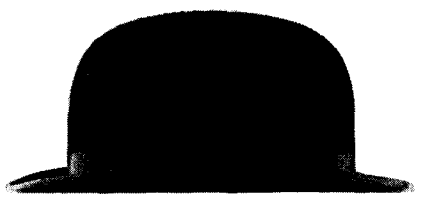
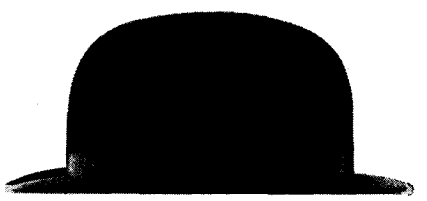
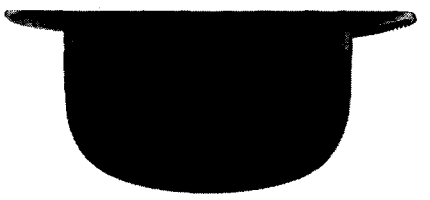






THE LADY WAS PLANNING TO PUBLISH HER MEMOIRS. IT WAS AN ALARMING THOUGHT.

BY ROBERT STANDISH



was a hush. She was almost too lovely to be true. Damned if the band didn't miss a bar or two. Never saw anything like it. Daddles looked as if he could eat her."

"Evidently he didn't," said Colonel Mulliner. "Otherwise, one supposes, she wouldn't be writing her memoirs. Ought to be very interesting. Have to get a copy."

"If she's going to tell the truth—and please God she won't stoop to that—" said Rumpot thoughtfully, "she'd better write on asbestos paper. There are some things," he added, "that not even time can dim and, you may believe me, Milly did all of them. Meanwhile, I've got to find Daddles, poor chap. This must have been a great shock to him after all these years. Wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that he's booking a passage for Australia."

"Perhaps," said Colonel Mulliner judiciously, "that would be the best solution of it all, because I'm afraid the Committee will take a very poor view of his outburst in the reading room—and dragging a lady's name into it too!"

"You may take it from me," said Rumpot dryly, "that Daddles is far less concerned about what the Committee will say than about Julia—if she ever hears about it."

"Daddles!" bellowed Lady Gallstone that evening, causing the windows of their wretched little house to rattle.

"Yes, my dear. What is it?" replied the general, shaking like a leaf.

"What have you done with the *Times?* It was on the table in the hall, unopened, and now it's disappeared before I've had a chance to read it."

"Amazing, my dear, quite amazing! I wonder who could have taken it."

"As we have no butler, footmen, parlormaid, or anyone except that slovenly Mrs. Braggs, who comes only on Tuesdays and Thursdays and this is neither, one of us must have taken it, and as I didn't, that leaves you. Where is it?"

"I can't think, my dear," he replied, realizing that this was almost literally true. "Memory's not what it was."

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, fixing him in the gaze of a pair of eyes which glinted ominously, "if the *Times* isn't at once put back where I put it on the hall table, I shall go out and find another copy. I can tell by your demeanor that you are hiding something—doubtless something disreputable."

Shrugging his shoulders and whistling in an effort to appear unconcerned, the general went out into the postage-stamp-sized garden, hoping that it would not occur to his wife to look at the back of the toolshed where he had concealed the *Times.*

While Lady Gallstone was out, scouring the neighborhood for another copy, the telephone rang. "That you, Daddles?" asked a voice, husky with anxiety. "This is Rumpot. What in the hell are we going to do?"

"I don't know, my dear chap. I'm too petrified to think straight. You know, I wouldn't have believed this of Milly. Has Bonzo heard about it?"

"Yes, Bonzo's with me now. Like you, he's scared stiff. Thinks we should get together and have a chat with Milly—before it's too late. *Murder Will Out!* I don't like that title, Daddles, don't like it at all."

"Let's meet for lunch tomorrow," said Daddles hastily. "I think I hear Julia coming. G'by."

"Who phoned while I was out?" asked Lady Gallstone on her return with a copy of the *Times.*

"I didn't," replied the general, cutting the truth somewhat finely.

"Then how is it," demanded this formidable woman, "that when I left the house the receiver was on as I left it, with the mouthpiece nearest the wall, while now I find it reversed, replaced by someone who uses the right hand to telephone? I, let me remind you, am deaf in my right ear."

"And I," retorted the general, realizing that attack here was better than defense, "shall be deaf in both ears if you bellow at me like that. Now that I come to think of it, Rumpot phoned me while you were out."

"What did he want?"

"Me."

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, her voice taking on the snarling whine of a racing car warming up, "don't try my patience too far. You are hiding something from me and, knowing you as I do, I am quite sure it is something disgraceful. A clue to it is the disappearance of today's *Times,* which I shall now read from beginning to end."

Lady Gallstone was as good as her word. The "Personal" column was the third column from the left on the front page. The general hung around until she had passed that without, apparently, seeing anything unusual. When she was wading through the shipping notices on the right-hand side of the page, he went for a stroll, believing that all danger was past.

But there was a bad moment after dinner when, having read through the paper as far as the editorial page and found nothing, Lady Gallstone announced casually, "I see that Millicent Pelham-Langley is writing her memoirs. It should be interesting."

"Millicent who, my dear?" asked the general, stifling a yawn and hoping he did not look as pale as he felt.

"Pelham-Langley!" snapped his wife.

"He served under you, so don't pretend you don't remember his name!"

"I'm not pretending anything. I didn't hear you clearly, that's all. Of course I remember Pelham-Langley—a sly chap who drank too much. His wife, as I remember it, was a dainty little brunette. Didn't she drink too?"

"Daddles," said Lady Gallstone, "something's wrong with you tonight. If Pelham-Langley was, as you say, a sly chap who drank too much, will you kindly explain why, knowing this, you recommended him for promotion?"

"Any report I may have made on Pelham-Langley, my dear, was confidential, so you will forgive me if I point out to you that—unless, of course, you admit possessing a key to my confidential file, which I would hesitate to believe—you cannot possibly know what I reported on the man."

"Very well, Daddles, we will let that pass. But I flatly decline to believe that you, a lascivious-minded old tomcat with a roving eye, can remember a tall, statuesque beauty with emerald-green eyes and glorious auburn hair as 'a dainty little brunette.' That, Daddles, is too much! And to make matters worse, you hid today's *Times.*"

"My dear Julia," retorted the general loftily, "even if your worst suspicions were founded on fact, which I do not admit, what does it matter? Pelham-Langley's been dead these last twenty years, so let the poor chap rest in peace. Millicent, if my memory serves me, is eighty-three next month."

"You remember her birthday, but you've forgotten those emerald-green eyes! And," her voice thundered through the little house, "you expect me to believe that! Well, Daddles, I don't believe it. I believe ——"

"Bless my soul!" retorted the general, his own voice rising to parade-ground proportions. "I haven't seen the woman for more than forty years, not since —— Well, what does it matter?"

"Not since when, Daddles? And what has time to do with the matter? Do you suppose that time washes away your guilt? Look at you! Guilt is written in every line of you now. You look like a dishonest office boy who's been caught stealing the stamps."

"Now, my dear, you are talking nonsense, because I am prepared to bet a month's pension that you have never seen a dishonest boy in that unfortunate predicament."

That held her, but only briefly. She went to her writing desk, where she wrote a short letter. "To save you the trouble of steaming open the letter, Daddles," she said during the lull which followed, "I have just written to my bookseller ordering a copy of *Murder Will Out.*"

Daddles was the first to arrive at the Ancient Warriors on the day following the events already recorded. Rumpot arrived soon afterward. They chatted uneasily while waiting for the third member to form their committee of ways and means. While waiting for him, let us introduce him by his full style of Gen. Sir Walter Bonsor-Kettlebridge, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., known among old friends and comrades in arms as "Bonzo."

These three old soldiers had much in common. *Continued on Page 86*

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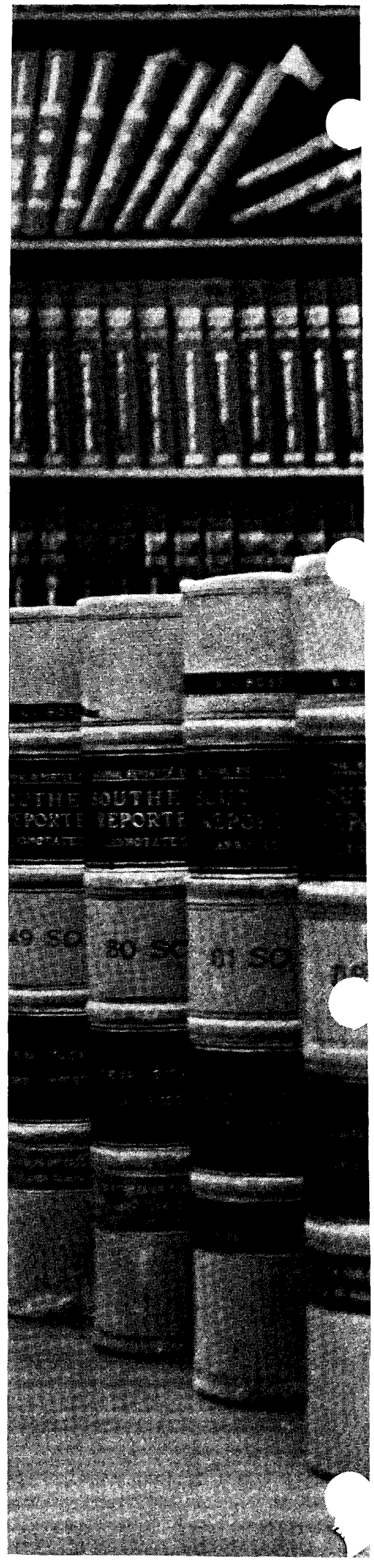

People on the way Up

Mike Ditka, Dangerous Bear. Big enough to block out the sky—or an onrushing tackler—ham-handed Mike Ditka, 22, looms as pro football's outstanding rookie lineman. At right end for the Chicago Bears, Mike dazzles fans with his explosive style of play. En route to the goal line after catching the first of two touchdown passes against the Forty-Niners, he thrust what one Chicago sportswriter called "a hand as big as the hood of an Austin" into the face of a menacing defender and kept going. Mike, six-three and 225 pounds, comes from Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, was an All-American at Pitt last year. His devotion to athletics is impressive—he played basketball, for charity, on his wedding night—but not all-consuming: He also plays records. "Give me *Faust* and a cold beer," he says. "That *Faust* relaxes hell out of me." A music critic Mike will never be, but he intends to become the best end in pro football. "That's what I've learned all my life: Try to be the best, and if you fall short you'll still be something special. So far it's worked out." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

Joan Odell: Lady Prosecutor. The best-bound volume in the courthouse library is shapely Joan Odell, 29-year-old assistant state attorney of Dade County, Florida. She looks good in court too; in a six-month period Joan won forty-five out of forty-five cases on appeal. "She's up against skilled lawyers," says State Attorney Richard Gerstein, her boss, "and she more than holds her own." When Joan started prosecuting Miami-area traffic cases, one of the first defendants to face her was the state attorney's wife. Joan had her convicted of speeding. Born on an Illinois farm, Joan grew up in Miami, won three beauty titles at the University of Miami. She finished the university's law school sixth of seventy-two, went on to become a Government attorney in Washington. She left in 1959 for her present post, hopes to return to the capital as legal aide to a congressman or as a committee counsel. Joan lives with her parents, has no steady beau, dates often. One restriction: While prosecuting a case, she refuses to lunch with the defense. PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY

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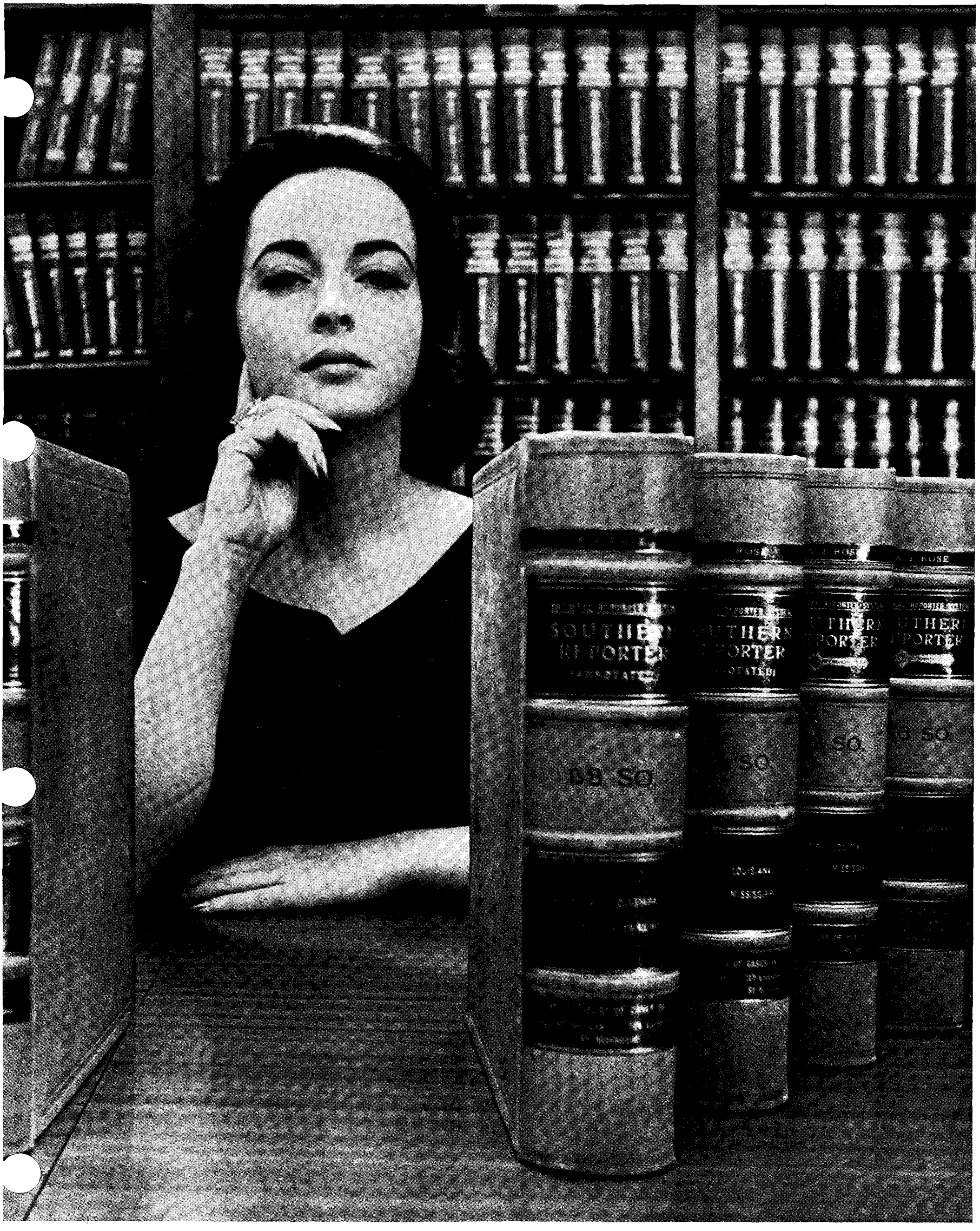

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People on the way Up

James N. Anno Jr., Nuclear Pioneer. Coaxing electricity from the atom by a revolutionizing process is the triumph of physicist Jim Anno. At 27 he heads a team of scientists which last summer turned nuclear energy directly into electricity without the usual, expensive step of changing it into heat first. The experiment, a break-through in the quest for cheap atomic power, was part of a $5,500,000 research project at Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, the foundation Jim serves as assistant reactor chief. "Someday soon," Jim says, "we'll produce enough power to light a bulb; later, enough to light a city." Ohio-born, Jim went to Battelle as a part-time lab technician to help pay his way through Ohio State. After college and special training with the Atomic Energy Commission, Jim was put in charge of Battelle's new $1,000,000 reactor. "In three months," says Dr. Joel Chastain, reactor chief, "Jim had the reactor debugged and operating—something of a miracle." Between hours at the lab Jim studies for his Ph.D. at Ohio State, where his wife teaches. In class Jim enjoys an experience rare for a student—hearing his own professional research papers cited. PHOTOGRAPH BY GUS PASQUARELLA

Pamela Tiffin, Instant Star. Wearing the come-hither look that brought Hollywood to her, Pamela Tiffin, 19, captures even the cameraman's heart. Called "the most *aware* child I know" by photographer Gjon Mili, Pamela soon will make movie-goers aware of her. Only a year after her screen test she has starred in three major films—*State Fair*, with Pat Boone and Bobby Darin, *Summer and Smoke*, with Laurence Harvey, and *One, Two, Three*, with James Cagney and Horst Buchholz, all to be released shortly. Daughter of Chicago architect Stanley Wonso, Pamela studied at New York's Hunter College while earning as much as $1500 a week as a model. A photographer one day introduced her to a Paramount casting director. The result: Stardom. Has Pamela gone Hollywood? She owns six sets of contact lenses, tinted in shades which complement her wardrobe; yet she told director Billy Wilder she would quit *One, Two, Three* if required to dye her hair. "I think what I really want most is to be a well-educated woman," she says. But, perhaps thinking of the money movie stars make, she also says, "I decided that working with good directors would be an education too." PHOTOGRAPH BY GJON MILI

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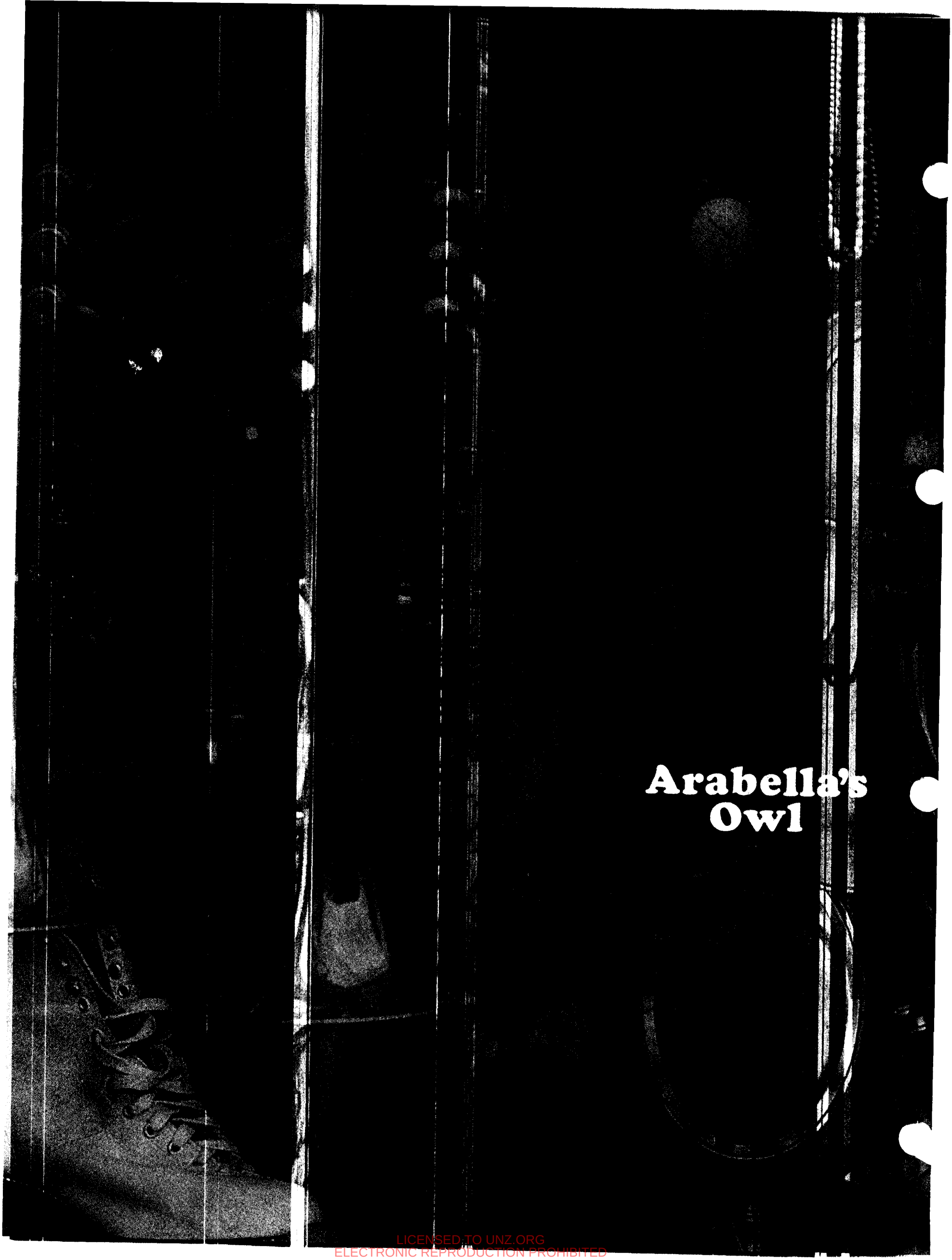

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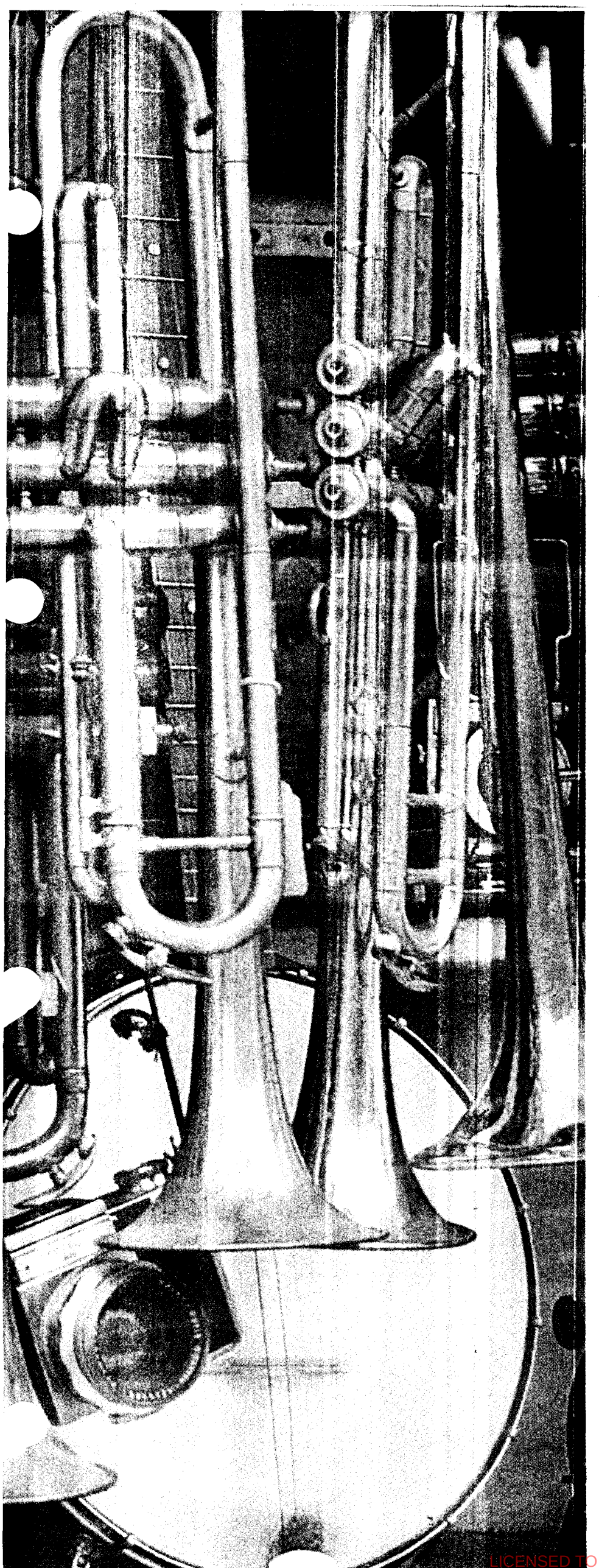

PHOTO BY ART KANE

Seymour O'Brien Katzman was just reaching into the window of his cluttered pawnshop to get hold of the owl, which had been in there much too long, when in a slash of sunlight he observed the small girl looking inward at this owl. Her face was close to the glass; her nose was practically doubled against the glass. She had a thin face, with numerous freckles; large, green, soulful eyes and a black hair ribbon.

The eyes looked up a trace, met his and regarded him searchingly. Seymour pulled back his hand. It was often interesting to watch a potential client hover at the window. It was by far the most cluttered pawnshop on the street, and he took a certain pride in that. In a neat pawnshop you could find anything in a hurry. But there was no adventure in it. He was always surprising himself here—and had been doing it for twenty years. Anything as definite as an inventory would have scared him considerably.

He stood back, then walked back to the counter, and behind it; there he stood watching the sun on his shirt cuffs, pondering and waiting.

Presently the small girl—about nine, he judged—came in and drifted swiftly to the counter.

Her voice was soft and shy, but packed with purpose. "The beautiful bird in your window," she said.

Seymour's thatchlike grizzled eyebrows rose like gentle rockets. "Birds I got four of. The eagle, one. A practically new eagle, one slightly bent left wing—which glue could fix fast. Then two ducks. One is mallard, one teal. These I looked up in an encyclopedia I happen to have. Then there is the owl, my oldest but best-flying creature." She didn't bat an eyelash. *A firm little girl*, he thought.

"The beautiful owl is the one," she said. "I want it for my Nature Study teacher, Miss Mittle. She needs it."

"Got no owls in that class?" asked Seymour pleasantly.

"No, sir. We have a dove and a pigeon and a rabbit. And a picture of a wapiti. That's an elk," she added kindly. "Today's my birthday, and I have four dollars," she went on. She was opening a small scarlet purse. "All together, that is. From aunts and uncles. If I could buy the owl for Miss Mittle, it'd delight her forever."

A short story
by Paul Darcy Boles

Seymour tented his fingers and peered down just above them. "Three," he began. "Three is all I would ask you. Ten years back that smart little bird cost me just the three dollars. I remember like yesterday ——"

The small girl said, "My name is Arabella Snyder. I'm on lunch hour from school, and I do have to hurry. If you please." Seymour thought. *A polite, firm girl. How rare.* He stepped out from behind the counter, went to the window, made a long lunge, managed to shut his fist around the owl without knocking over a display of musical instruments, pulled his hand back with the owl in it and returned. When he clicked the owl on its little wooden standard down on the countertop, some dust rose up. He almost sneezed.

The owl stood on a small, simulated twig. Its glass eyes held a frozen, doubtful expression as though it had dyspepsia. Arabella was digging into the red purse.

"You want it wrapped?" asked Seymour. "Pink paper I got somewhere. Fitting for a festive present." "No, sir, thank you anyhow. I have *Continued on Page 60*

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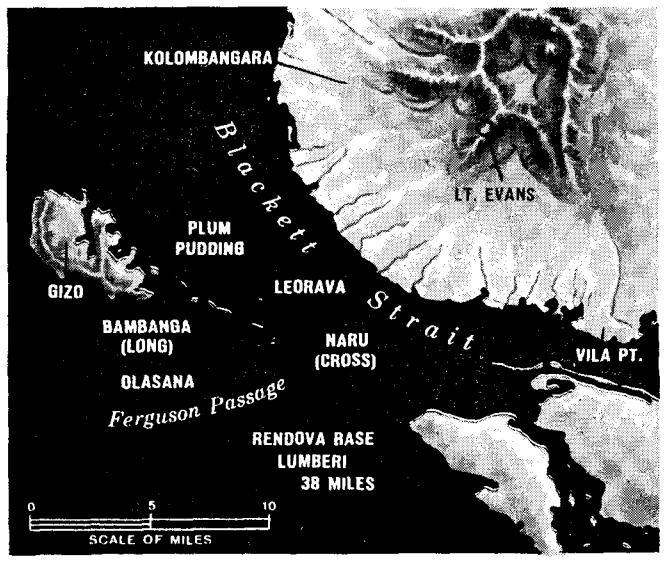
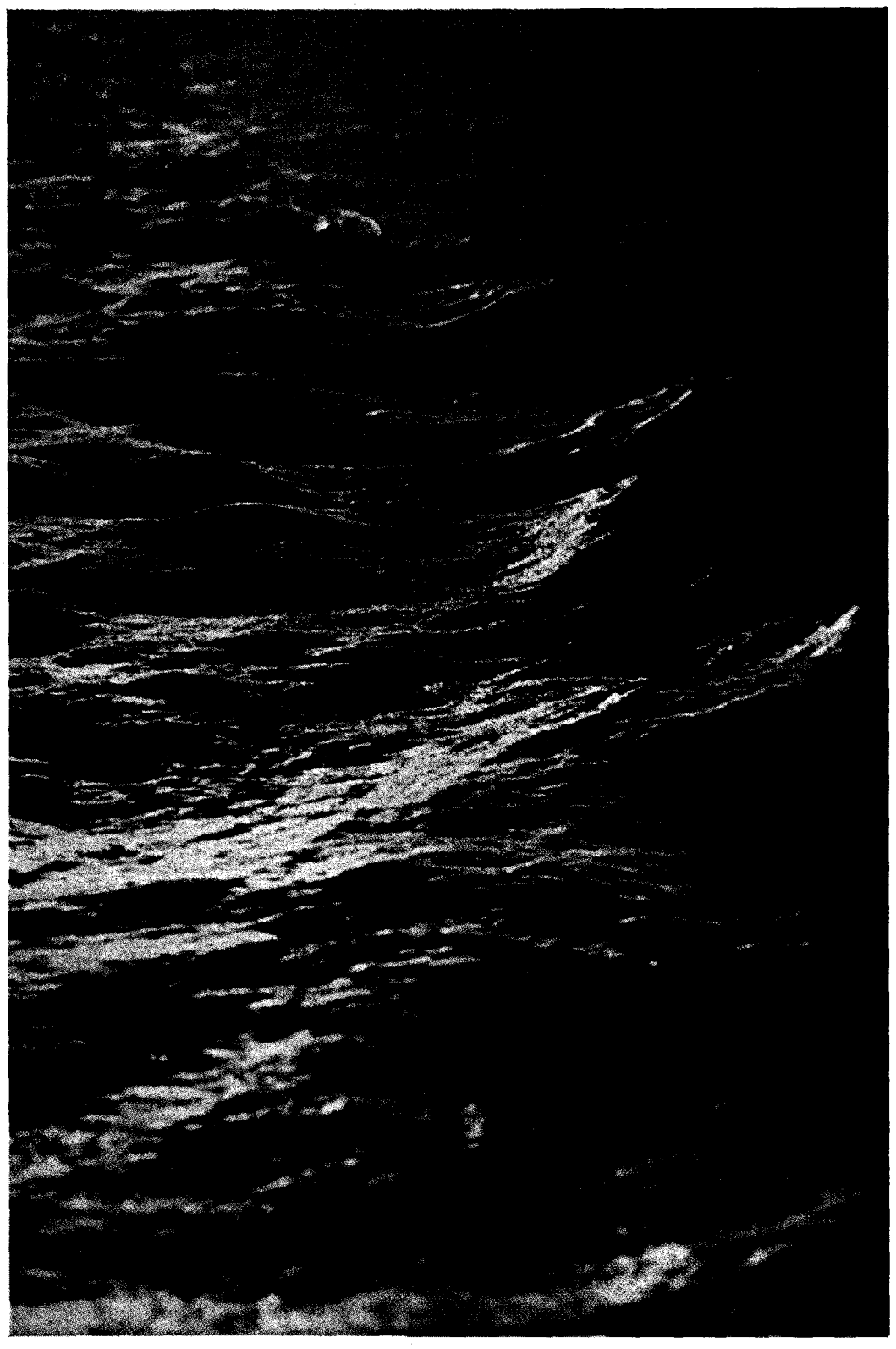
PART THREE

PT 109: The Adventure that Made a President



Within this enemy area the men of *PT 109* moved cautiously from island to island, struggling to survive.



Kennedy and Ross swam through the dangerous currents of Ferguson Passage, hoping to intercept an Allied ship.

The early morning battle in which fifteen PT boats tangled with four Japanese destroyers in Blackett Strait—leaving John F. Kennedy's *PT 109* to sink—occurred under the nose of a spectator whose box seat might at any moment have cost him his life. A lone Allied officer on a jungle island swarming with Japanese, he lived in a hideaway high on Kolombangara.

Arthur Reginald Evans, Australian-born and every bit a Britisher, combined in his person some elements of an English novel and a South Sea Island tale. Slight and lithe, with a fair complexion and narrow, mustached face, he was cool-tempered, casual, cultivated and charming. He was also intelligent. In time of war his gentler qualities, like those of most men, were wasted. His intelligence was not. It was, in fact, used to the utmost on His Majesty's Service.

Evans was one of a few hundred daring Australian and New Zealand coast watchers whose military-intelligence web, spun thinly over more than 500,000 square miles of Melanesia, contributed in vast proportion to the Allied victory in the South Pacific. These men, equipped principally with radio, map and revolver, broadcast combat information from lonely hiding places far behind the enemy lines. The Japanese hunted them constantly, sometimes with dogs. If captured, the most they could hope for was a quick death. All possessed two things in common: steel-cold courage and a familiarity with the islands.

Evans knew the area from years with the Burns Philp (South Sea) Company, Limited, traders and shippers. For a time he served as supercargo on an interisland steamship. He held positions ashore, became acquainted with the natives and also acquired a wife, Gertrude Slaney, of Adelaide, Australia, whom he met while she was vacationing with friends on Tulagi.

After two years in the army in the Middle East, Evans found his niche. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Royal Australian Navy Volunteer Reserve and sent to Guadalcanal in the summer of 1942 as a coast watcher. In February, 1943, as the Allies moved north, he was smuggled forward to Kolombangara. There friendly natives built him a split-bamboo hut overlooking the Japanese base at Vila Plantation. His hideaway was stocked with canned rations, compass, logbook, binoculars and telescope, Tommy gun and—above all—a radio transmitter.

Perched several hundred feet above Blackett Strait, Evans could see and report on everything

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By Robert J. Donovan

© 1961 by Robert J. Donovan

How Kennedy and his men, lost to the eyes of rescue teams, fought starvation and death on tiny Plum Pudding Island.

that passed through. His messages went to a Guadalcanal station whose call, by coincidence, was KEN, after a famous coast watcher.

Although the night of August 1–2, 1943, was black to observe details, Evans watched the gun flashes and flares of the PT-destroyer battle below. He saw an unidentified craft go up in a blaze. It was Kennedy's *PT 109*. Rammed and split in two by a Japanese destroyer, its high-octane gasoline burned furiously. Next morning Evans spotted through his binoculars some form of wreckage floating near the scene of the blaze. This was the bow section of the PT, with the survivors clinging to it, but Evans was too far away to see the men. He sent a message to KEN: . . . ALL FOUR (JAPANESE DESTROYERS) WENT WEST OWE TWO TWO OWE X SMALL VESSEL POSSIBLY BARGE AFIRE OFF GATERE AND STILL VISIBLE.

Back from the coast watcher near Munda came word: PT BOAT ONE OWE NINE LOST IN ACTION IN BLACKETT STRAIT TWO MILES SW MERESU COVE X CREW OF TWELVE X REQUEST ANY INFORMATION.

In referring to twelve the Navy overlooked or did not know that Ens. George H. R. Ross, of Highland Park, Illinois, had hitchhiked a ride combat with his friend Kennedy. Ross had ...e the total on board thirteen.

At 11:15 A.M. Evans messaged PWD at Munda: REF YOUR 09302/ NO SURVIVORS SO FAR X OBJECT STILL FLOATING BETWEEN MERESU AND GIZO X THREE TORPEDOES AT VANGA VANGA.

At the time of this message Kennedy and his men were making themselves inconspicuous in the water around the PT's bow. Evans's reference to torpedoes apparently meant that three of the thirty fired ineffectively by the PT's the night before had run up on the beach.

KEN reached Evans at 1:12 P.M. with: DEFINITE REPORT PT DESTROYED LAST NIGHT BLACKETT STS APPROX BETWEEN VANGA VANGA AND GROUP OF ISLANDS SE OF GIZO X WAS SEEN BURNING AT ONE AM X POSSIBILITY OF SOME SURVIVORS LANDING EITHER VANGA VANGA OR ISLANDS.

Someone had figured it out very well indeed. Kennedy and the ten other survivors, having abandoned the floating bow, were just then beginning to swim for Plum Pudding Island, a green-topped oval among the islets "SE of Gizo."

Evans sent this message to KEN at 4:45 P.M.: ... COAST BEING SEARCHED X IF ANY LANDED ...R SIDE WILL BE PICKED UP BY GIZO SCOUTS ... OBJECT NOW DRIFTING TOWARD NUSATUPI ISLAND.

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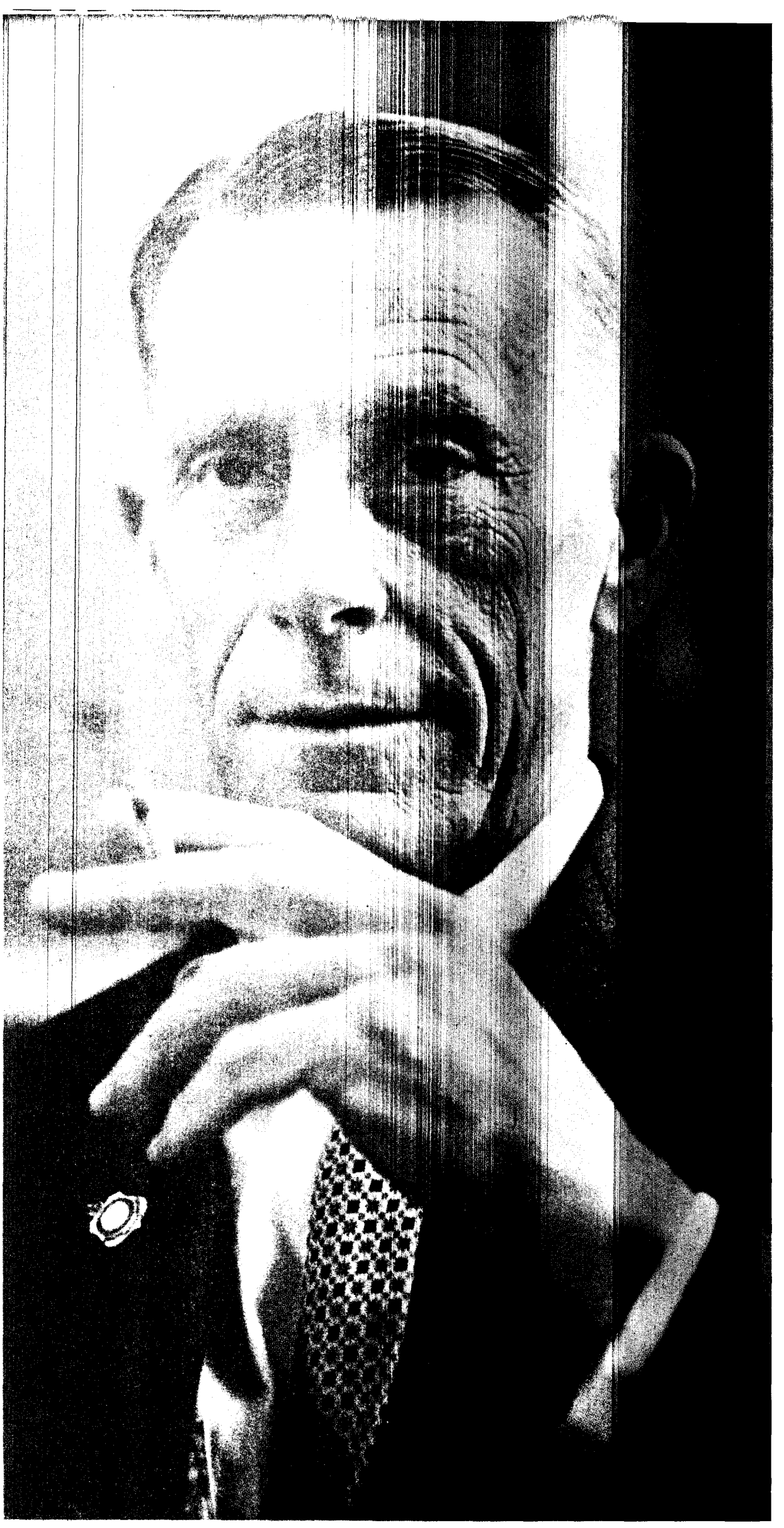

...ast watcher of Kolombangara. From his outpost above ... the sinking of *PT 109*, then tried to locate the survivors.

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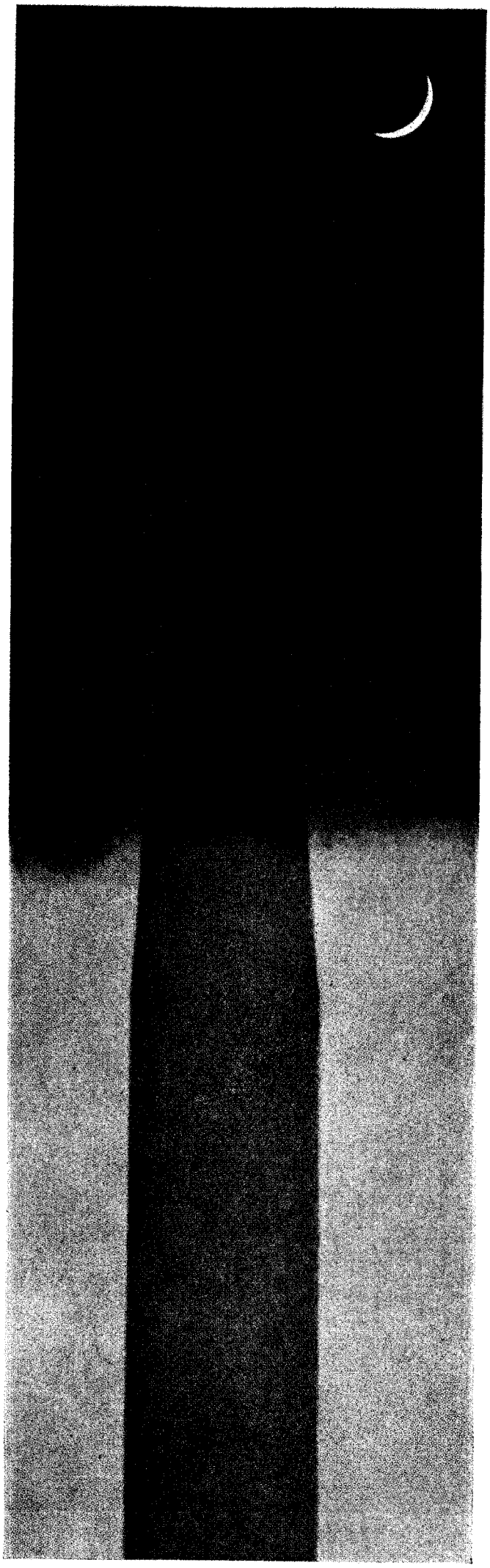

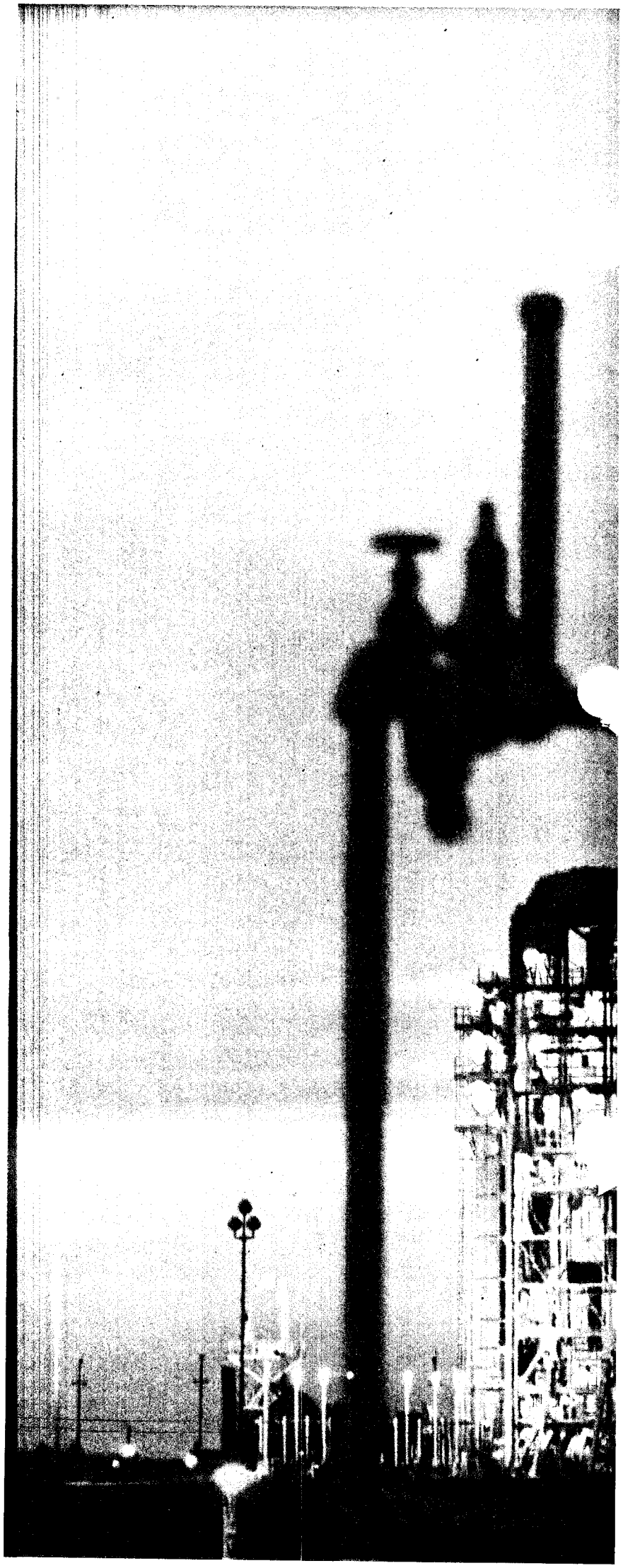

TOMORROW

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THE MOON

In the eerie half-light of dusk, Cape Canaveral takes on an extraterrestrial look befitting its new mission—launching point for U.S. shots at the moon. The Florida base still will test nuclear-weapon carriers such as the Titan, being readied above in the brilliantly lighted gantry on Pad 15, but the big push now is for the Saturn and Nova, the incredibly powerful boosters of lunar range, whose shock waves may shatter windows thirty miles away. ● Photographs by Art Kane

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Vigilant to the last, Mrs. Frances Poetker inspects the bridal bouquet once more as the *Wedding March* begins.

TROUBLE SHOOTER FOR WEDDINGS

This Cincinnati florist always keeps her head at those "highly emotional" marriage ceremonies. She may be the bride's best friend.

BY JAMES A. MAXWELL On a bright June morning of this year, three minutes before the organist of a large church in Cincinnati was scheduled to begin the *Wedding March*, the bride, in an anteroom with her attendants, removed the shoes she had worn from home and put on her new, white-satin pumps. She rose, took a couple of steps and stopped. A look of panic came over her face. "I can't go through with it," she said in a voice tinged with hysteria. "I know I can't do it."

A moment before, the small room had been filled with the happy, excited babble of bridesmaids, matron of honor and flower girls, all busily smoothing dresses. Now an icy silence fell over the group. The matron of honor was the first to speak. "Do you mean you don't want to get married?" she said.

"Of course I want to get married," the bride said. "It's these new shoes on that aisle. I'll slip! I know I'll slip."

There was a chorus of reassurances from the other women. "There are nearly 400 guests out there," the matron of honor said wildly. "You can't stop things now. Wear your other shoes."

The bride's eyes filled with tears. "I won't wear those horrible things on my wedding day," she said. "They'd spoil everything. And I know I'd fall down in these. I'd die. I'd just die."

A small, trim, dark-haired woman in a tailored gray suit, who had been standing quietly in a corner of the room, now stepped forward. "Of course you can't be worried about your footing at a time like this," she said calmly. "Take off your shoes, please." As the bride removed the shoes, the woman searched through her enormous black handbag and pulled out a sheet of sandpaper, scissors and a small bottle of quick-drying glue. She snipped off six strips of sandpaper, took the shoes from the hands of the bride and pasted three strips of the abrasive on each sole.

The girl put on the shoes again, then took a few tentative steps. A wondrous smile glowed on her

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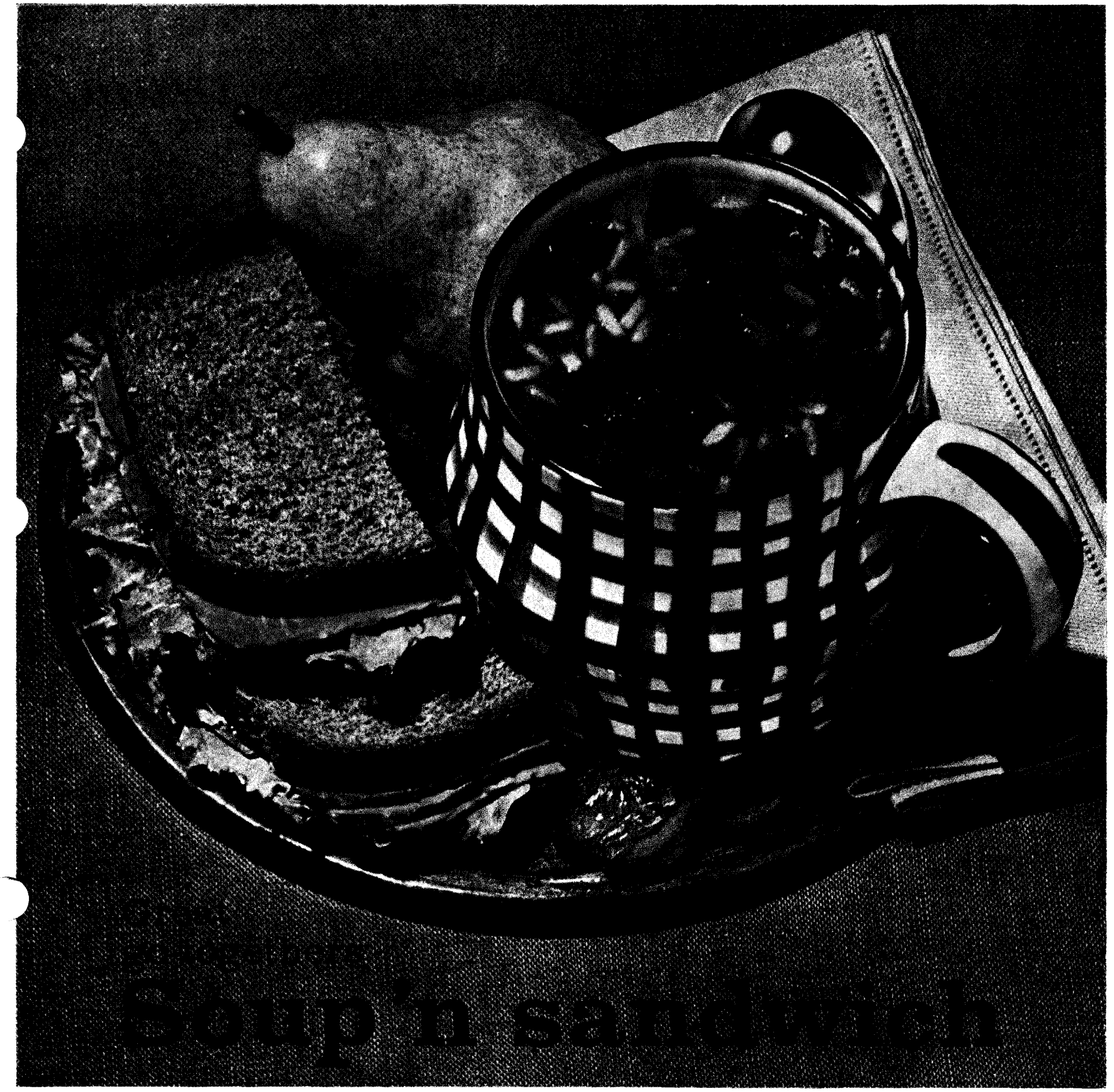

Soup makes any sandwich a good hot meal

For there's good healthy nourishment in good hot soup — proteins, vitamins and minerals you need every day. And a soup and sandwich taste so good together they make you glad you're hungry! Having a ham sandwich? Or cheese or egg or peanut butter? Add the goodness of whole, fresh, vine-ripened tomatoes, cooked to perfection in Campbell's Tomato Rice Soup. You'll be sitting down to a tempting, hot, well-balanced meal 4 minutes after you open the can.

Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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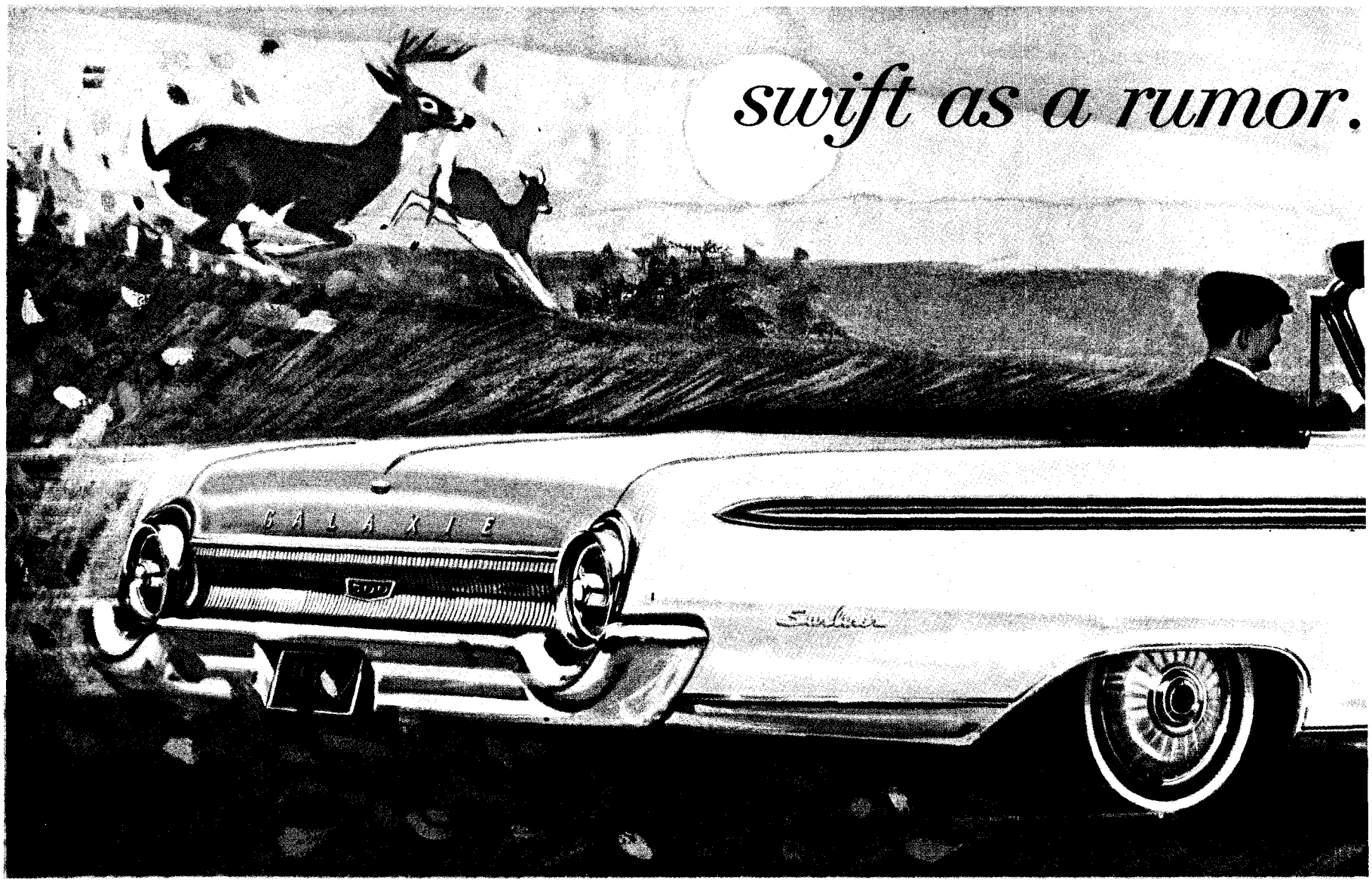

TROUBLE SHOOTER

face. "Perfect!" she announced. "Absolutely perfect. I won't have a bit of trouble now." She straightened her veil. Then she looked with astonishment at the woman who had saved the day. "Do you always carry sandpaper and glue in your purse?" the bride asked.

"Always," the woman replied.

The fact that Frances Jones Poetker, the heroine in the gray suit, had such unlikely items in her satchel-bag was no accident. She could also have produced several pairs of gloves of various colors, handkerchiefs, shoe laces, cuff links, rolls of tape, a complete sewing kit with all shades of thread, pins, wire, wire cutters, a gray Ascot, black bow ties and numerous other accessories.

"I've recently added extra stockings to my collection," she said not long ago. "Brides and attendants were always getting runs at the last minute and I got tired of going home barelegged."

Experience plus a useful ability to imagine the worst have dictated the contents of what Frances Poetker calls her "crisis kit." As owner and operator of Jones the Florist, Cincinnati's largest and most successful flower shop, she supplies flowers for most of the city's society weddings. Her role as unofficial trouble shooter was an outgrowth of her duties as floral arranger. Because she was present to make a final check on the decorations, Frances lent a hand when predicaments arose.

"A wedding is a highly emotional affair," she says, "and almost everyone closely connected with it tends to behave oddly. A magnification occurs, and a minor difficulty seems a catastrophe. Women aren't the only ones affected. On at least a half dozen occasions I've seen sturdy men who, as grooms, were ready to flee the church because of broken shoelaces or lost cuff links. A couple of men appeared ready to jump out the window because in the excitement they had arrived at the church without their ties. Fortunately, on all the occasions I was able to supply what was needed."

Frances didn't develop her wedding specialty because of a sentimental desire to become a nuptial Miss Fix-it. Her reasons were economic. When she joined the florist shop in the mid-1930's, the country was bogged down in the depression, and a stimulus to the business was badly needed. After examining possibilities, she decided to try for a larger share of the plush wedding market on the theory that a family, especially if well-heeled, would not be pinchpenny when a daughter was being married.

Frances read the society pages for prospects, and whenever a forthcoming wedding was announced, she promptly wrote the mother of the bride, giving detailed suggestions for the decorations. Because this was usually the first specific plan to be offered, Frances often got the job.

Gradually she took on the auxiliary job as oiler of the ceremonial wheels. "I was interested in building my reputation in the field," she says, "and I soon learned that circumstances having no relationship to my work could ruin the effect I was trying to create. If for any of a thousand causes something didn't go well, people

Bridesmaids at muster. Mrs. Poetker is ready with scissors,

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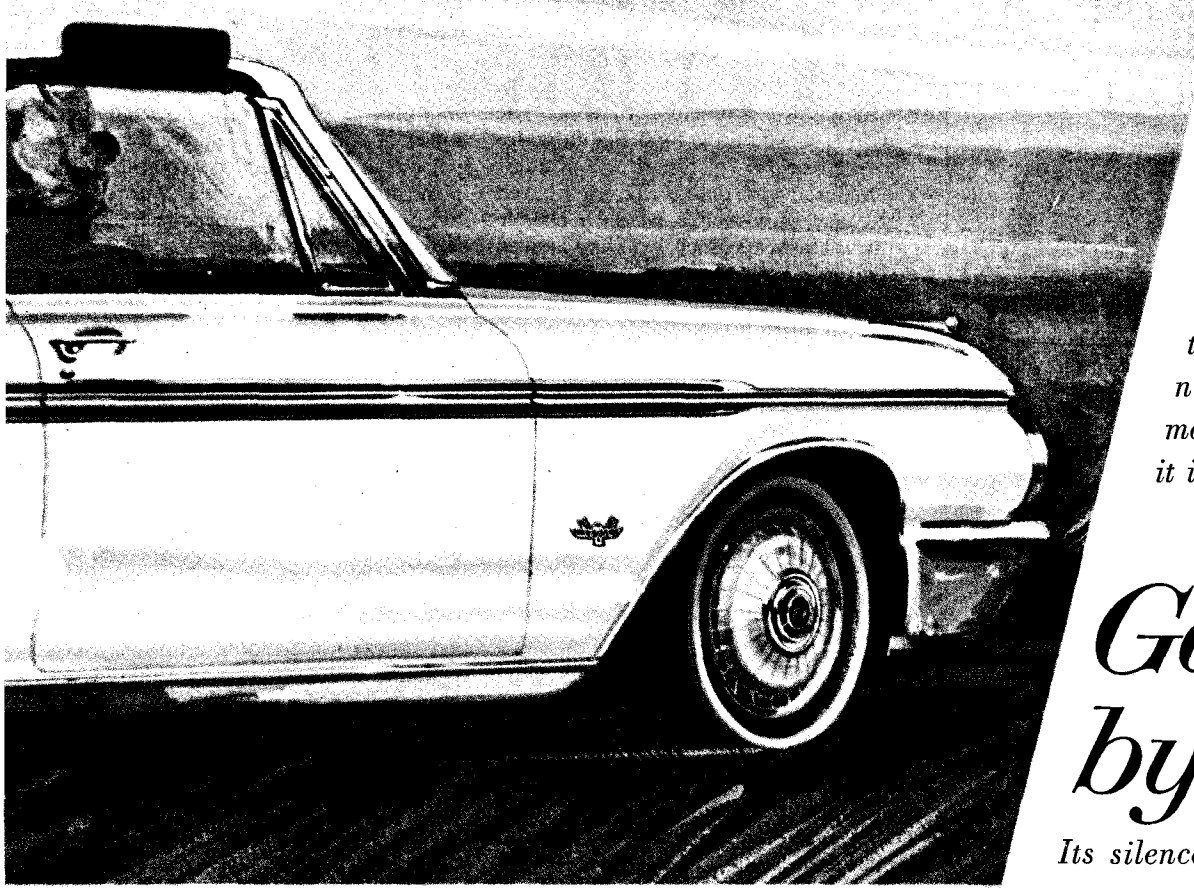
silent as a secret!



Its name is Galaxie; its thrust is pure Thunderbird—up to 401 horsepower. Mileposts flicker by, hills flatten. Galaxie's power can be satin-smooth and effortlessly automatic—or fit the precision of a four-speed stick shift. And only a car that loves the road could cling to it so tightly. How long has it been since you've driven a new Ford? Try one soon—for something has happened. A Galaxie now outperforms America's most expensive cars...and does it in a whisper.

Ford

Galaxie by Ford

Its silence whispers quality

ewing kit or spare hose.

remembered the awkward incident and not the beauty of my decorations. And, of course, when I was able to be of help in a difficult situation, the customer was pleased and told others."

"Frances is a shrewd business woman," one of her customers says, "but she also has a lot of selfless Girl Scout in her. She couldn't show the thoughtfulness and understanding that she does unless she had a genuine, personal interest in the people concerned."

After twenty-five years of professional experience with some 6500 weddings and about the same number of receptions, Frances's attitude toward them could scarcely be described as misty-eyed. However, she still goes to extraordinary lengths to insure a smooth on-stage performance even though back-stage may be in a state of chaos. When, for instance, a mother of the bride called in tears on the morning of the great day to tell Frances that a labor strike had closed the bakery which was making the wedding cake, the florist hastily whipped up a confection from tissue paper, flowers and an old hatbox. The substitute didn't offer much in the way of nourishment, but it looked wonderful when the beaming bride and groom—with knife jointly held—posed behind it for the traditional photograph.

Even Frances was briefly nonplused last winter when an overwrought bride's mother called to report that the ushers—coming by train from another city—had become snowbound and couldn't possibly arrive until after the ceremony.

"I don't know why I called Frances about the situation," the mother said

To the nth degree: the florist performs another of her "peripheral services."

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Smart modern styling that stays new-looking for years.
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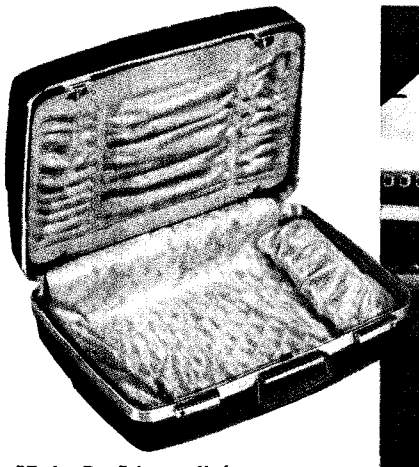

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TROUBLE SHOOTER

later, "but I found myself strangely consoled when she said she'd try to think of something."

When the guests arrived at the church, there was a full complement of ushers on hand, all properly dressed in striped trousers and cutaways. For an hour or so, however, there was only a skeleton, all-female staff in the shop of Jones the Florist. All the male members in their rented finery were busy as stand-ins.

Only once, several years ago, has Frances encountered a problem with which she couldn't, or wouldn't, cope. Six individually fitted dresses of identical cut, color and material were delivered to the church where the bridesmaids were to change clothes. The head usher, who had arrived early, took the garments from the seamstress and hung them up in the dressing room. He then thoughtfully removed the paper bags which covered each of the gowns. He didn't notice that there was a name on each bag.

"There was pandemonium when the girls arrived," Frances reported. "Each of them was about the same size, but each was determined to have the dress that had been made especially for her. With no way of telling which was which, the six females began a rapid-fire putting-on and pulling-off of clothes.

"Then someone knocked on the door and said that the procession would start in five minutes. Suddenly all six girls turned to me and asked me to decide. I looked at those angry eyes and I knew that I lacked both the courage and wisdom of Solomon. I babbled some nonsense about having to water the orchids and got out as fast as I could. That was a lynch mob in the making if I ever saw one.

"Each of the girls was decently covered when the ceremony began, but to this day everyone of them is convinced that her dress was worn by another girl."

Although becoming a ringmaster at weddings was more or less her own idea, literally centuries of tradition made it almost inevitable that Frances Jones Poetker would become a florist. The Jonaz family (The name was Anglicized in the 1800's.) began selling flowers to the Court of Holland some 400 years ago, and the professional line has remained unbroken since that time. Four generations of Joneses have been florists in the Cincinnati area for more than 100 years.

Frances, the only child of Charles and Louise Jones, studied botany, received her bachelor's and master's degrees from Vassar. After graduation she worked in the shop with her father for several years, then bought the business from him in 1942. Her husband, Joseph Poetker, is the shop's flower buyer.

Now in her late forties, Frances is an attractive, slim, soft-voiced woman with dark hair and a warm, friendly manner. Her fragile appearance is totally misleading. She has the stamina of a lumberjack.

In addition to operating a business which grosses more than $300,000 annually and doing the job well enough to be chosen "retailer of the year" by *The Florists' Exchange*, a top trade magazine, she is one of the country's most sought-after lecturers on flower arrangements. Her articles and designs frequently appear in the trade press, and until a few years ago she wrote and her husband illustrated a nationally syndicated column, "Fun With Flowers," which appeared in about sixty newspapers.

Despite a staggering work schedule—sixteen hours a day, seven days a week during the busy seasons of Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Easter and the May, June and September wedding periods—Frances finds time to teach botany to public-school students over WCET-TV, Cincinnati's educational television station. She also serves on the boards of the Cincinnati Symphony an the summer opera, and often acts a decorations consultant for public functions. Tacked on to all this is an active social life.

Customers and friends are either filled with admiration or appalled by Frances's boundless energy, frantic pace, and sheer power of endurance. "If there were some way of harnessing her to generators, the Government could do away with TVA," said one man who has worked with her on various committees.

"When Frances is involved in either a business or civic project," a friend of the florist said recently, "she's incapable of anything less than all-out effort and complete identification."

In her professional life, this attitude contributes heavily to the curious relationship Frances has with her customers. "I was in the shop for about twenty minutes to buy a plant from Frances," one baffled man reported, "and during that time she had three telephone calls that couldn't help overhearing. A prospectiv bride wanted to know what clothes to take on her honeymoon, a hostess asked the name of a caterer who wouldn't serve tired fish on limp toast, and a third woman wanted advice on how to handle a matron of honor who would—unless deterred—drink too many Martinis before the ceremony. To the third woman she said, 'Play on her vanity. Tell her that Martinis will make her eyes bloodshot and her nose red and ruin the effect of the lovely gown she is wearing.' Frances, who didn't seem surprised by any of this, gave apparently satisfactory answers to all of them. Finally I had to ask Frances what in the name of Burbank this had to do with the flower business. 'Peripheral service,' she said."

Rendering peripheral service can, on occasion, require physical fortitude. During this past spring, for instance, when the evenings were pleasant enough outdoor if a person wore a coat, a Jones custom planned to give a cocktail party aroun her swimming pool. Both the water and air were far too cold for swimming, so the hostess decided to use the pool for decorative purposes by floating flowers upon it. Early in the afternoon of the appointed day Frances spent a pleasant thirty minutes tossing garlands into the water.

About an hour and a half before the party was to begin, Frances called the hostess to ask if all was going well. The disconsolate customer reported sadly that a breeze had sprung up and all the flowers were now massed in one corner of the pool. "I tried pushing them back into place with a rake," she said, "but it didn't help. They only bunch up again."

Frances, accompanied by an assistant, returned. The massed flowers did indeed suggest less a Roman bath than the Times Square subway station at the rush hour. The wind was still blowing briskly and there was no indication that it would stop. Frances stooped and put her hand in the water. Its temperature was only slightly above that of Bering Strait. S ordered her assistant to hurry to the ne est hardware store and purchase a number of lead fishing weights. While he was gone, she took a ball of stout twine from her purse and began cutting off lengths ranging from three to six feet.

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Right before bedtime the phone rings, and it's Daddy calling Long Distance. Just in time to get the news and say goodnight. What a thrill for a little girl! And how satisfying and reassuring for Mother, too. Isn't there someone you'd like to talk to tonight—someone who would like to hear from *you?*

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Why ANACIN gives fast—more complete relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!

Another wedding over, Mrs. Poetker is able to breathe a sigh of relief before going on to the next with her versatile "crisis kit."

TROUBLE SHOOTER

When her assistant returned, a sinker was attached to the end of each piece of string. Bathing suits were borrowed from the hostess and, several minutes later, the two florists stepped into the pool. They tied a weighted cord to each bloom and set it in place in the water.

When they had finished, the customer exclaimed joyously over the results, but Frances and her associate were too cold to do more than nod acknowledgment.

The problem was somewhat different at another party with an aquatic theme. The host and hostess had elected to create an underseas effect in a large ballroom. Frances and her staff produced an atmosphere that would have seemed homelike to a tuna, using gauze, papier-mâché, shells, lights, flowers and other props.

Although all of the materials had been fireproofed, Frances, who is a chronic worrier about such matters, fretted about the possibility of an accident caused by a careless smoker. Her father, who is retired and lives in Florida, happened to be visiting the Poetkers at the time, and he suggested, and personally provided, the extra protection.

With the happy consent of the hosts, he donned a diver's outfit, complete with helmet, and spent the entire evening stepping on abandoned cigarettes.

Frances has become casehardened to most requests for unusual decorations, but occasionally a customer does manage to startle the florist. About a year ago a woman of Irish extraction came into the shop and said she was suffering from nostalgia for the social life of her youth.

"Parties today are too much alike, too predictable," the client said. "They lack spirit and spontaneity, which I'd like to regain. I've decided that the gayest, most free-wheeling affairs I've ever attended were Irish wakes. I'm going to have one complete with casket."

"A wake?" Frances said slowly.

"Without the body, of course," the woman said.

"Of course," the florist said.

Although Frances's enthusiasm for the assignment was easily contained, she furnished all the customary baskets, sprays bouquets and greenery. She even filled the order for a huge blanket of roses of the sort favored at gangsters' funerals during the prohibition era.

The hostess returned to the shop a few days later and gave a rhapsodic ac of the soiree. "It was an overwh success," she said to Frances, "and I it all to you." Frances lowered her ey modestly.

Many of Frances's customers prefer simply to tell her the date and nature of a forthcoming event and let the florist supply whatever decorations she thinks appropriate. Sometimes these assignments tax even Frances's lively imagination.

Last fall a woman came into the store to discuss a dinner she was giving for her husband's uncle. "You did such a wonderful job for my husband and me on our twenty-fifth anniversary—those silver champagne bottles and corks, the frosted glasses and the flowers—and we know you'll do just as well with this party."

The patron frowned slightly. "Just use your own judgment about a theme," she said, "but I suppose it should be completely different from the other one."

"What's the occasion for the dinner?" Frances asked.

"Didn't you know?" the customer said. "Our uncle is being inducted as president of the local chapter of Alcoholics A mous."

"I'll try to provide something suitab Frances said.

"I'm sure you'll succeed," the other woman said with complete confidence.

THE END

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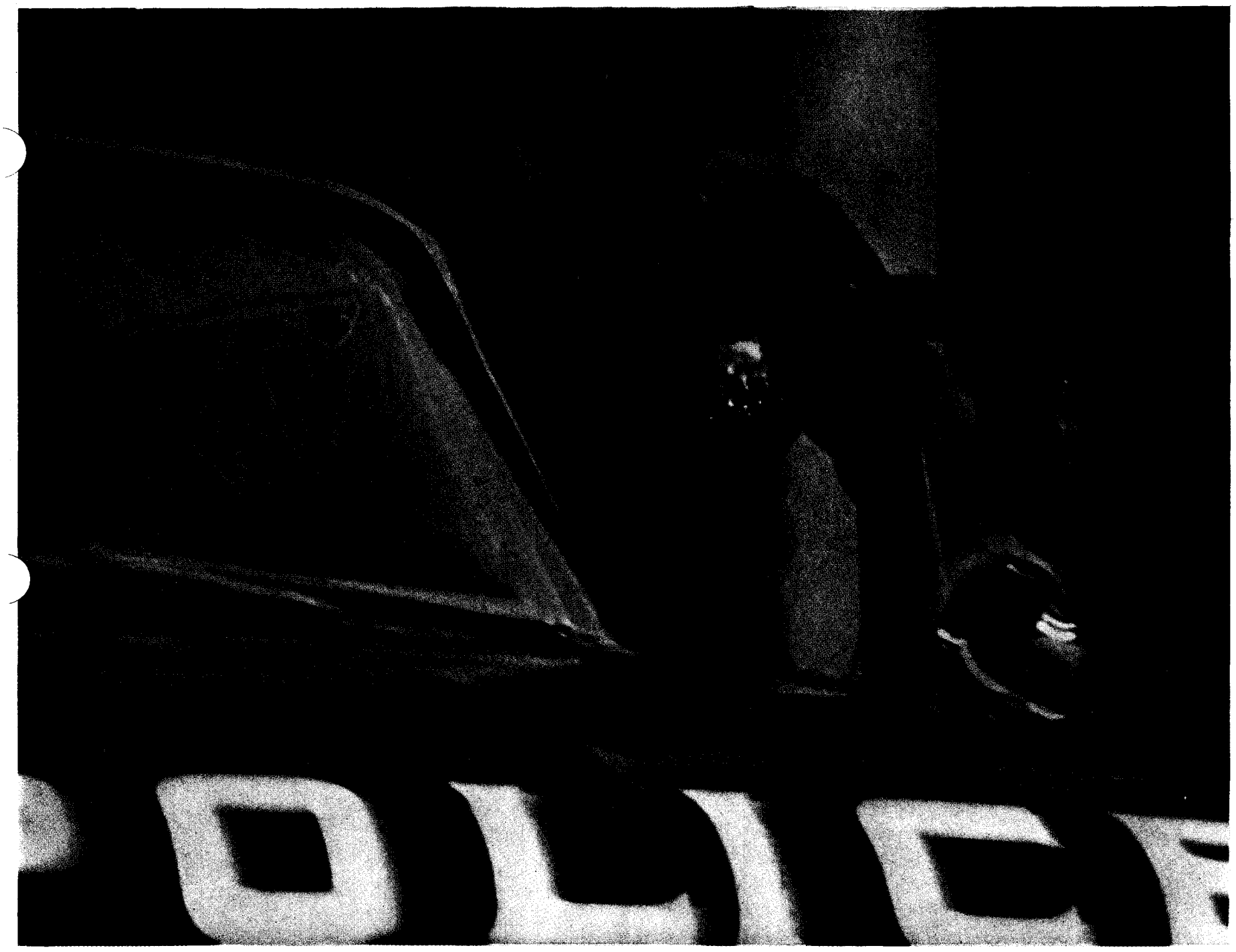

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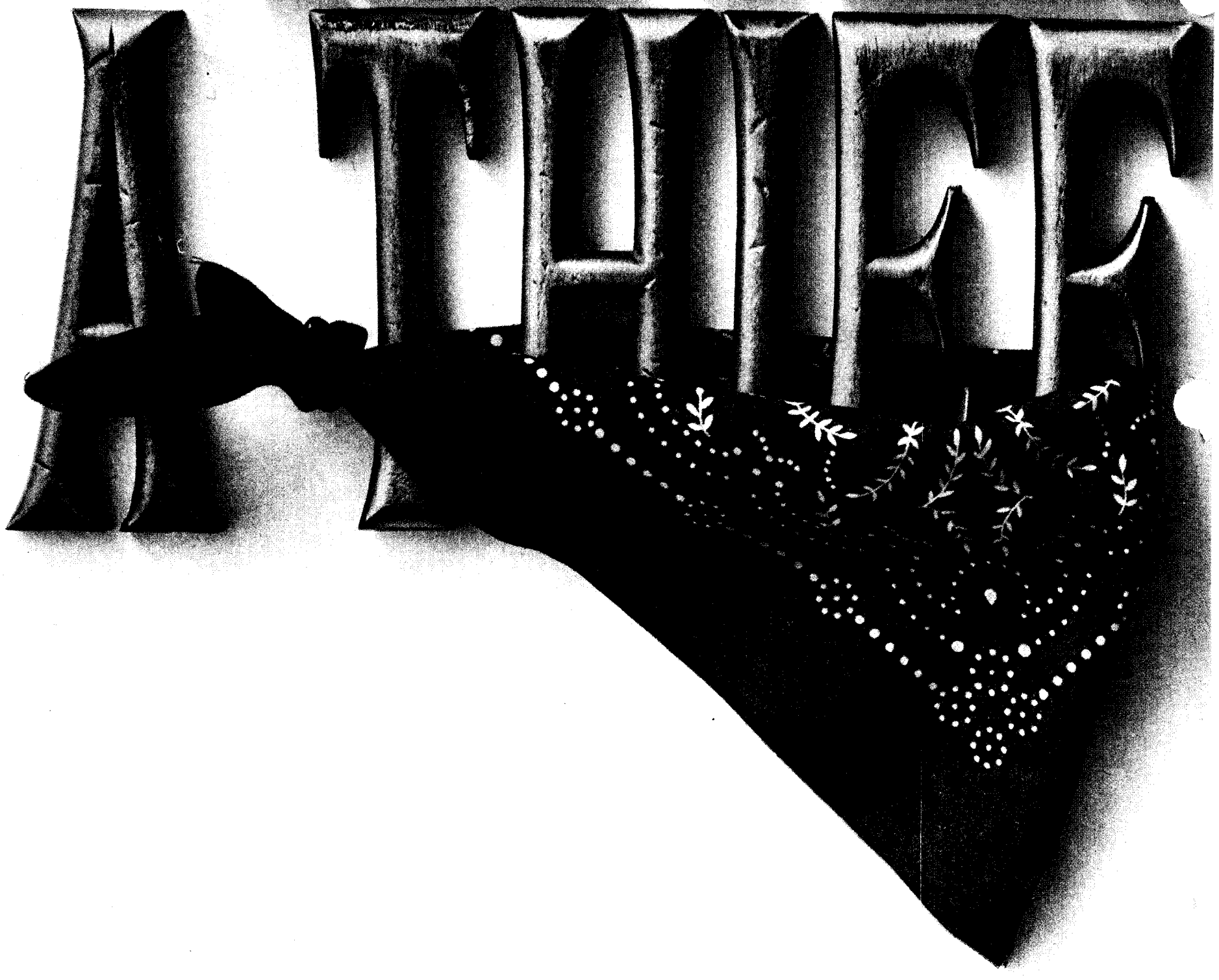
AFTER THREE YEARS IN PRISON HE STILL CLAIMED HE WAS

INNOCENT



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Omer Wiegner could ride, turn a calf or toss a loop with any. He had come up from Arizona to see if much had changed in Arriba County at the north. He had stretched barbre and ridden line for most types of stock-
.en by the time he arrived at Gus Diebendorff's big place. There he quit roaming. It was because of Rain.

Rain Diebendorff was sixteen and pretty as an armful of asters. All the hands were ready to break and gentle any horse in the county for her, though she needed no such help. But when her father decided to take her back east to Denver for schooling, it was Omer Wiegner who piled out extra early and rode halfway up Ruby Mountain to pick her some orchid-color sego lilies for a going-away bouquet.

Off went Gus with his motherless daughter, her little trunk lashed on top of the car. Omer watched their dust as far as he could see by standing in stirrups. His arm ached from waving his hat. When he realized she was
ly gone, emptiness clamped his heart. He
ght it till he could fight no more. At that point he spurred his horse and kicked up his own dust cloud for Rocking Rock, which is the town nine miles from Gus Diebendorff's ranch buildings and four from his front gate.

Omer went into a place of consoling atmosphere and ordered a clutch of shot glasses. He set them in a row and poured them full. He tossed off as many as he could and set them down empty. It didn't make him feel less sorrowful, but he did feel a foot taller. And he met some strangers who'd watched him.

They were a couple of fun-loving cowmen passing through Rocking Rock and they'd just thought up a prank. All Omer would have to do was guard the entrance to old man Bender's bank, which they understood was full of
oney, while they herded staff and customers
o the vault and scooped the loose cash. Four things went wrong with this frolic. Old man Bender grabbed a gun, killed the leader and shot two fingers from Omer's right hand, and the other playmate made off with the booty, though some of it slid down his pants and tumbled out as he ran. Omer got four years. He was out after three years. There were lots of places he could go. The cattle country has a million square miles to it, not counting Canada and Mexico, and there were three digits left on his roping hand and nothing wrong with his seat. But Omer decided to go straight back to Arriba County. He'd been born there, his ma had been from there, his pa in his usual visionary, unsuccessful style had spent a dozen years trying to make a go of a weekly newspaper there, and if Omer was going to live down his one big mistake, the place to do so was where he'd made it. Besides, there was Rain. She'd be done with school now. She'd sent him four post cards while he was behind walls, two of Pikes Peak from its east side and two from the west. She'd written, in her neat round girl-scrawl, "Easter greeting" and "Christmas greetings."

Throughout the three years he'd thought of her and not much else, and those post cards, such as they were, had sure fanned the branding fire lively. He'd kept the image of her as she'd been before she went away in blouse and skirt—the Rain in trim Levis and open-neck shirt, wide hat on sorrel hair, boots with tall arch and heels to make riding easy and walking painful. He'd clung to the memory of her voice, which was like pack-train bells. Just thinking of her sent rabbits running up and down his back, even though he'd raised an obstacle between them thicker than that Pikes Peak of hers.

The warden wished him luck when, sentence shortened for good behavior, he walked out of Lakeside Prison a free man. He didn't know whether he still had a bedroll and saddle at Gus Diebendorff's ranch. And he sure didn't have the store-boughten clothes, shave and haircut he wanted to be seen in. Nor any bus fare. But if Gus had sold his belongings, he owed Omer the money; and if he hadn't, they represented collateral—that was a word Omer had picked up since his one disastrous encounter with bankers. He went into the Lakeside Bank, asked how he could raise immediate funds on those distant assets and was advised to try drawing on Gus. They'd wire down to Rocking Rock for authority. Unknown to Omer, something happened to his O.Wiegner in its passage along the wires, due maybe to his chop-fingered writing. Minnie Whacker at Rocking Rock, the receiving operator, called up Gus Diebendorff and informed that an O'Vinegar was touching him for fifty bucks less charges.

"Who?" yelled Gus, who had been braced by many a horseless or hung-over man before.

"Never heard of the so-and-so!"

"Do we turn him down then?"

"No! Some this-and-that must need the money, or he wouldn't 'a' drawed on me!"

The spirit of the Old West still lives on in some places, including Arriba County.

This became amply clear to Omer when he showed up after the long and tedious bus grind from Lake Valley, with changes, and after the nine-mile foot-burning trudge from Rocking Rock. "So you're the party! I wondered who it was," said Gus.

"I want to start all over, Gus," said Omer. "You know what I can do."

"I know you can do things I never counted on," rapped Gus. "That caper was a bit lively for me. Two things I don't hold with around this outfit. One is leaving gates open for at least one thousand lovesick heifers to discover in a hurry, and the other's robbing banks."

"I never left a gate of yours open yet," said Omer, "and I sure closed one behind me when I come back here just now. I'm staying, Gus." Omer's tone showed he meant it.

Gus studied him. The wise old eyes took in the new denim pants and jumper, so stiff that they creaked at the rivets; the hat that had yet to dip from a water hole or fan a campfire; the hand that now had only two fingers and a thumb, though that never spoiled a man's roping if his wrist was sure.

He liked the ring of what Omer said. Old Gus was a stayer himself. Indians and rustlers and creditors had found that out. But Gus's steady scan, through the thick spectacles he'd taken to wearing, made Omer start sweating. The stockman was going over him stitch and button. "I'll do anything, Gus, to get started again right foot first," Omer Wiegner said.

NEILL C. WILSON

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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Whether she's your Wife, Mother, Daughter, Sister, Niece or Friend... this Christmas, give her an enduring

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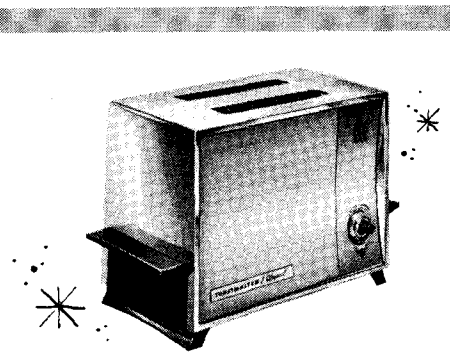

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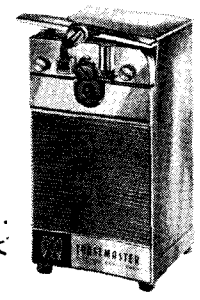

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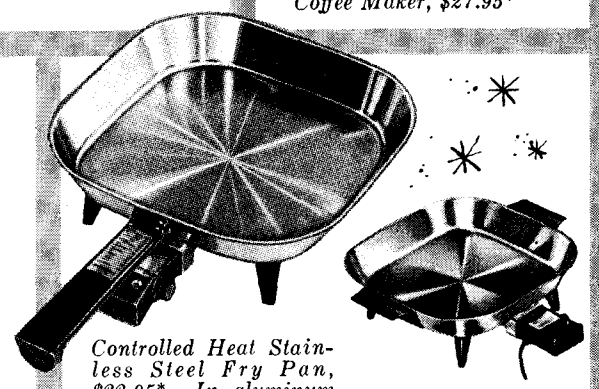

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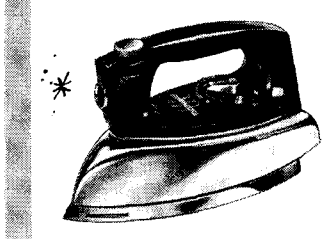
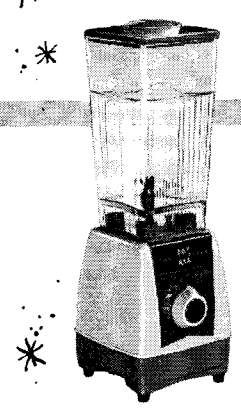
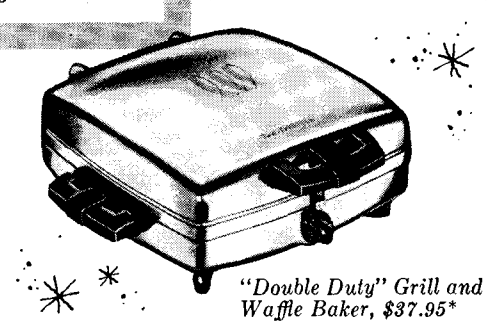


*"Easy-Iron" Steam and Dry Iron, $17.95**



"Star-Mix" Blender. White, $34.95; All Chrome, $39.95**



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THIEF

"Your ma was a nice woman," Gus mused aloud. "Kept a good eating house. Your pa wasn't much of a much—at least so old Bender says."

"His ideas were beyond him to carry out," defended Omer.

"I know. Talked big. Always of airlines that were coming and power dams and borax plants and molybdenum mines and tungsten and stuff called uranium. He was 'way too soon. So Bender jerked the loop on him when he couldn't pay his notes. Shut his paper down. Closed him out. Just like that."

"That's why I did what I did, about Bender," said Omer. "I remember now."

Gus had lived fifty years, all of them hard. He'd been through dry years and blue northers, hoof-and-mouth and grasshopper plagues and cow hands that two drinks of whisky made think they were Wild Bill Hickoks. He'd come through all this and into a certain amount of patience. Maybe it seemed to him that old man Bender, after all, had been a little bit swift with Omer. So he made a decision. "All right. Just so happens I've got some sheep, off to one corner of the ranch." He looked at Omer over the top of his glasses.

"Sheep!" Sheep were for Navajos and Utes. Omer was a cattle person.

"You said you'd do anything," recalled Gus.

"I meant cattle." Surely Gus wouldn't take a man's last shred of self-respect away from him. Especially when he so needed it.

"And I'm talking sheep," stated Gus. "I got enough cow hands now, till somebody goes on a bust and leaves my gates open. There's nothing wrong with sheep. This'll give you a chance to get the smell of earth again. You'll be off on Buck Mountain. You'll have grub and a shack and a rifle and you can pack along some reading matter." Gus's eyes still were on him.

"I'll take the job," said Omer.

"You can leave for Buck Mountain right now and send the other fellow in. Men go crazy, leave 'em out with sheep too long. Go catch up a sheepherding mule and a pack mule and your old saddle. I'll have the cook set out rations."

Omer was off for Buck Mountain without ever a chance to ask about Rain. He glanced about, though, without catching whisk or whiff of her. Maybe she was still off at school, though a deal of time had passed for that. He'd never answered her post cards, account of his prison postmark being bound to set school tongues clacking. He figured she understood. Well, if she was back on the ranch, maybe she'd ride out his way.

It felt good to hear swish of grass again, to feel ribs in sawing rhythm between his knees. To smell sage, to be in country where the only stopper to the view was the mountains or the horizon. Up on Buck Mountain he sent the pleased Navajo in and set to caring for those two hundred knuckleheaded bleaters.

Rain Diebendorff never came. After weeks, the Navajo returned. He told Omer in grunts and cusses that the guard was changed again and Omer could go in. Omer whirled back for the home ranch at a gallop which slowed to a hoof drag. He was afire with hope of just maybe seeing Rain, but afraid that it would happen while he was still on a mule and before enough wind and water had played on him. A man can't dwell among sheep as long as he had without smelling like mutton and tallow. To his relief as well as disappointment, she wasn't in sight. Only her pa, sitting on the porch steps and looking at the weather signs over the Bill Smith Range.

"Well, I kept the coyotes off. Do I work steers and cows now, Gus?" Omer asked. "Or ride line or clean troughs even? Do I?"

"Why, no, Omer," said Gus. "Th bunkhouse is still full up with more steer chasers than there's work for. Tell you what, though. I've got another parcel of sheep, up in the Piñons."

"Sheep!"

"I'll give you some Ute Indians to help you this time, and extry good dogs."

"Sheep again," mumbled Omer, tasting wool grease. "Sheep and Utes."

The old man's eyes stayed on the blue Bill Smiths, which were fifty miles away. He sat, immovable as a snubbing post. The posture warned Omer that arguing would be useless. If he ever was to se Rain again ——

"How many sheep this time, Gus?" he asked miserably. "Three hundred? Five hundred?"

"No, Omer. About three thousand."

Three thousand! So Omer's ordeal with two hundred root-yanking grass killers out there on Buck Mountain was now replaced by superpunishment—responsibility for three thousand wool racks with unwashed Ute Indians for company. What the world does to a man who's made one blunder, even when he has paid for it!

"All right, Gus," he surrendered, though he shivered. "I guess I just love sheep—and Utes."

"But this deal won't be such a long one, Omer," promised Gus. "And not a standing-around one. There'll be action to it. I want you to collect them sheep and drive 'em to Junction City and turn 'em over to the dealer there."

This really startled Omer. "Drive three thousand sheep! Why, that will be like driving money! Three thousand eight-dollar bills!" Omer had been reading t newspapers Gus had given him.

"Better, Omer, if we catch this market. I'm figuring ten dollars a head."

Thirty thousand dollars!

"Them Utes I'm sending along with you have squaws up by Junction City,"

NEXT WEEK

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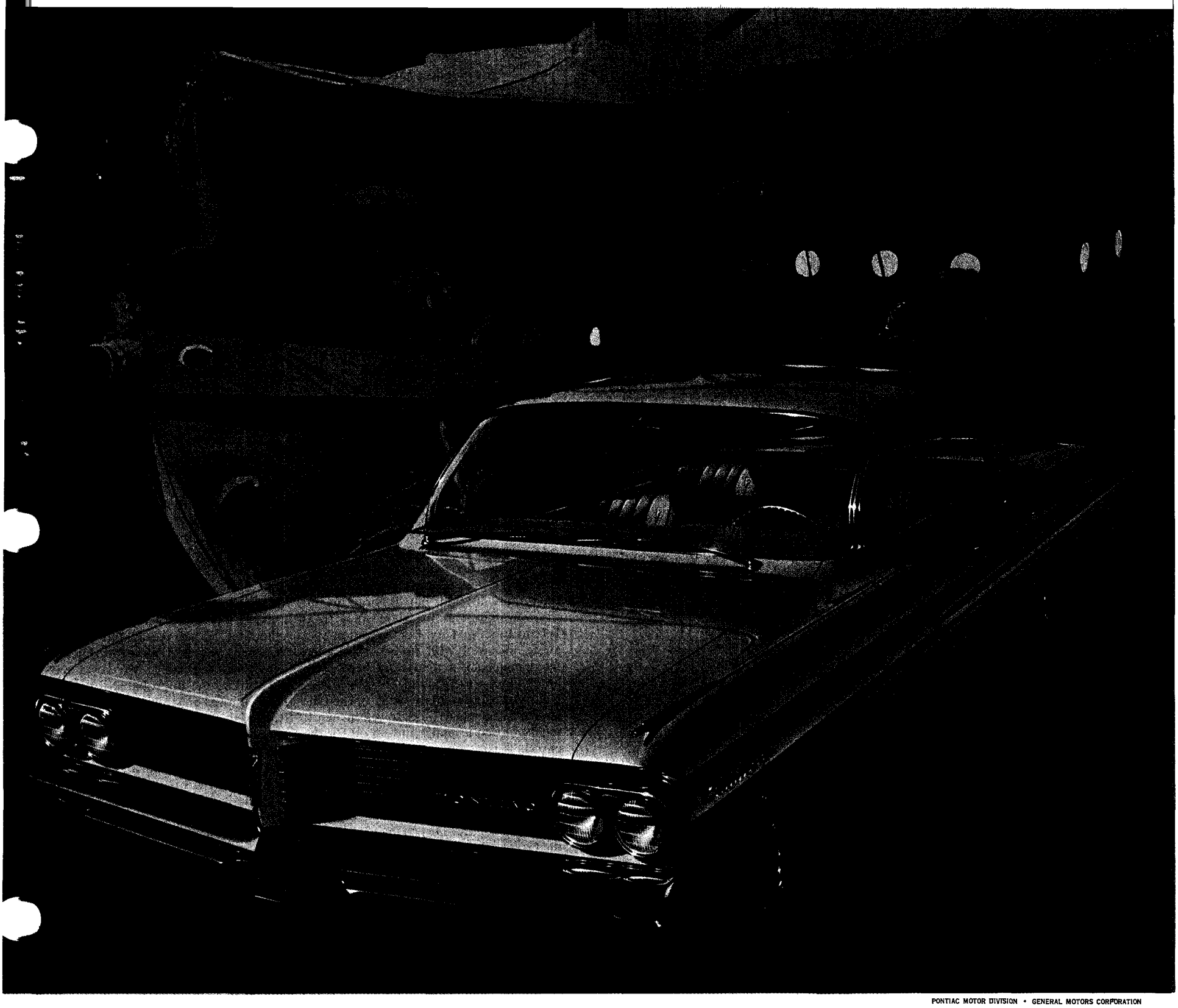

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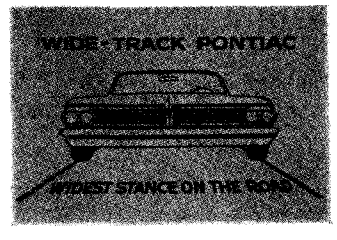

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THIEF went on Gus. "They want to get home and stay there. So you'll come back alone. When you deliver your sheep, don't take a receipt and don't take a check. I want the cash."

Words exploded from Omer. "But, Gus! I'm an ex-jailbird! I got drunk and stuck up a bank, remember? How do you know I won't keep right on going once I get that money?"

Gus's blue eyes came down from the bluer Bill Smiths, and Omer physically felt their impact. "You came back here," said Gus, speaking slowly, "when you didn't have to. You came back to only a few miles from the bank you robbed and the people who know you did it and the banker who clipped your gun hand, and who thinks you're the no-good get of a no-good sire and says so. You came back to prove something, Omer. And I'm a danged enough old fool to believe you'll do it." Gus turned his gaze to the far peaks again, giving Omer a chance to think in private.

Something welled in Omer's breast. The ranchman must be crazy. Omer couldn't find a word.

Mentioned Gus, "Your Utes are waiting now at the corral. Better get going—this market mightn't last. Load your saddle on one of the pack mules, so you can ride back."

That was when realization smote Omer. Shagging those sheep along, keeping them moving and not bolting, would mean walking on his shoe soles from here to Junction City. For sheep don't get along too well with horses. And even from muleback a man can't herd them along like on the ground.

Gus rose and went in. Omer opened his mouth two or three times to yell his sentiments, closed it finally and set off for the corral. Again, no chance to ask about Rain.

The dismounted cowman and the Utes got the sheep out of the Piñon Mountains. They successfully forded the bulk of them over the Dirty Devil River and the Green. They moved them across slick rock and down and up gorges where ancient dinosaurs had left tracks. They pushed them across sagelands and up red-rock canyons where pockets of grass were thinly sheltered by junipers and cedars. They moved the blatting, jostling band past the blue, pyramidal Bill Smiths, whose peak the Utes called Place-Where-the-Sun-Shines-Longest, past Upheaval Dome and the Schoolmarm's Pants, those interesting experiments in natural sculpture; and they saw at the north, after sufficient days, the rosy glow of the great Roan Cliffs. Omer felt as if he had been walking on his ankles. One late evening he sighted the scattered lights of Junction City.

Next morning Omer sold his dust-caked ewes and rough-looking seven-month lambs to the Junction City Sheep Company. At the local bank, in the presence of his buyer, he cashed the sheep company's check. He shoved the $32,346 of currency into a gunny sack, tied the sack tightly with a string, tucked it under his arm and strode out. His Utes already had melted into the brush and tar-paper huts of their people.

It had been a long time since Omer had heard tinkle of glassware or piano or shuffle of slim high heels or the giggles and squeals that spell entertainment for visiting stockmen. He resolutely turned his back on them. He swung up on his mule and rode out into the desert, caught up his hobbled pack mules where they were grazing and continued until he came to a little stream. He rode up a rise and made sure that no fun-loving stockmen had been following him. He hid his sack of bank notes under rocks and shrubs for the night, put his mules out for more grazing and spent the rest of daylight washing sheep smell from body and clothes and drying them. He cooked himself a supper and rolled in. At bleak daybreak he was up. He reclaimed the hidden sack. The ride for Gus Diebendorff's ranch was pressed as fast as a man in love and with a mission performed can make it.

Gus was sitting on his front porch, quirting a horsehair belt onto a silver-and-turquoise buckle. He looked up through his steel-rimmed spectacles as Omer stomped up the steps. Omer tossed the sack to Gus's feet.

Gus didn't move. He said, "Have any trouble, Omer?"

"Not much," said Omer. "Lost six in the Dirty Devil. It was that or lose two dogs and a Ute. Got ten-eighty a head."

Gus nodded. "Soon as you've rested, you'd better take the cash to Rocking Rock and deposit it. I want to get this belt done for Rain's birthday. She's lonesome for something from home. She's been homesick ever since she married that fellow back east at Denver."

This took seconds to sink into Omer's brain, but it sank. Rain married. Yet why not? She was grown up by now. Why shouldn't she be married to some good-looking city dude where she'd got her schooling? What reason had he, Omer Wiegner, ever had for expecting otherwise? Just the same, his world reeled. He'd taken the improbable for granted. He'd counted on Rain's being home here, Rain of the four soul-saving, hope-restoring post cards. It was toward this beautiful rainbow that he'd been climbing from 'way down deep. And all the while she had been gone. Like she had never been.

"What's the matter, Omer? You look throwed," said Gus, peering over his lenses. "Haven't you et yet?"

No, he hadn't—not since yesterday. He'd been in a hurry.

"Go to the cookhouse and fill up before you rack along for Rocking Rock," ordered practical Gus, getting back to his quirting.

Omer went. He didn't eat much, though—barely half a plate of beans and quarter of a bottle of ketchup. He kept lifting his head, as if he still might see Rain's trim figure pass the cookhouse window, as if he might hear her voice. And all the while he was seething—over the way Gus had suckered him, putting him out with sheep, making him walk those miles on feet that were meant for stirrups, allowing, as a favor, that he ride back on a mule.

He scraped the uneaten beans off his plate, extracted a toothpick from the jar and went and saddled himself a horse—a man's mount, this time. He rode up to the edge of the ranchhouse porch and got the sack of money from beside Gus's feet. Gus said, "You look a mite better." Omer didn't feel any better. He couldn't trust himself to speak to the man who had fooled him. He tied the sack at his cantle and headed for Rocking Rock, hoping the ache at his core would jog itself loose. It didn't.

At the main gate he reined up. Whei was he headed, anyhow? On one more of Gus's hazing errands? Why didn't he just keep going? On for Tucson? Or Texas, where ranches were thick as spots on a ten of clubs and as big as whole states? Or—this was it!—cast a long loop

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THIEF west, over the Piñon Mountains, the Wasatches and the Wahwahs and down Meadow Valley until he should come to Las Vegas. With this sack of lovely cash that he was sitting against, he could make the lights of that gay strip blaze like the town was afire.

Outside the gate of Gus's ranch, which he closed carefully, Omer turned right. He cut for the Piñons and crossed them. He didn't have duffel or pack horse, but over toward the Wasatches there were towns, and he would pick up what he needed. He spent a night in a shallow cave which would be a whole window through a sandstone reef in another million years. He heard a considerable of fancied voices while lying there beside a brush fire: Rain's laughter, sheep blatting—would he never get the baaing of sheep out of his ears?—and the cusses of Gus, who must have found out by this time that the sucker cowman he'd dealt marked cards to had up and run off with

COMING NEXT WEEK

A NEW TUGBOAT ANNIE STORY

BY NORMAN REILLY RAINE

the pot. The sounds and memories kept coming. The ring of Gus's phone, and what Minnie Whacker had said, according to Gus, about an O'Vinegar wanting fifty bucks, and Gus hollering, "Somebody needs it, or he wouldn't 'a' drawed on me!" and Gus's later, "So you were the party!" Gus. Rain. Rain. Gus again.

Next day Omer continued hearing voices, for he was plenty belly-pinched, and he pretty much lost his riding directions. He let his horse drift, though maybe twitching it to the left now and then. Left, and more left. Another morning and he came to a town. It was high time. He was so famished that he didn't even feel the ache for food; all he wanted was a head-clearing bracer, hot and quick. This town was a run-down place, but familiar; and he now knew he and his horse had been headed for it for most of yesterday and last night. He passed a tin-can dump with a worn old sign that said SITE FOR ROCKING ROCK AIRPORT. He passed a dirty-windowed, closed-down newspaper shop. He put his horse up at a feed yard, took his sack and went into a bar. He ordered several shot glasses, and he lined them up and filled them. Then looked at them quite awhile; and the bartender, who was watching, said nothing. The thing that had been running through Omer's mind for thirty hours was still running. It was words that he had made up for himself when he came out of Lakeside and had vowed he would not forget. *The place to find what you lost is where you lost it.* Meaning his reputation? Or Rain? Well, Rain was out of it. And the reputation he'd set out to regain now had about as much value to him as the hide of a neck-broke steer. Still, he might as well complete the skinning and salting. He said to the bartender, pointing at the filled little glasses, "Pour it back." The bartender did just that.

Omer went out, taking his two-day growth of beard with him. He went to another place he knew. He walked around to behind the counter with its four grilled windows and threw the sack on a desk. Old man Bender looked up. He seemed surprised. He untied the string himself. He took out the fat bundle of currency, which was of all denominations, and counted it. He wrote out two deposit slips in Gus's name, keeping one. "So you're back working for Gus Diebendorff," he said.

"I was," Omer retorted, "but I've quit. He had me nursing sheep."

Old John Bender sat back and let his gray eyes roam the man before him a spell. "I heard about that. Junction City, wasn't it?"

"Yep. Walked all the way there."

"And now you're done with Gus. How would you like to work for me?"

Omer jerked. "At what?"

"Little things. Sweeping out and washing windows—until you're worth more."

The place to find what you lost is where you lost it. Omer in turn looked hard at old John Bender. "Why you doing this?"

"It's a bet I made," said Bender. "I have to pay."

Gus was on the porch again when Omer reached the ranch. He was just sitting. Omer dug the deposit slip out of a shirt pocket and handed it to him. Gus remarked, "Now you really do look spur-raked, Omer. What's kept you two days?"

"I been riding around," said Omer. "Getting some sense. Bender's offered me a job."

"Why, Omer! You mean to say you would rather work indoors than out? With all the big outdoors we got around here?"

"I would rather work outdoors, Gus, and you know it. But Bender's bank is where I'm going to be."

"Well, now, I won't argue with you, Omer, though I could have used you in a lot of tight places around the ranch. Rain will be disappointed too. She'll be home tonight. She's been to Reno. The marriage with that Denver scissorbill didn't take. Omer, why you swinging back to saddle now, so fast?"

"To get to Rocking Rock, Gus, for a shave and haircut and a couple of square meals and my job. Those bank windows need a good washing so I can see Rain go by! But how about that bet you made with Bender, you old faker? Was it that I'd bring him the money?"

"Well, Omer, I did want to prove it to that old dollar-trap. But I also wanted to prove it to you."

Rain and Omer have two tall sons now, Gus Diebendorff Wiegner and John Bender Wiegner. Rocking Rock has an airport, a huge dam and much industry. Folks like to tell that the president of their bank is the same man who held it up one time and got two fingers shot off. Arriba County is big country, they tell everybody, and all a man needs to make good in it is a first or maybe a second chance.

THE END

PLEASE DETACH — *Longines-Wittnauer Gift Collection*

THE AGES OF TIME EQUAL LIFE

The timeless world of a babe in its cradle changes ever so slowly as with wide, wise eyes it gradually brings into focus the features of family and home. At the age of two, "the past" is but a matter of days, for a day seems endless, so great are the number of sights and things to be discovered and thought about. Only as a teenager does the pressure of time begin. Then it grows and grows until, at man's estate each precious minute is a treasure to be guarded. Awareness of time is thus part of growing up, and respect for time increases with the importance of the use one makes of it. And how well the worth of the watch one wears reveals the values of the man.

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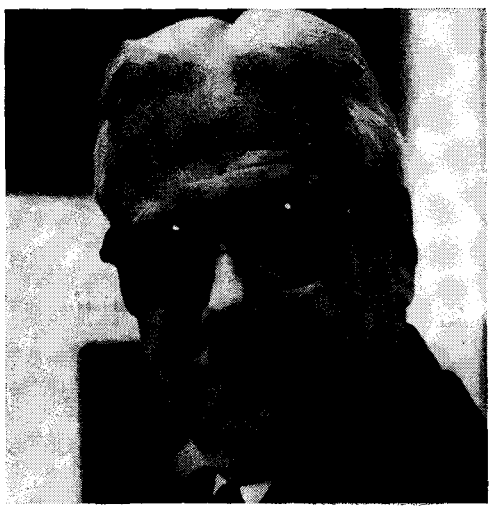
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

MUST OUR CITIES BE SO UGLY?

By JOHN E. BURCHARD



John Burchard is Dean of M.I.T.'s School of Humanities and Social Studies, and is considered to be one of America's foremost architectural critics. He has traveled extensively, taught architecture, history and English, and served as consultant in architecture at many leading universities. He recently wrote, in collaboration with Albert Bush-Brown, The Adventure of America: A Social And Cultural History, *published by Little, Brown.*

ACCORDING TO DEAN BURCHARD

"American cities may face nuclear demolition or cultural collapse. If, however, they escape both, they *might* become 'beautiful.'"

"We must face the fact that all the world's great urban unities have been achieved under some form of autocracy."

"Great centers are needed to enlarge our lives. But they must be *great* in many ways . . . They need to be interesting, pleasant places to loaf in."

"Most great cities are great because at some time in their history a handful of talented men paused there and were put to work."

Ever since Babylon was rebuilt, the world has known some beautiful cities. A few are still beautiful—Venice, Rome, Paris, Peking, Isfahan. Some, though not many, North American cities have been graceful or charming, have had patches of beauty such as New York's sky line, New Orleans's Vieux Carré, San Francisco's Golden Gate. But seen close up and measured by world standards, none can be called beautiful.

American cities may face nuclear demolition or cultural collapse. If, however, they escape both, they *might* become beautiful. We are rich; we are rebuilding vast urban areas. For the first time in history our architecture plays a leading role in the development of an important and original world style. Before Frank Lloyd Wright, no American architect really engaged world attention. Today many do.

Our wealth of architectural talent would fill a catalogue. It includes such patriarchs of the architectural revolution as Walter Gropius (Graduate Center, Harvard), and Mies van der Rohe (Seagram Building, New York), such mature men of eminence as Marcel Breuer (UNESCO, Paris) and William Wurster (Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, Palo Alto). Still more important for the future are a dozen proven younger men like Louis Kahn (Richards Medical Research Building, Philadelphia) and Hugh Stubbins (Conference Hall, Berlin). Behind them are another dozen less well-known but imaginative designers whose work is published abroad.

Yet all this talent may not provide beautiful cities for us. We may emphasize the wrong part of the cities. We may coddle our infatuation with the automobile. Even our most brilliant architects may be incapable of great urban design, which is not synonymous with the design of great single buildings. And we may not want beautiful cities enough to pay the cost.

A tourist does not visit Paris to inspect the suburbs. When he speaks of the City of Light, he means the central core. Not many Parisians live there. They enjoy the Tuileries Gardens, but they must also reckon with their own ward or suburb.

The character of its central core still defines the personality of a great city, but it is no longer the exclusive determinant of the lives of most city men. The cores are not expanding. Each amenity they offer has to be shared by more people. Many so-called city dwellers never visit the cores, and a few cities, such as Los Angeles, have no cores, but if the centers disappear or deteriorate there will be no true cities at all.

A typical contemporary metropolis has three parts. The central core is surrounded by a gray ring of dreary blight, of second-class industry, commerce and housing. It is growing faster than other areas are being reclaimed, but no practical proposals for making it decent, let alone beautiful, have yet been advanced. Outside this is the area of hope, often false hope, the "limitless" and ever-expanding periphery. Except for a few suburbs associated with older cities, the periphery is neither city nor country and grows without plan. Its residents are lucky when their markets and their houses are merely banal and boring and not downright ugly.

We can do better on the periphery. Occasionally we have built well-organized housing like that at Baldwin Hills Village in Los Angeles or Chatham Village in

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Pittsburgh. We can point to good schools and decentralized factories, to small sections of peripheral highways agreeable to use, to a few fine commercial establishments.

Northland Shopping Center on the edge of Detroit, designed by Victor Gruen, is pleasant and orderly, with shaded walks, discreet signs, modest fountains, sculpture and mosaics. People go there even when the stores are closed. Northland boasts no sidewalk cafés like those of the European boulevards, no competing orchestras like those of the Piazza San Marco, in Venice. It falls short of providing the excitement and diversity of a central-city crossroads or the dignified, cohesive force of a village green. But it is an excellent place. Northland and a few others may be the nearest thing to attractive centers much of the new periphery can expect to achieve. Whether without planning such places can become the foci of permanent neighborhoods is another matter. The automobile gnaws at local loyalties. The next new and more novel center siphons people from the old. But places like Northland tell us it is possible for relatively modest utilitarian components of the periphery to make money and still be commodious and civilized.

Most urban peripheries may never become even orderly. The political, economic and social elements are too small, too discrete, too lightly rooted. Many people who live there act as transients, many of those who build the establishments are absentees. Among these nomads public opinion rarely comes to a focus. The average result reflects individual apathy in matters of taste. Most entrepreneurs of the periphery have no personal desire for beauty and no conviction that it will reap profits. The public in turn displays no resentment, applies no pressure against the ugly and the vulgar.

The periphery has not learned how to organize itself in the communal self-interest nor even now to achieve economic stability and political influence, decent schools, hospitals, transportation, and a sense of neighborhood and co-operation. Hard to put together even for obvious practical objectives, such an organization may never concern itself with the subtler and "impractical" questions of grace and beauty. People everywhere seem to have lost much of the collective and intuitive good taste of earlier societies like those of medieval or New England towns whose communal standards developed slowly. There the power of any individual to mar the general quality of the community was limited, though less by law than by public opinion. Only a little of this hidden restraint remains in a few old suburbs and a few special city streets or neighborhoods.

But on the periphery there are no such restraints. Here design is swayed by each new, meretricious gimmick. No conviction prevails that harmony may be more important than novelty. Few of Northland's visitors, for example, realize the fierce incompatibility of this center with the adjacent buildings. The desire for unity has to come first. And this raises prodigious problems. We must face the fact that all the world's greatest urban unities have been achieved under some form of autocracy. Our quandary is how to achieve unity by democratic procedures.

At best it seems the periphery may offer a bland, neutral, decent way of daily life. Its occupants will still crave an occasional larger, more exciting experience. For this they will still have to turn to the central city. So we need fine urban cores even if we achieve decent peripheries and still more if we do not. Exciting urban centers are not a substitute for decent housing, but they can bring light to an otherwise drab life. The Tuileries, the Palais Royale, the banks of the Seine offer something to the Parisians of the meanest wards which is not available to the richest citizens in, say, Montgomery, Alabama.

Great centers are needed to enlarge our lives. But they must be *great* in many ways. They should offer the most interesting wares, entertainment, food, sports. Their activities must rise above the level of what chain stores normally sell and TV plugs. They need to be interesting, pleasant places just to loaf in. Beauty is not the only ingredient, but it is an essential one. If our urban redevelopment does not remake the cores into places most people want to visit, the economic and social improvements will not matter. The central city will be but another kind of suburb, where people sleep at high cost.

Our motormania is an enemy to urban beauty. The automobile is ugly when parked and disruptive when moving. It has seriously marred the beauty and serenity of most great central cities all over the world. This is not always irrevocable. No harm has been done to the Place Vendôme in Paris, for example, that could not be repaired by excluding the automobile so that it could have the peace of the Piazza San Marco in Venice, which no car ever enters.

Some of our American cities have been permanently disfigured. Boston's ugly elevated freeway system has separated the harbor from the city as brutally as the railroads carved up Cleveland and Chicago in the nineteenth century. It has deprived pedestrians of easy access to the handsome Charles River Embankment. Expressways have appropriated the river banks of Manhattan, some of Philadelphia, and much of Chicago's downtown lake front. Yet the automobile can be controlled. If anybody has to move through the city in tunnels, it should be the motorist and not the pedestrian. The river banks and the malls belong to people who sit and walk, and not to people who whiz by. They can be restored if we give up the notion that every citizen has the inalienable right to drive his car wherever he wants to go and leave it there until he is ready to depart.

We Americans face a crucial decision. If freeways and parking lots are to have the highest priority, our new cities will not be beautiful and our old ones will lose even the limited beauty that they still have.

But even if we can bring ourselves to curb the automobile, can our city planners and architects then perform well enough? A beautiful city is more than an aggregation of fine individual buildings by talented but arrogantly anarchistic architects. It is more than an efficient network of transportation, communication, housing. Urban design is more than architecture, more than city planning. Saint Augustine was right when he said good urban design requires "the disposition of equal and unequal things, attributing to each its place." To determine the right place is the toughest problem. American architects have had so few chances to control enough elements in a single area that it is hard to forecast what they might be able to do.

The actual achievements are, on the whole, disappointing. The tremendous co-operation Pittsburghers mustered to reclaim a portion of their Golden Triangle succeeded in replacing a bad area with a decent one. To do so, the city

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CITIES cleared away, at no great aesthetic loss, twenty-six decaying commercial buildings, four automobile service stations, fifteen acres of freight yards, a vast slum, an aged and undistinguished exposition hall. These were replaced by the new Gateway Center. But the new units are not well related to one another, the traffic and parking problems have not been solved. The architecture is undistinguished and there is little to do in the new "center" except office work. The Gateway Center is not the place a Pittsburgher "homes to" as a Roman might home to the Piazza del Popolo.

Detroit's new Civic Center on the water front is far from the normal paths of most Detroiters. There is great confusion between automobile and pedestrian movement and one wonders whether the various buildings have any real compatibility of use. Detroit has not restored the river to its citizens as the banks of the Seine belong to the Parisians or the banks of the Thames belong to Londoners.

Philadelphia has set a glowing example of civic co-operation and civic pride in its reclamation of the central city. In the creation of Penn Center the raised tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad between 30th Street and Broad Street Station were demolished. Most of what came down was mediocre and anonymous junk. But the new architecture which has emerged from all this effort is dull when it is not actually bad. The central mall of Penn Center gropes for gardens and fountains and sculpture and achieves them meagerly. The plazas are not places which draw Philadelphians or strangers like the Piazza Bra in Verona or the Galleries in Milan. But then none of our American efforts have the *élan* of Le Corbusier's Chandigarh in the Punjab or of Niemeyer's and Costa's Brasilia in Brazil. These created cities have their liabilities too, but for sheer architectural brilliance they shame us. Yet they are built in countries poor by U. S. standards.

The older men, leaders of the architectural revolution, may have achieved some confidence in what they are, may propose solutions for new problems that are based on well-seasoned experiments. They may feel some freedom to respect the past, no compulsion to harass it. They may be able to design completely contemporary buildings which accommodate themselves to what exists just as a number of quite temperamental men collaborated over hundreds of years to achieve the unity of the Piazza San Marco. This accommodation is essential for good design. But there are not many such men. Most of the brilliant younger ones have not arrived at this disposition. We are in an age when it is tempting to believe that only innovation is admirable in any human activity. But in civic design there can be too many novel buildings. Many modern buildings hurt their surroundings by being too noticeable.

If architects vie with each other for public attention, it cannot be expected that they will be polite to one another. The great contemporary architectural question is whether our most talented architects can learn modesty, restraint and accommodation without crippling their creativity, can come to terms with each other, or whether they will continue to struggle against one another like horses in a troika rig. The great and durable principles of fine urban design can be expressed in modern idioms quite as effectively as in the idioms of the classics, the middle ages, the renaissance or the baroque. Alexander Pope stated the ideal:

Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

We would be wiser to give some of our ablest men larger areas to control rather than to try to create each area with an overly independent, all-star cast. But even the larger projects will have edges requiring decent transitions. Men like Pei of New York, Weese and Netsch of Chicago, and Yamasaki of Detroit have demonstrated some capacity for composing large groups. Among the many other brilliant individualists we can expect some to learn the way, while others fail. It is not realistic to demand that all of them find the way. Nor is it necessarily democratic to insist that anyone with an architectural license, a smooth tongue or a good business head should be given a chance at an urban complex. It is enough to give these chances to only the few first-class men who rate them.

But they need more than a chance. Beautiful cities have never been the cheapest possible cities. They never will be. We not only must be ruthless in selecting architects but also must be prepared to pay generously for what they propose. This means we have a right to make certain demands. Fine urban design requires, first and foremost, the skillful organization of space. The empty space is as important as the buildings. A beautiful city offers a sense of seemly, natural progression, alternations of crescendo and diminuendo, monumental

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spaces played in contrast to intimate ones. Some spaces will be framed by formal elements as in the Place Vendôme in Paris; others will explode to view as when we suddenly come upon a generous square like the Signoria in Florence. Some buildings or monuments will stop the eye at the end of axes, breaking the street as the Madeleine does at the end of the Rue Royale in Paris. Others will be hard to see fully until the last moment and give the unexpected experience of Strasbourg's cathedral spire with its imminent verticality. The handsome city needs wide streets and narrow streets, but none that stretch interminably to the horizon. Sometimes we will look up, as to the towers of Rockefeller Center, and sometimes down, as from the Pincio Terrace in Rome. Always there must be a sense of knowing where we are, even why we are there.

To achieve such organization demands not only financial sacrifice. Personal privilege, too, must be sacrificed, abandonment of the right to build on every square foot of privately owned land, to build anything we want to so long as we can pay for it, to insist that our new building shall inexorably be the most spectacular yet to be erected in the city. The streets and squares, the vistas and interruptions of the great city will not be the cheapest land use that could have been found; our lines of travel will not always be the shortest between two points or even the fastest. One need not regret the minute lost in a beautiful city.

We ought to insist that our city retain its personality. Rainy Bergen, windy Wellington, foggy London, sunny Rome do not call for the same street treatments even in these days of air conditioning. Some of our cities may profit from extensive arcades, some from sidewalk cafés and umbrellas. But not all can happily harbor the same stereotyped plaza. We should never let our designers forget that human beings are not much bigger than they ever were, that they do not have more perceptive eyes or ears, still have the same standards of measurement to decide when a space is intimate, when impressive and when oppressive or grandiloquently empty.

The sites of our cities ought to be respected. The most brilliant places, the tops of our hills, our shores, ought to be reserved, even recaptured, for public use. The islands of Boston Harbor are marvelous from the air and grubby on the ground. They could be reclaimed in the name of urban beauty. Most cities have such resources in one form or another. The rivers of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Minneapolis are as beautiful as those which enlarge the life of Paris, Vienna, London, Rome—often more beautiful, but we do not use them well. The same is true of our lake and ocean fronts: Compare, for instance, Cleveland and Geneva. There is no reason why the canals of Chicago could not add to its beauty as the canals do not only in Venice but in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Haarlem, Amsterdam. To reclaim these spots, to keep them out of the hands of the freeway builders after they are reclaimed, will require both financial and political fortitude.

We can ask more of our street furniture. We can insist that signs, mail boxes, fire boxes, trash receptacles, street lights be more carefully designed. In Scandinavia and Switzerland such accouterments are agreeable. Ours are mostly ugly; we are fortunate when they are inconspicuous. It is somewhat cheaper, of course, to hang an ash can on a telephone pole than to make a pleasant receptacle standing on the sidewalk by itself.

We can further enhance the pleasure of the city by paying attention to its pavements and planting. The mosaic pavements of Venice, Zurich, Lisbon and many Latin American cities cost more than asphalt, but not so much more that we cannot afford to incorporate similar patterns in parts of the urban floor. Piddling examples like the tiny plaza and shiny ground floor of the Time-Life Building in New York are not enough; nor is there any reason why all the municipal *décor* should be left to the generosity of private corporations.

The movement of water offers endless variety for the sculptor—mists, spouts, jets, drops, torrents, cascades, slides, or just the sheen of wet rocks. Public drinking and washing fountains no longer are used in technologically advanced cities, but if they have lost their original purpose they remain a source of pleasure. Water provides a sense of repose, of coolness beyond that actually experienced; the noise of running water is enchanting. And so we travel and admire the modest street fountains of Bern, the playful nymphs and fish which Milles bestowed on Sweden, the charioteers, horses and geysers of Versailles, the enormous, exuberant baroque extravaganzas of the Trevi, the Tritoni, the Farnese, the Navona in Rome, the great cascades, umbrellas and spouts of the Villa d'Este in Tivoli. We are properly embarrassed at our own performances—the Milles fountain for which St. Louis often cannot

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CITIES supply water, the conventional bowl in Chicago's Grant Park, the modest sheet in Pittsburgh's Mellon Square, the pitiful jets of the Seagram and Time-Life buildings in New York, where on a windy day the water is turned off lest a pedestrian get wet. Is it perhaps symbolic that tourists find it harmless, even amusing, to be sprinkled by a fountain in Rome's Piazza Navona, but distressing to have that happen in Rockefeller Center?

We accept sculpture when hidden away in a museum collection. But we do not accept the notion of spending public money openly in the support of art in the street. Yet contemporary sculpture belongs in the street just as much as the sculpture of Pompeii and Florence. Architects, knowing this, have designed projects with modestly generous allocations for sculpture or water or planting. When the budget mounted—as budgets almost always do—private and public decision-makers alike seldom hesitated. Millions for air conditioning but not a cent for art! Here, too, the record of private corporations is better than the public record, but it is not good enough.

Trees are also important to both our physical and spiritual comfort. They temper the heat and humidity, supply wind breaks. On a street like Boston's Commonwealth Avenue they mute the insistent ugliness of the parked automobiles. Planting frames other visual elements, controls the shadows, affects color, offers filters and screens. The trees add changes of color and texture as the seasons progress from the yellow buds of spring through the lush green of summer and the fiery autumnal array to the lace of snow-encrusted winter twigs. All this can be enjoyed in the city. Trees can survive there. Just as sculpture will do more good in the public square than in the museum, so trees will do more good along the streets than in the park. It is not enough for shopkeepers to set out tiny trees in tubs, then to watch them wilt and die from lack of attention.

All this, you may object, will be costly. Indeed it will. But why save our substance at the expense of the good urban life? We will never have a chance to live it again.

We have the designers. Is it then only a question of loosening the purse strings? Not quite. There are a few other hazards. There is the politician and his parsimonious attitude toward the arts, his indifferent taste. There is the overadmiration for the "doers," men like Robert Moses of New York, and the acceptance of their advice and programs instead of the artists'. Little urban beauty will be achieved by entrusting most public work and even a good deal of private work to servile, mediocre architects who may or may not have efficient business organizations, but who seem "safe." Omitting venal reasons, this may happen because they are more adroit at politics, more economical, or because what they produce is so neutral that nobody really notices it. No urban beauty will be secured from their heavy and monotonous hands. To be sure, they are easier to get along with than men of talent with convictions.

But we fear the men of talent even when they do not bristle. Probably few Pittsburghers realize how wonderful their Golden Triangle might have been had they built the fantasy proposed by Frank Lloyd Wright in 1947. Pittsburgh would have profited from having such a Xanadu at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. Most great cities are great because at some time in their history a handful of talented men paused there and were put to work. How gratifying if every one of us could say of our city: "I love it, of course, but better still I'm proud of it."

Americans have been postponing the achievement of urban beauty ever since the days of John Adams, who wrote th we must first learn politics, then techn ogy, so that in a century or so we coula afford the arts. The grounds for pragmatism have shifted over time, but the conclusion to wait awhile has been durable. Today some would argue that the cost of survival with freedom is so high as to preclude any "extravagance," including the extravagance of beautiful cities. I believe categorically that this is untrue. But make your own and personal test.

Would you tolerate an increase of a dollar or two in your tax rate purely to improve the beauty of your community? If you live on the periphery, would you be willing to pay something for the magnetism of your urban core? If you answer no, then you might as well resign yourself to a peripheral life right now. For your central city will not be worth saving.

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Arabella's Owl

continued from page 27

to hurry back. She'll be in the lunchroom with the other teachers at their table, and what I'll do is sneak into Nature Study and leave it on her desk. Then ——" Arabella Snyder grinned.

Seymour thought, *What a look. Ten thousand candle power. You could bottle it to save electricity.* "Wow," he said. "Such a teacher I never had."

Arabella was looking out into the sun. All at once she jumped, put her fingers on her lips and squeaked. "She's coming! Heading right this way. Heavens to glory, she'll see me. She has—intuition. She'll know. Can I hide?"

"Now an emergency," said Seymour. "Sure, duck back of the counter here and scrooch down."

Arabella came around the counter in a whirlwind that made her long hair stream back. She scrooched.

At the same moment a young lady with black glossy hair and magnificent brown eyes and a camellia complexion came into the shop on beautifully turned legs around which a summer skirt swirled. Anxiousness stood in the fine eyes as she strode quickly to the counter. Then she spied the owl on the countertop and gave a large sigh of pure relief. "Oh, my! I thought you'd sold it."

A run on owls today, thought Seymour. *I wish I had a gross of them now. And hello, Miss Mittle, how do you do?*

A puff of nice perfume wafted over the counter to mingle with the owl's pepper-like scent.

Miss Mittle beamed. "A snowy owl. A rather small one. There's a charming little girl in my Nature Study class. She's admired this for so long; we've looked at it together. Today's her birthday, and ——"

"Listen." Seymour leaned over earnestly. "Buy her an eagle."

He felt a slight pinch on his left ankle. Miss Mittle's expression wasn't encouraging either.

"No? Well, maybe a bicycle. I have in this line a rarity. The old one-wheelers, you know? She would be the pride of her neighborhood, they would come to take pictures of her for the papers, and ——"

He jumped a little.

"No? Well, a lamp with a nearly genuine bronze statue holding its shade up? So it's out of style now! Style is fickle, miss. Tomorrow you got a corner on this market for your little friend."

He edged to the side to get away from further pinching. Miss Mittle's superb features were suspicious.

"How much, please? The owl is *all* I want ——"

Sweat had broken out in a light film behind Seymour's ears. "Now I'll tell you," he said in a voice so confidential it would have made a policeman halt in his tracks. "I have already promised this lovely piece of goods. I just took it from the window a minute back, to clean it up for my customer ——"

The doorway darkened. A voice beyond Miss Mittle's creamy shoulder said, "Hey, friend. How much for the owl?"

Seymour rolled his eyes upward. "Please," he murmured soft-voiced. "Why be ridiculous?"

The next moment he brought his eyes down again and blinked four or five times. The young man was tall and had a hard chest swelling a blue jersey. His mouse-colored close-cut hair glistened in the sun at his back. Miss Mittle had turned around and was looking intently at the young man under lowered eyelids. He nodded to her with great happiness. His voice boomed and shook some of the nearly Sèvres ware on a shelf behind Seymour. "Well, well! Imagine finding you here, Laura!"

"Imagine," said Laura Mittle. "As though you hadn't been following me for three months; count 'em, three. No, I will not go to the Spring Athletic Club Hop with you. That makes six times you have asked me," she added. To Seymour she said, "It does. Six times. May I have that owl now, with no more foolishness?"

Seymour leaned on the counter. "About the owl we'll talk," he said quietly. The thing to do was to take command here. His backbone felt firmer. "About this gentleman, if I can be so bold, maybe you're making a mistake?"

"*A* mistake?" said the young man. "Look, now, sir." He braced his weight companionably on his side of the counter and said with earnestness, "*The* mistake of the century. It started out, just a little feud. One of those feuds teachers of one subject are always getting into with teachers of another subject. You know? I needed basketball equipment. She needed butterfly nets. I'm Charley Hall," he said. "Coach Hall, at the school."

"Pleased, very pleased," said Seymour, shaking hands. "Katz by name to all friends, Katzy to close friends, Katzman to creditors. Go ahead talking. My wife calls me Seymour."

Coach Charley Hall's biceps bulged as he scrubbed the top of his head with his knuckles. "O.K., Mr. Katz. I had to stick up for my side, didn't I? I'm sorry I got a couple bucks' worth more basketballs than she did butterfly nets."

Laura Mittle sniffed heartily. She was the best hearty sniffer Seymour had heard for a very long time. "Brute force at the expense of spirit!"

She was propping her elbows on the counter, but at a distance from Charley.

"Until *that* happened, Mr. Katz, I'd been engaged to him. But he opened my eyes! The way he got to the board members!—they're the ones who spend the money. A steam roller couldn't have done it better."

Seymour said, "Did you ever think maybe, in today's world, a man with some good steam roller in him could make someone a fine husband?"

Charley's bright blue eyes held anguish. "She makes me out some kind of iron man. Not true! Listen." His head back slightly, he intoned, "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever: Its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness; but still will keep'—a something something—'and a sleep full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.'" He nodded sharply. "There! Keats. I also know all of *The Flight of the Duchess*, Robert Browning."

"Beautiful," said Seymour.

"And," went on Charley, "I learned them just for her! Now, since our scrap, I read poems all the time!"

"See?" said Seymour to Laura Mittle. "Now there is a man combining force and brains." Then to Charley he said, "Maybe a couple of good books for you today? Over there past the gold-plated lady with the clock in her stomach. A whole pile of them, and cheaper you'd never believe ——"

It was a mistake. Charley straightened and spoke with decision. "No, sir. I came in here to get her something I'm sure she wants. And I'll buy it for her, hell or high water." His forefinger stabbed toward the owl. "How much, sir, for that owl?"

"Ayee," said Seymour softly.

"Because I know she wants it; I've seen her looking at it in your window." He was a little white around the nostrils. "Listen, I don't mind saying this. If she wanted a yacht, some way I'd find the money to get her that yacht. Time payments, or whatever."

"Now a yacht," said Seymour, "I have never invested in for the reason nobody has come in with a yacht to pawn." It was a pleasure, changing the subject. Laura was staring at Charley Hall as though she'd just met him in a lightning flash.

Her voice broke the comparative stillness—comparative because Arabella was breathing hard behind the counter, Charley was breathing even harder, and Laura was starting to breathe in the same manner. Seymour's own respiration was none too smooth. "Why, Charley," said Laura. She'd moved a short way down the counter toward him. "Charley, for the first time—since our fight—I think maybe you *do*. Love me. You really mean to make up, and you are really sorry, and ——"

There was a mild bumping clatter from the direction of the door. All—except Arabella—looked that way.

Probably the reason America lacks sidewalk cafés is that pedestrians feel they are exposed enough.

Phil H. Tuseth

A little man stood there. He was about five feet high, and tough as a hickory knot. On the back of his head as he strutted forward waggled a seaman's cap. Old tattoos on both cheeks—a star and an American flag in full unfurl—caught the light and seemed to wink and wave.

He bellied up to the counter and regarded the owl with fondness. He stuck out a horny finger to touch the tip of the beak. In a tone slurred and cracked and salty as a ship's bell that had been dropped off Gibraltar he said, "There she is. There's my Emma."

Seymour had shut his eyes tightly. He opened them a bit and said in a meditative way, "Mister, you are the one. Three bucks I gave you ten years back for her. And never did you redeem her, so she is for sale to all comers."

The little man laughed. It was a fine burbling chortle, and showed his splendid teeth. "Needed the money, mate. And I've no more ready cash right this living second than I had then. But she's safe, she's safe." He preened Emma's feathers with his finger. "I knew she'd be. Who buys owls these days?"

Seymour said, "You would be very surprised. For a long time no demand at all. And suddenly a rush." He waved a hand at Laura and Charley. "A positive flood, you could put it ——"

Charley said, "I spoke first!"

Seymour shook his head strongly. "Down to cases we get. You did not speak to me first."

Laura said, "I did. I want that owl for my friend Arabella Snyder."

The little man said, "And me without a dime, and shipping out tomorrow—for Pernambuco." He mused for a short space. "I'd a lot sooner leave Emma here the way she's been the last ten years. Seems sort of safe to me, comfy, some way, to think about her while I'm in one port or another. But if people got to go buying her. . . ." He looked with stern accusation at Seymour.

Arabella suddenly stood up behind the counter. The little man saluted her smartly. After a second Arabella returned the salute smartly.

In the bewilderment of the moment Seymour saluted too.

"Hello, Miss Mittle," Arabella said to Laura. . . . "Hello, Mr. Hall," she said to Charley. She looked back steadily at the little man. "I wouldn't take your owl. I wouldn't even dream of taking your owl—for all the tea in China."

"Spoke just like a true and honest champ!" said the little man.

"I'm Arabella Snyder," said Arabella. "Miss Mittle, there, wanted to buy the snowy owl for *me*."

"Tck, tck," said the little man. "You wouldn't let her do it. Not you."

Arabella swallowed twice, shook her head and said to Laura, "Don't you want it for yourself? For Nature Study?"

Laura and Charley were holding hands, and even arms. Laura was glowing like new neon, but more gently. She shook her shining head and said, "Dear, we'll take field trips and find live owls. Charley will come along with us. We're engaged again," she announced.

Charley said, "Hot puppies!" This time his voice shook even the cash register. Looking into Laura's eyes, he said, "'My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky.' Wordsworth. Or was it Tom Swift?"

"The authorship," said Laura, "is completely irrelevant."

"See?" said the little man to Seymour. "No takers. It all works out." He addressed the owl personally. "You're safe as churches, Emma. Be back to see you, another ten years or so—whenever I hit this town again. Keep chipper."

He turned around and sailed trimly, chest out, stern tucked in, to the door. There he wheeled, kissed his fingers to all, with special fervor to Emma, then wheeled again and navigated into the street and away.

Arabella was standing with Laura and Charley. She said, "I really, really didn't want the owl for myself. It wasn't my ideal at all; I just thought it was yours, Miss Mittle."

Laura said, "You're a worthy friend. How about coming with Charley and me to the movies—tonight or after school?"

Arabella said, "I'd be very proud to. Now we better get back to school."

She was smiling. Even her freckles marched upward. *Fifty thousand watts at least*, thought Seymour. *A firm, polite, discerning girl. Even if she loses me money.*

Charley and Laura swept Arabella up between them and, holding her under her arms, swung out of the door. To help them hoist her, she'd put her purse in her teeth. Through the obstruction she called back, "'Oo-by! Fank you!"

"So, like flowers in May, you're welcome," said Seymour O'Brien Katzman. He picked up the owl. He walked over to the window and managed to snake the owl into its old position without causing anything in the window to fall. The phone rang. He walked back to the counter and plucked up the receiver. He leaned back in a shaft of sun for a nice talk.

"So, Sarah," he said to his wife. "No, everything much the same. All calm like a kitty—in a while now I have lunch, sure. . . . No, nothing new—well, something. Today almost I sold the owl. . . ."

THE END

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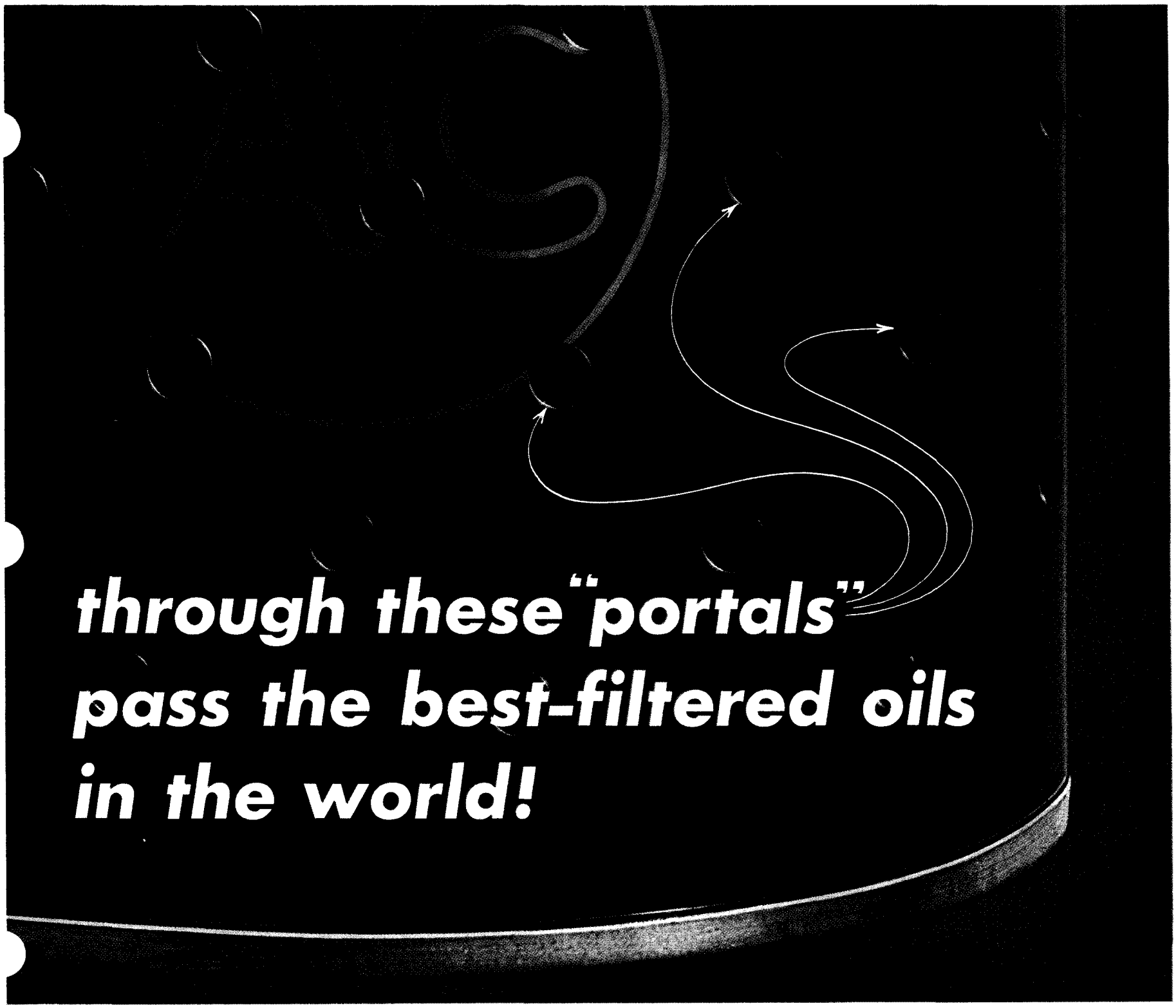

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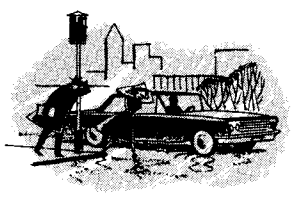

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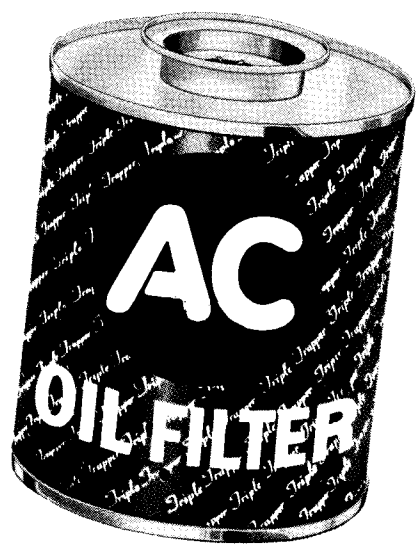

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TV's Most

The latest crowd pleaser on television is neither Western nor murder mystery, but animated drawings: Here's the story behind *The Flintstones* and *Yogi Bear*.

The most surprised men in Hollywood these days are a pair of middle-aged cartoonists named William Hanna and Joseph Barbera. Four years ago they were has-beens, bounced out of the movie business with no prospect of future employment. This year, as owners of four fantastically successful television shows plus a major contender, they will gross an estimated $9,000,000.

Leading the list in the order of importance on this two-man hit parade is *The Flintstones*—the first cartoon show to make a successful invasion of television's supposedly adult hours. The stars are Fred and Wilma Flintstone, citizens of the Stone Age suburb of Bedrock. In the split-level cave next door are their best friends, Betty and Barney Rubble. Muscular Fred has a big mouth and a small brain, but he is little Barney's hero, no matter how many boners he pulls in their losing fight to outwit their wives. If it all sounds and looks like a prehistoric version of *The Honeymooners*, nobody seems to care. *The Flintstones* finished the 1960–61 season with an audience of 13,882,000 homes, according to Nielsen figures.

The rest of the Hanna-Barbera cavalcade is both a cast of characters and a menagerie. The Barrymore of the bunch is three-year-old *Huckleberry Hound*, star of a half-hour show which appears weekly on some 180 independent stations. A drawling canine with a humanitarian streak, Huck fouls up missions of mercy and feats of derring-do in every era and on every continent. But he never loses his goofy idealism. After Huck does his stint in a seven-minute cartoon, he takes over as master of ceremonies and introduces a brace of substars, who cavort in their own seven-minute adventures. Mr. Jinks is a beatnik cat who is perpetually tormented by a pair of ingenious "meeces" named Pixie and Dixie. Then comes Hokey, a wolf who operates with the *élan*, if not with the success, of TV's Sergeant Bilko.

On another midweek evening, same time, same station, Quick Draw McGraw stalks his man. An elongated horse with a voice out of Red Skelton's Clem Kadiddlehopper, Quick Draw is the dumbest hero who ever rode the range. He consistently ignores the advice of his small pal, a Mexican burro named Baba Looey, and strides resolutely on to catastrophe. Here, too, there are substars who appear in their own seven-minute cartoons. Super Snooper and Blabber are a cat-

Bill Hanna, the team's ingenious animator-in-chief, designs the graphic antics for the cartoon menagerie.

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Unexpected Hit

By THOMAS J. FLEMING

and-mouse detective team who would make Conan Doyle sorry he ever invented Sherlock Holmes. Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy are a fine father-and-son comedy team.

On still a third evening during TV's kiddie hour, Yogi Bear cavorts around Jellystone Park in a pork-pie hat telling all comers that he is "smarter than the average bear." Assisting Yogi in the same three-cartoon formula are a talkative duckling named Yakky Doodle and Snagglepuss, a lion who is a blatant but amusing imitation of Bert Lahr's cowardly jungle king in *The Wizard of Oz*. Last, but by no means least in Hanna and Barbera's economic expectations, is a new half hour, *Top Cat*, featuring a band of dead-end cats led by a Bilko-type hustler. "TC," as its creators call it, also stars a few humans with whom the cats keep getting embroiled—a kindly cop, a milkman, a delicatessen owner.

The perpetrators of these animated antics are both fifty years old. But chronological age is about their only similarity. Gray-haired Bill Hanna speaks slowly and carefully, dresses in conservative suits and is thrifty to the point of parsimony. He and his wife Violet live in a rowable three-bedroom house on a middle-class North Hollywood street. They met on a blind date in 1935, were married the following year.

Joe Barbera looks fifteen years younger than Hanna. Darkly handsome in the Valentino manner, Barbera lives beside a swimming pool in fashionable Bel Air, comes to work in open-neck shirts and Hollywood sport coats. He talks at teletype speed and likes to work on three things at once. He can argue business with an agent on the phone, read a script which awaits his approval and simultaneously make notes on a story which pops into his head. Barbera's marriage would seem to be the first victim of the partners' television success. Last year Joe and Dorothy Barbera separated quietly after twenty-eight years of marriage. Dorothy Barbera has remained a homebody, more interested in rearing her three children than in keeping up with her lively husband, who is on first-name terms with headwaiters in almost every flashy restaurant in Los Angeles.

Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera met at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1937. Hanna had been hired as an animation director and story man, Barbera as an animator and writer. They both had been in the cartoon business since the early 1930's,

Partner Joe Barbera, production director and idea man, devises plots and dialogue for the comic sequences.

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TV'S HIT

although neither had any formal art training. Hanna, born in Melrose, New Mexico, spent his school years studying engineering and journalism. He came to California in 1928 as an engineer for the building of the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood. Brooklyn-born Barbera attended the American Institute of Banking and worked for a year as an accountant at New York's Irving Trust Company. He did more doodling than accounting and soon drifted into cartooning, first for magazines, then for movies.

Until they met, neither Hanna nor Barbera had done much to distinguish himself from any other toiler in the animation business. Walt Disney was the undisputed king, and a few independents such as Paul Terry (Porky Pig) and Walter Lantz (Woody Woodpecker) had some claim to being called princes. After them there were only faceless slaves turning out run-of-the-movie cartoons for the big studios. But the mysterious chemistry of creative partnership soon began bubbling in the Hanna-Barbera combination. In 1938 they came up with *Tom and Jerry*—a cartoon about a warring cat and mouse. The show was a success and in 1939 M-G-M ordered the partners to form their own production unit and turn out *Tom and Jerry* on a series basis.

Hanna was the animation wizard, adept at the mathematical intricacies of matching dialogue to action and budgeting the exact number of frames needed for each scene. Barbera was the idea man who plotted the stories, thought up the gags and wrote what little there was in the way of dialogue. Out of the office they also worked out two rules which they believe have done much to preserve their relationship: (1) They must never criticize each other's private lives. (2) There must be no socializing with wives. "We saw too many good men become deadly enemies because of bickering wives," Barbera says. "And we decided early in the game it wasn't going to happen to us."

Meanwhile, *Tom and Jerry* began to pall on their creators. In 1954 the partners got M-G-M's permission to try a serious cartoon. *Peace on Earth* was a story told by animals about the world after the H-bomb had wiped out the last human. Both men poured their feelings into it. "No pun intended," Bill Hanna says. "It was a real bomb."

By now, however, the mentality of the movie audience was only a minor problem. Television had done a wrecking job on movie attendance. With dwindling revenues and fewer theaters, the big studios began to take hard looks at producing expensive Technicolor cartoons. One day late in 1956, Barbera and Hanr received a telephone call from an M-G- executive who told them to fire the whole animation unit.

Technically the partners were still employed under long-term contracts with the studio. But the future was bleakly clear. When their contracts expired, so would their jobs. Early in 1957 they asked to be released from their contracts and formed their own company. "We had a name on paper," Bill Hanna says, "and nothing else. The movie-cartoon business was obviously dead. The only alternative was television. But everyone we talked to told us we were out of our minds. No one could afford good animation on TV."

Producing an animated film is an incredibly complicated business. The sound track is recorded separately by voicers who are highly paid specialists. (Hanna and Barbera paid Daws Butler, who is the voice of many of their animal cartoons, $80,000 last year.) But the cost of sound is minor compared to the expense of turni out the visual story. The average sev minute movie cartoon requires 14,00 drawings, each of which has to be individually inked, painted and photographed to appear on the screen for one twenty-fourth of a second. At M-G-M Hanna and Barbera and their sixty-man unit considered seven cartoons a year's work.

Desperation, plus their own artistic instincts, inspired the partners to create a process which they called "Planned Animation." Realism was junked for drawings that were broadly comic and basically simple. They worked out short cuts. When a character spoke, only his mouth moved. When he walked, only his legs moved. In each case hundreds of drawings were saved. Most important, the partners chose stories which emphasized character and dialogue. The result was a seven-minute cartoon which needed only 2000 drawings, but still resembled full animation so closely that only a professional could tell the difference.

It took more months of sitting in ex utive outer offices before Hanna and Barbera found someone who believed planned animation would work. In July, 1957,

Recording session: Voicer Daws Butler (left) with Barbera.

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Screen Gems, Columbia Pictures TV subsidiary, gambled $10,000 to see some sample cartoons about a dim-witted dog named Ruff, and a frisky cat named Reddy. Almost immediately Screen Gems sold the samples to NBC as a series and Hanna-Barbera Productions was in ness.

hen *Ruff and Reddy* went on the screen in the fall of 1957, its only competition was about 1000 faded movie cartoons. The cynics who ran TV's children's shows played these ancient wheezes over and over. Unfortunately NBC used *Ruff and Reddy* the same way, dropping it in between live sequences where a host sold the sponsor's product. Hanna and Barbera saw that if they were going to make a name in television's formularized world, they would have to invent a new formula. They put on their thinking caps, and *Huckleberry Hound* sprang forth as the star of an all-cartoon half hour.

By the end of the 1958 season, Huck was so successful that the sponsor demanded another animated half-hour show. Early in 1959, Quick Draw McGraw and his coterie of characters were born. A few weeks later, Hanna and Barbera had a momentous conversation with John Mitchell, Screen Gems' vice presi-

"We sat around the pool of the rly Hills Hotel," Mitchell says, "and I told them that their next show should be a complete departure. They couldn't expect to do animal stories forever. Why not try a cartoon about people—maybe a situation comedy about a couple in the suburbs?"

Barbera looked everywhere for advice. One night he called New York to confer with an old friend and a TV producer, Alan Dinehart, son of the late actor.

"Joe has no concept of time," Dinehart says. "My phone rang at three A.M. He asked me what I thought of a cartoon about two couples living next door to each other in the suburbs."

"Joe," Dinehart said, "it sounds so lousy that on TV it might be a smash."

The phone went dead. Three weeks later Dinehart's phone rang again around three A.M. "What would you think," Barbera said, "if we put the whole thing back in the Stone Age, with everyone ing skins?"

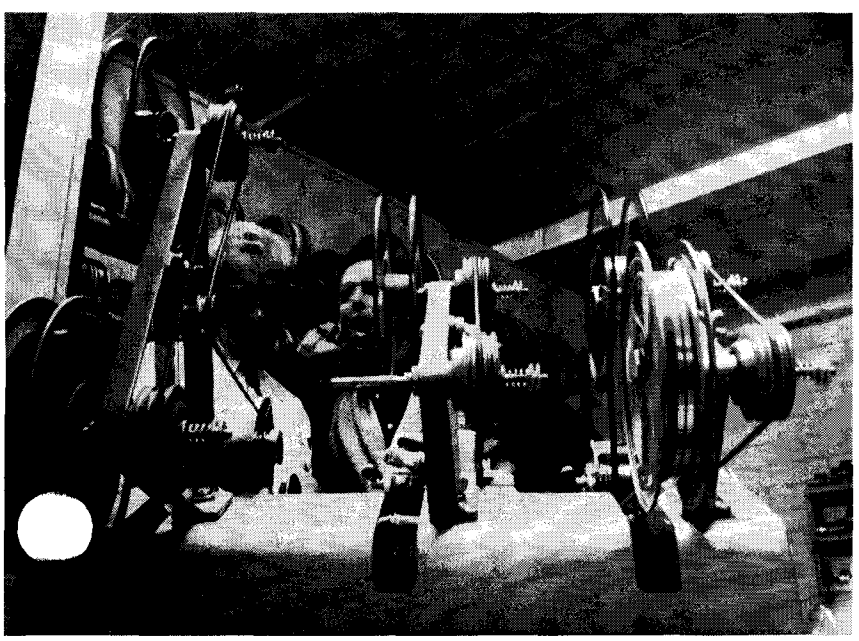
took the befuddled Dinehart several moments to realize they were continuing a three-week-old conversation. "Then all kinds of bells went off in my head," Dinehart says. "I was on the next plane to Hollywood."

Thus *The Flintstones* was born, and Dinehart became associate producer. Selling the show turned out to be as difficult as creating it. "The Flints," as everyone at Hanna-Barbera Productions calls it, cost $65,000 per half hour, making the program one of the most expensive half hours on television. (In full animation it would cost $200,000.)

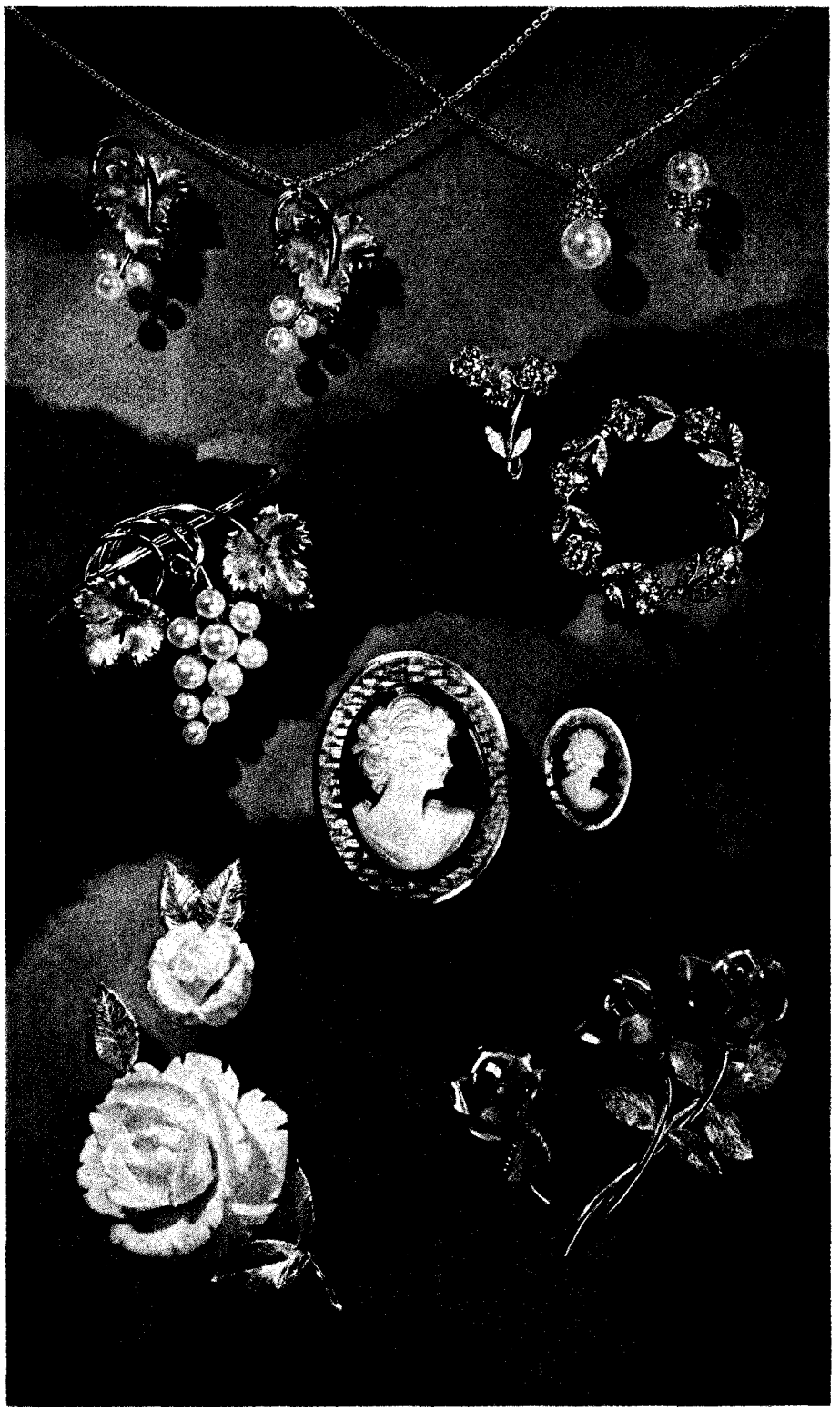
Back in Hollywood, with contracts signed, Barbera and Hanna hurled themselves into a convulsive effort to get *The Flintstones* into production, in time for September, 1960, screening. Voicers had to be found, and scripts recorded. Alan Reed, Falstaff Openshaw of the old *Fred Allen Show,* was hired to play Fred Flintstone. Mel Blanc became Barney Rubble. Blanc is the voice behind Bugs Bunny and hundreds of other Warner Brothers cartoon characters. Jean Vander Pyl, veteran of Fibber McGee and dozens of other radio shows, became Wilma Flintstone and Bea Benadaret was chosen for Betty Rubble. Miss Benadaret is probably best known as Blanche, Gracie Allen's neighbor for eight television seasons.

The rating experts say that the nation's teen-agers saved the show. Almost from the first viewing it was the No. 1 favorite in their age group. Barbera and Hanna are also convinced that millions of younger children used *The Flintstones* as a good excuse to stay up until nine o'clock on Friday night.

By mid-1960 *The Flintstones* was in relatively smooth production, along with the Huck and Quick Draw half hours. But Hanna and Barbera and almost everyone else in their 165-man crew were working fourteen-hour days. When Kellogg's demanded another half-hour animal cartoon show, cries of anguish went up from the staff. Nevertheless, schedules were wildly reshuffled. Hollywood was scoured for stray animators, and Yogi Bear, who had been one of Huck's supporting players, went on the screen with his own show in January, 1961. Yogi's crisis was mild compared to the uproar over the question of producing *Top Cat* for 1961–62. TC is the brain child of Barbera, who knocked out two complete scripts one idle afternoon. In New York, Screen Gems showed them to panting sponsors who were now lined up six deep, trying to get on board the cartoon band wagon. It was bought instantly, and the



Hanna and Barbera join sound to film on editing machine.



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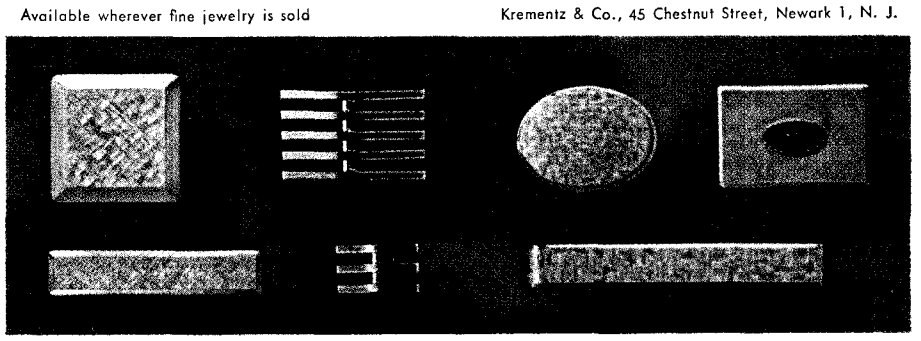

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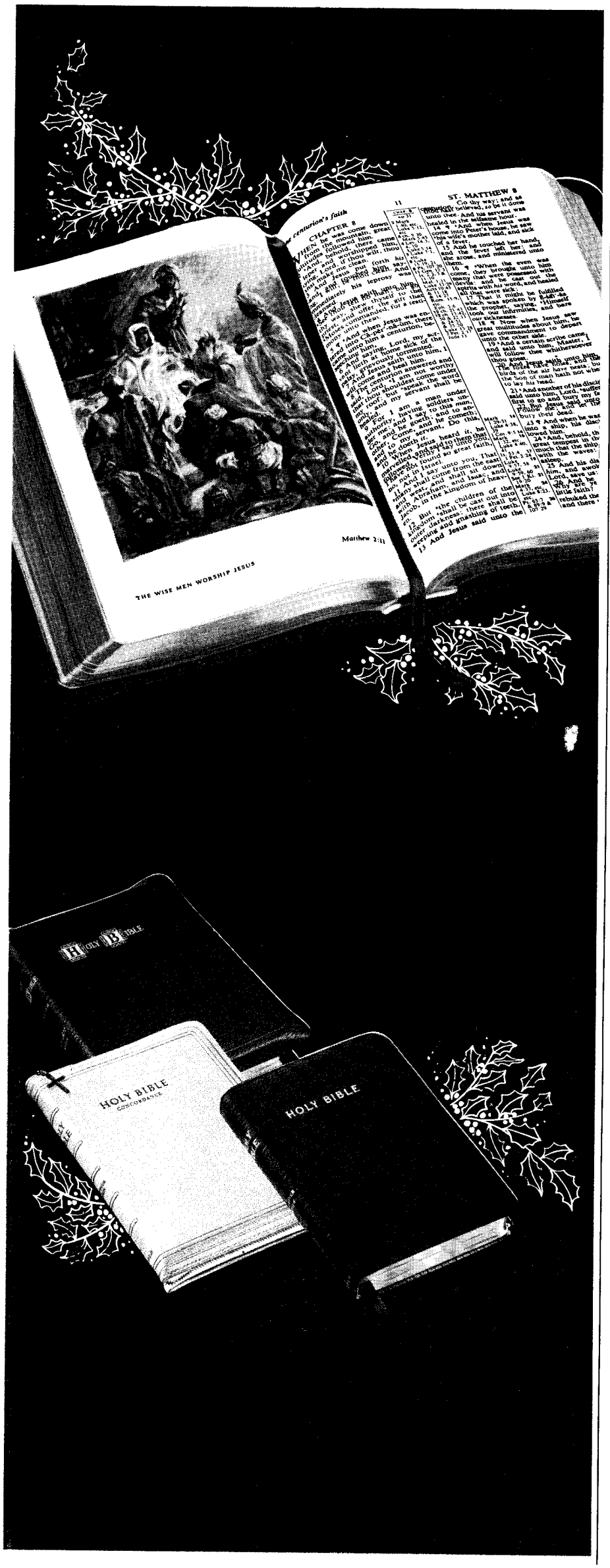


TV'S HIT pressure to produce it became immense. The mere thought of thirty-nine more animated half hours caused the usually mild-mannered Hanna to pound his desk in a near frenzy as he swore it was physically impossible. But Barbera soothed him into signing the contracts. The staff was beefed up to 205, and the summer was spent in another wild rush to the September deadline. With this fifth show, Hanna and Barbera are now committed to turning out 4500 minutes of animated film for the 1961–62 season. It took Walt Disney three years to produce his most-recent animated film, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*, which runs for eighty minutes.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the Hanna-Barbera studio is the almost total silence. One might justly suspect that the place would be in a continuous state of bedlam. But veteran cartoon writers, such as Mike Maltese and Warren Foster, funnel stories, including text and rough sketches, across Barbera's desk as smoothly and almost as rapidly as Ford runs cars off the assembly line. Once a story is approved by Barbera, it is enlarged by a Photostat machine and pasted up on story boards, which become "the Bible." Next it is recorded under Barbera's direction. Then Bill Hanna takes over and the laborious process of translating the audio into the visual cartoon begins. Hanna composes music and lyrics for the cartoons and also minds the schedules for the dozens of animators, inkers and painters.

Although they appear on current TV in black and white, all Hanna-Barbera cartoons are produced in full color. The partners figure that when color TV becomes widespread, they will have a warehouseful of film ready to resell. This year the company will gross around $8,000,000 from television, but the partners swear that profits are low. "We plow every cent we get back into better quality production," Bill Hanna says. This may well be true of the cash they receive from advertising sponsors. But their animal cartoons are earning them at least $1,000,000 more in other markets. Last year sales of games, soaps, stuffed animals and other toys based on Huckleberry Hound and his entourage totaled $40,000,000. Hanna and Barbera's share of this business was about $500,000.

Neither partner has allowed his vault toward the millionaire class to disturb his appetite for hard work. They still get to the studio at nine and frequently stay until midnight.

Thus far they have almost a dread of delegating any authority. "You can't guarantee the quality of your work, once you let someone else take the responsibility," Hanna says stubbornly.

Hanna and Barbera have their detractors in the cartoon business. When asked to comment on their success, a Walt Disney executive snapped, "We don't even consider them competition." Other critics say the partners have taken on more work than they can handle and are resorting to short cuts only a television audience would tolerate.

The partners also answer their critics by vigorously pointing out that their emphasis on character and dialogue has introduced a new dimension into the rigid world of cartoon comedy. They quote Bob Smith, creator of *Howdy Doody*, TV's first hit children's show, who has said, "Hanna and Barbera are creating children's visual shows and adult audio shows. Turn off the sound, and children will enjoy what they see. Turn off the picture, and adults will enjoy what they hear."

When Snagglepuss is winged by a hunter, he gasps, "*Et tu*, Brutus, and all that Shakespearean jazz." Beatnik Jinx assaults the language with such lines as, "In broad daylight I'm having like nighttime mares."

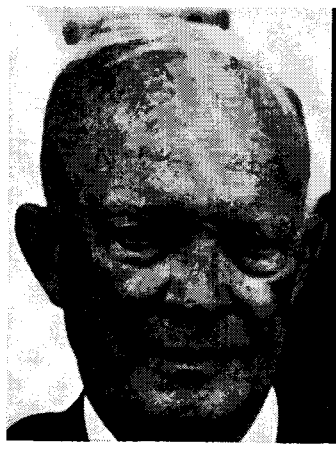
"Our dialogue," Barbera says, "explains why even our animal cartoons have a 40 per cent adult audience."

The frantic pace at which they work seems to have no ill effects on the Hanna-Barbera imagination. If anything it seems to be a stimulus. With *Top Cat* under control, they have a musketeering shellback named Touché Turtle waiting in the wings. They already are in production on a series of shorts for the movies about a French wolf named Loopy de Loop, who is out to restore the good name of his species in the eyes of a hostile world. Finally they signed a contract with Columbia Pictures to produce a full-length movie starring Yogi Bear.

So far the partners have had the TV cartoon field pretty much to themselves. But their success has inevitably inspired the most sincere form of television flattery—imitation. There are a swarm of rival cartoon characters on the evening air this season, ranging from a moose that talks like a man to a trio of chipmunks who cut up like small boys. The king himself, Walt Disney, has a full-hour weekly show on NBC. But it is a mixture of live action and animation, some new, some from the master's vaults. Disney recently issued a number of statements damning animation as no longer a profitable art—for him, at least. At this Hanna and Barbera, stung by a number of nasty cracks Disneymen recently have thrown their way, grunt sarcastically.

"If Disney starts making cartoons for television on a regular schedule," Joe Barbera says, "he will either have to change his style completely or go broke. We'll see how much of a perfectionist he is then."

THE END



MY VIEWS ON BERLIN

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

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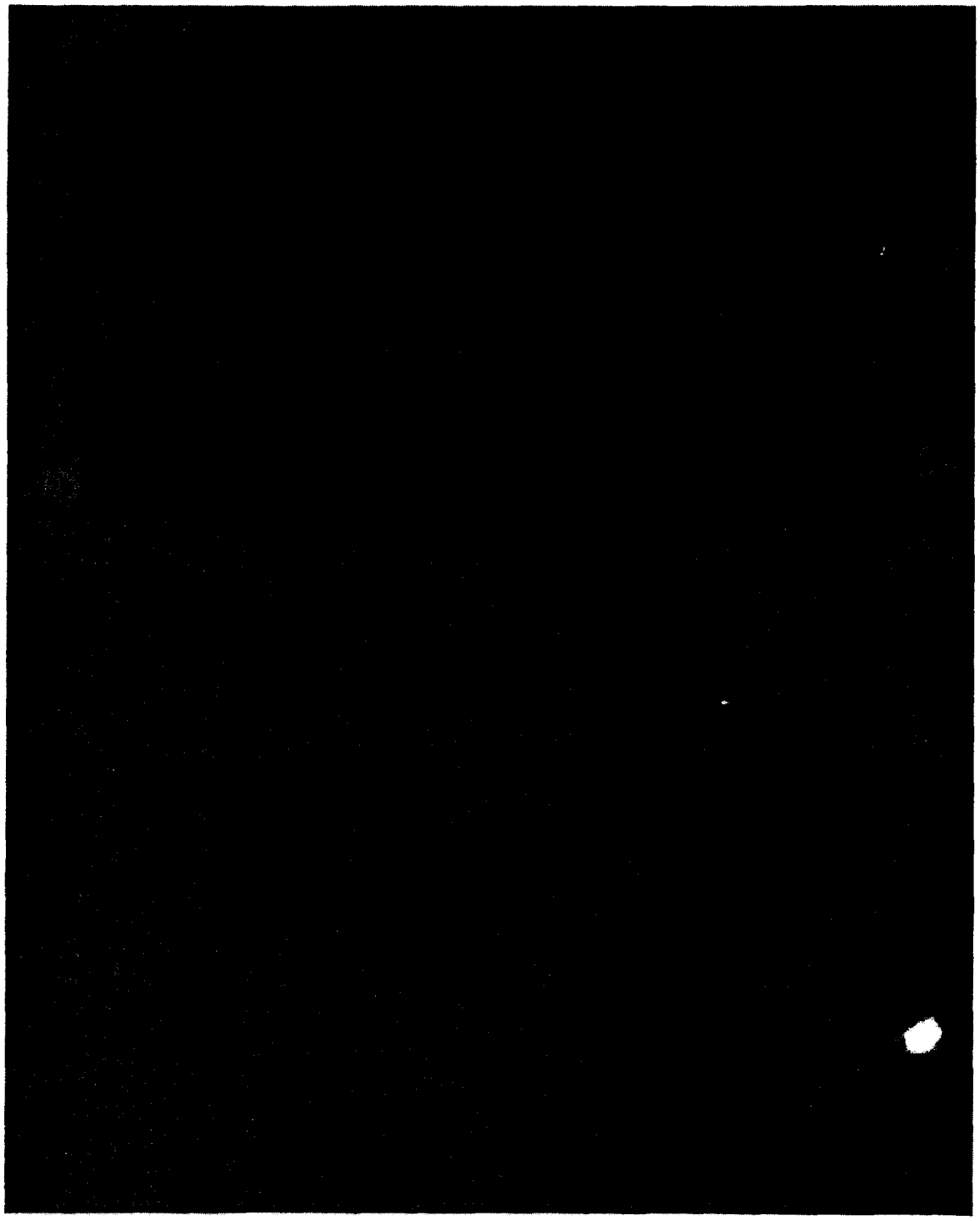
The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 8 (Conclusion)



The Secretary of State wanted to try a new way to thwart the Russians. His wife wanted him to resign.

Caleb Fulton, the American Secretary of State, knew this was just the beginning. He had achieved peace for the moment by preventing an all-out nuclear war. But the Russians were still friendly enemies, to be handled with care. After the dinner with the Russians, British Foreign Secretary Hawkes told Fulton that American recklessness continued to endanger the free world. In other words, peace had been secured in name only. Take Tom Brace, Fulton's aide. A slip of the tongue to the wrong man at the wrong time had almost destroyed the Four Power Conference, now nearly over. Fulton would be going to Africa for another peacemaking job. And then, how many more would there be?

But these peacemakers led private lives, and some of them were no better off than the embattled world. Cynthia, the wife of Hawkes's aide, lived on the verge of divorce, like most parts of a world saved momentarily from destruction.

■ She had packed in wild haste. The thought of seeing Hugh again had been unendurable. She crammed her clothes into the two cases she took out of the small luggage room off their bedroom with the fear that for some reason or other he would come back between appointments. And then finally, when she had forced them shut, there was the necessity, the wretched necessity, to leave some word behind for him. She sat at the desk in a fury of impatience because the words would not come. She could imagine his finding the letter on the pillow of his bed or in the frame of the mirror of the dressing table. At last it would be there; Hugh had been waiting so long for it; waiting with dread, anguish, and perhaps even, toward the last, hope. Their life together had become so intolerable.

So the square of white with his name written on it in her swift angular hand might, as his eyes first fell upon it, be welcome. And it should say, to be completely in character, to satisfy him altogether, "The end has come. I have run away with the groom." Or better still, the gamekeeper. If only Hugh had the slightest humor. That other way would be so much simpler. She tried several beginnings and tore them up impatiently, sure at least twice that she heard someone at the door. Once it was the maid come to turn down the beds, and she explained that madame was departing, but that *monsieur* was remaining so that it would be necessary to turn down only one bed. That discovery would be the initial shock, and then there on the pillow under the night light would be the envelope. At last she wrote simply, "I have gone to Cheltenham to be with your mother for a time. I shall write you from there just as soon as I know more about her condition. Yours, CYNTHIA."

There had been no point in putting in anything about the night train to Paris. The night train was inevitable if she was to avoid Hugh, since there was no night plane. It would be simple enough in the morning to go to Orly and get a plane for London.

But why had she done it? Was it merely a way of escaping from Hugh, or escaping really from herself? This was not what Hugh would expect. He was so turned in upon himself—the words "loathing" and "hatred" came to her mind—that he could well be disappointed or angry even. "The bitch"—she could hear him saying, grinding his teeth like a stage villain, he ground his teeth in his sleep, poor Hugh—"she's done this to pay me back." Actually, of course, their quarrel had been no worse than their other quarrels. Cold war, she had often thought, was a phrase that fitted their relationship so much more aptly than the business that went on with the Russians. If you were going to be a bitch, you might just as well be all of the way bitchy. Lacking a groom or a gamekeeper, she might have written, "Have gone to Deauville to play *chemin de fer* with the last of your bank account." Then Hugh could be truly a martyr—his mother dying, his wife run off with what little money they had

But now that the impulse had spent itself, the rush to pack, the scramble to the railway station, the discovery that there was a compartment, strewing tips here and there with the prodigality of an American tourist, she could not be sure. Hugh's mother was dying. And she was so pathetic, a pathetic, pretentious bore who simply worshiped Hugh, following his career with bated breath, as though she were convinced that he would one day be Prime Minister. She had been pleased by the marriage, because all of Cynthia's connections had been proper, and they might even prove helpful for Hugh. Naturally no one had ever told her about their cold war. And yet when they had had to see her, which was not often, Cynthia felt that in some way she knew. There had been those gentle, questioning hints in her maddeningly, exaggeratedly, defensively "U" manner about how they were getting on and about Cynthia's long stay in Spain. And while she was too, too, too, to ask directly, those unborn grandchildren were in her beseeching yearning eyes. How could you tell her even if you wanted to tell her? Your son is apparently sterile, and besides he isn't very much interested

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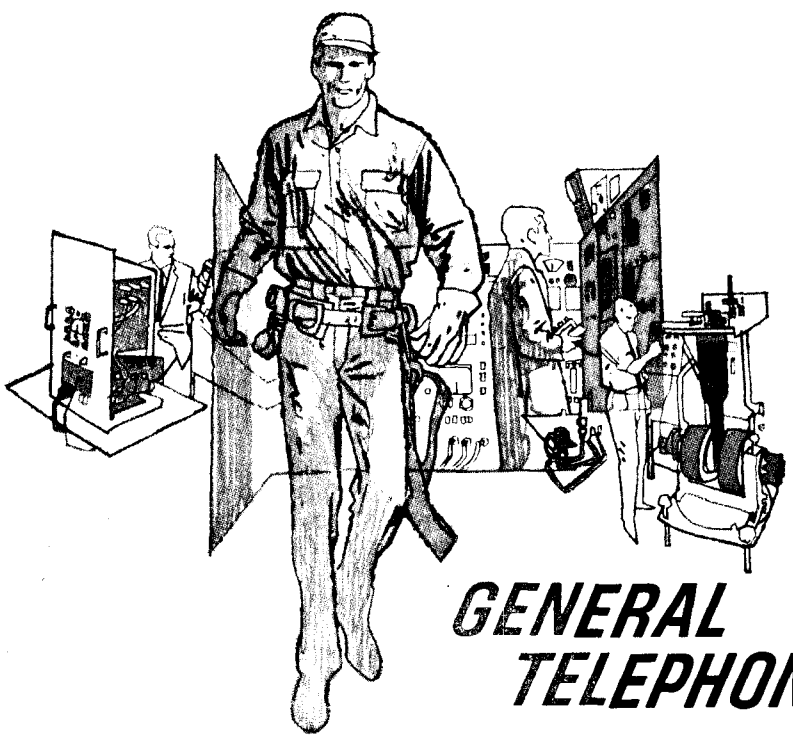

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PEACEMAKERS

in sex. That would settle it. But it mattered not at all now. Anyway, there the poor old thing was dying all alone and, even if you were the bitchiest of bitches, you could hardly ignore that.

In the impetuous rush she had put so much out of her mind. What she must do had suddenly come clear, sitting with Tom Brace on the terrace of the Ville de Calvin. And then, as she did everything, without another moment of thought, with the way she took fences in the field, with a sense that nothing else mattered, elation, the triumph of being up and over, she had even managed to dash off a note to Tom, saying, "I'm going off to be Florence Nightingale. Such a role for me. Don't laugh please. And don't be the way you were this evening. I wish we might talk again, and you would see the folly of it. Love, CYNTHIA." She had posted it herself at the railway station.

It was when you came down to earth, and there were times when you could not escape it, that everything caught up with you. In the dim light of the compartment she saw the figure of the Meissen Pierrot, where she had placed it on the small shelf that was meant for books. It was a relic, a sentimental relic, salvaged out of a past and buried life, the Pompeii that had been, so glittering and splendid, the long, painted vistas extending beyond the ordinary vision. In this moment of awful truth she knew how completely she had given herself up to that splendor and not just for the present but for the future, a future as certain as the sun coming up in the morning. Why, she had actually been remodeling those splendid rooms; it had been such a foolish delusion, so contrary to everything that had gone before, this cozy effort to make them habitable for a kind of Darby and Joan sit-by-the-fire. If you were altogether a fool, then you came to a fool's end.

Behind her closed eyes she saw Michel's face in all its moods, the wonderful, strong face that could express so well laughter, ardor and, yes, sorrow. It had been an accident. You could always say that in your own defense—yes, an accident. And he had lived for a time, too, in those handsome rooms, those marvelous, scented gardens. She told herself that she knew this was true.

She wondered where he was now, what he might be doing at this moment. He would go first to his mother's apartment. He had said that. She had been there once, she and Hugh, two or three years before when he had had some people in for drinks who were in Paris for some sort of conference or other. His wife was away for the summer and his own flat closed up. She could imagine the great doors opening, the colloquy with the servant in the foyer. *Madame la Contesse is waiting for you; she is in her room.* It was a colossal apartment filled with dark, gloomy, family portraits. His mother would be propped up in a great rosewood bed. She would be one of those terrible old tenacious, rapacious French women, hanging onto everything, hanging onto him, but with his charm still, with glints of it, like diamonds worn in her hair. She would enfold him, the past would engulf him, and he would be lost forever. He had used that word "never"—never forget. It sounded better in French, *jamais, jamais*. She could feel hatred for him almost, hatred for his letting the past close him away, envy, too, of that pervasive past which would sustain him. His grief was to be envied too. It had caught him up so completely.

Yet she had broken through and shared that with him, but for how short a time, how pitifully short a time. And now she was alone with those great dark doors closed after him. Not for a moment had it occurred to him to wonder whether she could pass through those doors with him. If he had wanted it enough — Perhaps, once the grief had passed, he would want it enough. But that way, she told herself sternly, lay the vainest of delusions. She would begin to think next about the letter that would say, "I can no longer deceive myself. I cannot go on living without you." That letter would never come, because it would never be written. Michel was a realist, if that was the word, and he had closed the door firmly behind him.

She took the mirror out of her small traveling case and for a long time studied herself in it. Her throat was beginning to sag just a little, but you had to look very closely to see it. And at thirty-four you could hardly expect to look like a girl of eighteen. She had been beautiful, and she would still be beautiful for a few years more. They were assets still, her face and her body. And there was the small income she had inherited from her

The modern housewife is one who puts off today what her husband can do over the weekend.

Dan Bennett

mother. Not large enough to live on, nevertheless it helped with clothes and that sort of thing, foreign-office salaries being so meager.

This inventory suddenly seemed to her so mean, so petty, that tears of rage and shame came to her eyes. *So this is it*, she thought; *this is what it is like, growing old and being quite alone, adding up these vain, pitiful little sums to console yourself.* But it was an accident—she came back to that—the accident of Charles's death. These were the accidents of the kind of world in which you lived. She was sobbing, giving way for the first time to the full force of her grief. How could one live on those terms, never knowing from one day to the next when a new blow might fall?

Michel had said, "The fools that run this world," but who were these fools? They were Caleb and Geoffrey and Hugh; yes, Michel himself and surely Stoneface. They were the people with whom she spent her life, and their folly seemed so little of their own making, so large an accident before which they were so helpless, that her own loss, her own aloneness, were no more than what must happen to everyone. But far from consoling her, this seemed to put it in a bleaker and more desolate light. *I really wanted so little*, she thought. This was the most crushing part of her sorrow—the thought of how very little, or so it seemed now, she would have accepted as contentment and happiness.

You could go back to the marriage with Hugh to see what she had cherished. A mother who had been in that odious phrase "a great beauty in her day" had been in her indifferent way opposed to Hugh. He would be dull; surely Cynthia could do better than that, after all she had passed up — And then two or three eligible names would be dropped. But Hugh had seemed decent, direct, simple, intelligent, and their life together would encompass everything she needed and wanted. He was so unlike her mother's friends. She had imagined so clearly how their life would be, the children coming, the unfolding of Hugh's career, their closeness and unitedness. Her father had once said to her, "One trouble with you, Cynthia, is that you have imagination, and you apply it to your personal life, and that is a curse, especially for women." And then when it had been boring with Hugh, and he had been sent off to Persia or somewhere for weeks or months at a time, she had found other friends. Twice she could have left Hugh for what her mother would have called a "good marriage." But she had stuck by him, she said this now in her defense against the bitter, black sum of the accusatory sentence she brought against herself; she hadn't let him down. But what was really true, and she added this unsparingly onto the total sum, was that her heart had not been in the least committed to either of the "good marriages," so there had been no choice. No choice as there had been with Michel, a choice she had made with scarcely a moment of thought for Hugh.

She saw this in the clear, unsparing calm that followed the rage and the pain, the violence of the feeling that had possessed her. Although she had not known it, perhaps this was why she had come on the train, to shut herself away alone in the cell of the compartment. She allowed that to happen so rarely in her life, the look deep down into the past, the black, self-deceiving past. And was there any choice now? She put this as dispassionately as she could. To leave Hugh?

Leaving Hugh would harm his career. There was no doubt of that. Only three days before, Geoffrey—sweet, kind Geoffrey—had found a chance to speak to her about Hugh's glowing prospects. This was because—she knew only too well—Geoffrey had had some intimation of what was happening. Anne had had a suspicion, or more than suspicion, and she must have told him. He had said that there were no limits for Hugh, and while he was still very young—after all, only forty-four—either Washington or New Delhi were likely to be next for him. Of course this was very confidential, but Geoffrey thought that she should know.

"And you, my dear," he had said, letting his hand rest on hers for a moment, "will be incomparably the most stunning ambassadress in the entire diplomatic corps." Geoffrey had not said it because he knew that he needn't, but either in Washington or New Delhi the woman was nearly as important as the man. A divorced man would never do, not because of the divorce, that was old-fashioned, but because all the fuss and bother of entertaining would be simply impossible without a wife. And she felt sure that Hugh would never marry again.

So there it was. After all the hell that you'd both been through, you did him properly in, paid him back for it in overflowing abundance. But at this late date could an end to their cold war be negotiated with a polite truce? Would Hugh ever trust her again? Or for that matter was there any point in trying again? These questions put themselves to the jarring, jolting rhythm of the train as she lay back in a numbed, weary emptiness feeling. You could not let Hugh see that you pitied him. That was worse than not loving him. Perhaps Geoffrey could negotiate a formal truce in their cold war, sufficient at least for the purposes of Washington or New Delhi. As though,

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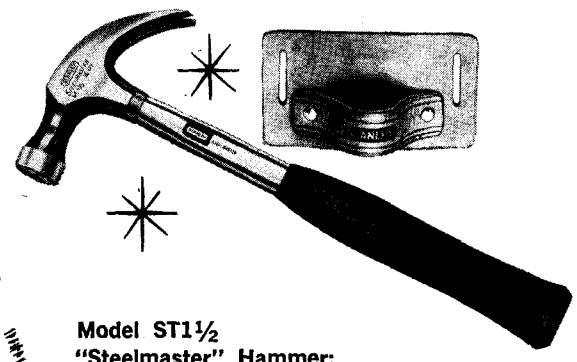

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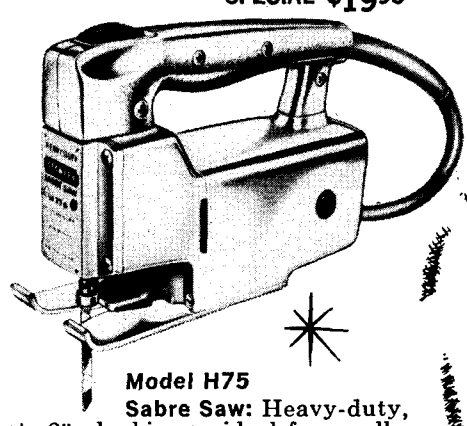

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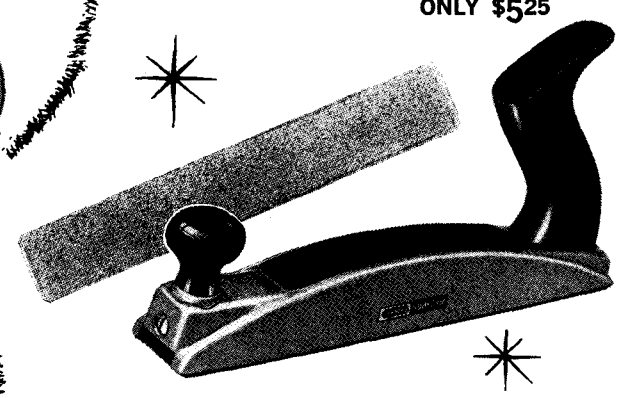

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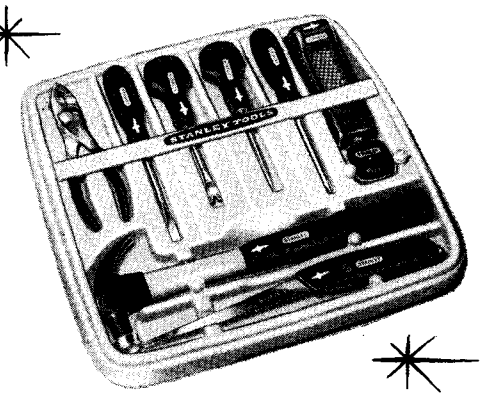

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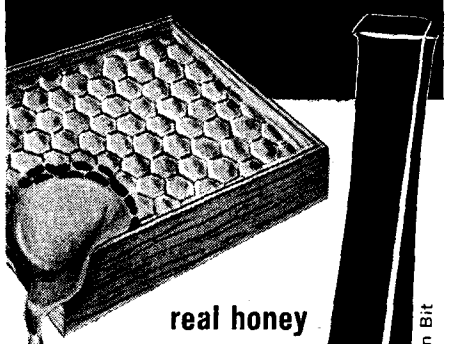

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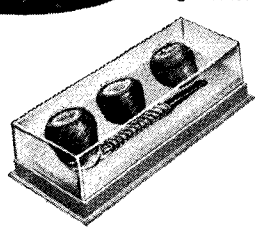

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PEACEMAKERS

she thought, poor old Geoffrey didn't have enough trouble on his hands with the Russians and the Americans. Someone, she could not remember who it was, had said of Washington that, assuming that naturally the rising star would go there sooner or later, my dear, the worst thing about it is the hours you will have to spend with ladies in hats, the dullest lunch parties you have ever known in your life, and endless they are. The new, docile Cynthia, surrounded by big ladies in big hats. You almost had to be good in either Washington or New Delhi, she thought, because, her impression was, it never occurred to anyone to be anything else. It was that simple.

You could go through the motions of those dull, dull, dull years. She could bring it off well enough. It took only the most ordinary intelligence, together with a little restraint applied to one's style. And no one could tell how long it might go on, for there was always the chance of another accident, *the* accident. That was what Tom Brace had talked about in their sober moments: *the* accident. He had always seemed just a bit taken with the chance of its happening and, depending on the odds, you had best do whatever you wanted to do and quickly, and again and again, while there was time.

Whether in fantasy or whether she had dozed off and dreamed in the first light sleep, she could not be sure, but she had been sitting in a large room with great hats covered with flowers spinning and spinning around her, and she had been laughing, and then it was a Pompeian room with very fine and quite indecent paintings on the wall. The train had come to a jolting stop. She thought lovingly of the purple sunset on Mont Blanc in the room in the Pension, and then she thought of Michel.

Veronica Templeton sat working at her desk in her sitting room in the Hôtel Richemond. This meant not only that she had put herself in a particular and determined frame of mind, but that she wore what she called her working coat. It had been made for her on her own inspiration by Brocard. She had said that she wanted a coat like a cardinal's coat, scarlet grosgrain, all the way to the floor, buttoned down the front, but then with big sleeves like those of a Japanese kimono. As though a cardinal had had Japanese ideas, she had put it. The result, the contrast between the great full sleeves and the straight, austere line of the coat, was—Brocard himself had said so—terrific. A color photograph reproduced in *Woman* had shown the editor in her working coat in her study in her house in Paris. Another picture in the same spread had shown her in her library, poised on a mahogany book ladder pulling out a book done in dark morocco leather with gold tooling. The color contrasts were wonderful. The book, she had laughed about it when the photograph appeared, was a volume of the collected works, privately printed, of the Marquis de Sade. Seated before her typewriter, the big sleeves were pushed back to her shoulders, and she swept her hair back from her forehead with an impatient gesture.

Veronica was finishing her column. Half of it had already gone off to Press Wireless with her chauffeur, Valerian, and to meet her deadline the rest of the copy would have to be in the office within the hour. She had invited Anne Hawkes to dinner and, because they had found that Clarabelle was dining alone, they had included her. But Clarabelle had been her most maddening self. "Smug," that was the most charitable word you could find for it. If it wasn't "smug," it certainly was "stupid."

Veronica did not conceal from herself that her annoyance was one reason it was hard to be fair to Caleb. She had, in fact, abandoned the attempt to be fair; it had been at best a tentative resolve. What she was writing was a tribute to a skilled diplomat who, with masterful calm, in the face of onrushing disaster had saved the day. And if the American Secretary of State looked like an also-ran, that was just too bad because that was what he was.

Clarabelle had thrown out some sparse little hints about big developments still to come but, if they both insisted on being so cryptic and secretive, then they could expect just what they were going to get. Anyone looking for a eulogy of Caleb Fulton would have to read something other than *Woman*. Veronica had begun to feel that, although Caleb was still relatively new in the office of Secretary of State, the time had come to face the facts. There was no point in letting the American public be deceived. They were entitled to a really honest appraisal. But that would be for *Man* rather than *Woman*.

NEXT WEEK

MY LIFE WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF SOCIETY

BY CLEVELAND AMORY

author of

WHO KILLED SOCIETY?

The telephone rang, and she sprang at it. She had been trying repeatedly to get her executive editor, Harris Wortman, in New York, and the report had come back persistently that the transatlantic cable was tied up. Finally she had got hold of a high official of the Swiss postal service in order to lodge a complaint. Apparently he had been a high official, because he had been quite testy about it, saying she had wakened him out of a sound sleep, but he would see what he could do anyway.

"Oh, Harris," she said in her high, intense voice, "is that you? I've been having the most ghastly time trying to get you. But they kept telling me the circuit was busy. I suppose it's all those newspaper and radio people."

"Sorry you've had trouble, Veronica. I've been waiting for your call here in the office," Harris Wortman said dutifully.

"Has the first part of my column come in?"

"Yes, we've just got it. I had a boy of mine waiting over at Press Wireless to get delivery the moment it started coming through."

"And what do you think about it? Is it all right?"

"I think it's great," Harris said. "I like the personal touch. You know that's what our readers always expect from you. Maybe you're a little hard on Fulton, b it really is swell."

"Oh, I'm so happy that you like it, Harris. I can't tell you how I've anguished over this. I've just really dripped my heart's blood over every word, because I wanted to be just. And the whole thing is so shattering. I had to take Anne Hawkes and Clarabelle Fulton out to dinner tonight, and I thought I would never get rid of them and then, my dear, I rushed back here, and I've been sitting frozen to this typewriter ever since. I haven't finished the last half yet, and I know that time is running out, but I had to talk with you. As to Caleb Fulton, I'm probably being too charitable when it comes down to that. I've just got to tell something of the truth. There's too much at stake, Harris. And besides, what do we owe Caleb Fulton?"

"Well, it's a rough job, a killer, that's all I'm saying."

"Pooh! You're an old sentimentalist. But you really do think the colur measures up, do you, Harris?"

"I wouldn't tell you so if I didn't think so. It's the best Templeton. And you know I think that's pretty damned good."

"Oh, you are a help, Harris! I knew that if I just talked to you —— But what's the news over there with you?"

"Our newsstand sale," Harris said, "you'll be happy to know, was a record last week. And we're doing a big promotion ad for the *Times*.

"The color spread in this week's issue," he went on, "about what goes into women's hair, is really a honey. It's an industry, big stuff, and we've done a beautiful take-out on it."

"I couldn't care less," she said.

"After all, it was your idea, Veronica." A slight note of wounded pride had crept into this. "And the advertisers are going to love it, especially the hair-color people."

"Well, really, Harris! How anyone who's just been through what we've been through over here could ever aga be interested in how many tons of gun women put on their hair, I don't see. That's what I've tried to say in my column. To say that to the women of America. But I guess I didn't succeed."

"Yes, you did, Veronica, now don't say that. It's in there, that feeling of being saved by an eyelash. It's great."

"Oh, Harris, I almost forgot the reason I really called you. I telephoned Miss DeVries in Paris this evening and told her to get some photographs out of my personal file and send them to you on the night jet by courier service. Among them are some that I took of Geoffrey when he was staying with me in Palm Beach. One at the pool and two or three that I remember as being very good on the terrace, one with his wife. I know it's awfully late, but I hope you'll allow space for two of them. You see, I want to humanize him. I want to make him come alive. I hope you do the captions yourself, Harris, because I know you can add just the touch I want. And I want the word 'statesman' in the caption at t top. If it's too late this time, why, wo them in next week."

"If they're here in the morning, I think we can still get them in."

"I've got news for you," she said brightly. "I've been thinking for the past

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day or two about a whole issue, an entire issue devoted to the threat of nuclear war and what it would mean to the family, the woman who runs the family."

"Good Lord, Veronica!" His dismay s in this. "It's an idea all right, but it's ty damn risky, isn't it?"

"Risky! But, Harris, we have to take risks in the kind of age we're living in. I'm not thinking about just the ordinary discussion kind of thing. I'd like a typical family of five or six, run them through all the horrors of a nuclear attack, posed photographs, hour by hour until the end as ghastly as it would be. I think it could be so exciting. And we would get tremendous mileage in publicity, you know we would."

"Let's think that one out." She recognized this as Harris's formula for evasive action. "I've had Samples Incorporated run some very comprehensive tests on subject interest, and anything like war, the atom, are way down at the bottom."

"Harris, my dear, that doesn't sound like you. You know we've always had imagination on *Woman*. And what about *On the Beach?* That was a sensational success, and you know it as well as I do."

"I've just got a hunch we've gone bed that. They'd rather blank that out. I don't know what *On the Beach* would do today. But I could be wrong. You can sell me. You've done it before."

"Well, get ready, because I'm coming over pretty soon. I must run now and get the rest of this off."

It had done her a world of good to talk with Harris. He was really a first-rate editor with the soundest judgment. But you had to keep prodding him, feeding him ideas, and that was her most important role. She went back to the typewriter, pushed up the big sleeves and began rapidly to write. The words came out with gratifying ease and swiftness, and she was ready with the finished copy when Valerian called at the appointed time to take it to Press Wireless.

When finally they had left the offices of the delegation, they had ridden for most of the way to the Beau-Rivage in ice. At the end Hugh had made ands of commiseration. It was a wretched business, utterly wretched, characteristic of the Americans, one had to say it. This was again the disappearing trick, the rather pitiful legerdemain of escape, the instinctive recourse of the ostrich which one should always expect, even though one went on hoping against hope that even the ostrich might come to embrace the reality of the nuclear age in which it lived.

"I should think," Geoffrey Hawkes said slowly, "that recrimination was a luxury—a luxury rather beyond us at this moment at any rate."

"Nevertheless a very tempting indulgence," said Grimsby—his words sent like small, sharp bullets of scorn at an invisible target. "You knew there was a leak of sorts with that fellow Anker sounding the alarm. And Brace taking the blame for it."

For a moment there was silence between them.

"It's such a wretched business." Hugh msby spoke into the gloomy silence. d one simply asks why—why should e necessary to take protective cover?"

"Possibly in the morning it will have a less dismal look," Geoffrey Hawkes remarked as the car stopped in front of the hotel to let Hugh out.

He could not say less, and it was only by a great effort of will that he had forced himself to say so much. In the same way he had brought himself to dictate the broad outline of the summary dispatch that would greet the Prime Minister in the morning. The words had come from somewhere outside the boundary of his conscious mind, words off a tape played over and over so that they came out with a cracked, uncertain sound, words in a language that had become obsolete.

The chauffeur moved to take his arm as the car came to a halt before the door of the villa. He must have appeared so inert, or so uncertain, that such a gesture was required. This seemed to him a measure of the depth of the pit in which he crawled.

"Thank you, it's quite all right," he said. The chauffeur was pushing the bell beside the door. "How unfortunate that someone should be wakened."

Blossom, wrapped in a faded dressing gown over his pajamas, opened the door.

"I am so very sorry, Blossom," he said. This was the same stranger speaking with the dry, brittle voice so oddly out of place, out of character. Who am I? quoth the little old woman after all her sad mishaps. Who am I? "To disturb you in this fashion."

"Not at all, sir, not at all," Blossom responded as brisk and alert as though it had been midday. "I'm only sorry that you have had to be so late, sir." Blossom took his hat. "Madame has retired, sir. She retired shortly before midnight. She was not feeling very well; she complained of a headache, sir. I brought her some warm milk, and she said she would take aspirin in the hope that she would be recovered in the morning."

He stood uncertainly in the hall as though unsure of where he was, confronting the curious geography of an alien place. He felt that Blossom, who stood waiting, was looking at him with more than professional interest.

"Is there anything I may bring you, sir? A hot drink, a whisky?"

"Nothing, thank you very much, Blossom."

Still he did not move.

"There was one more thing, sir. I did hesitate, knowing how late it was, but they asked me to give you the message. A call on your confidential telephone from Intelligence a few minutes before you arrived, sir, and they asked that you phone them back when you came in. I believe it was the watch officer, sir. I could pass the call through to the telephone in your bedroom, sir, when you've picked it up. In that way there would be no ring which might disturb madame."

Slowly he turned and began to climb the stairs, with Blossom padding along behind him. "Thank you very much, Blossom," he said softly, fearing to disturb Anne, when they were in his room.

Blossom was fussing about with the pillows on the bed, making sure that the carafe for water on the bedside table was filled. But this superfluous ritual was at last completed. There must, he thought, be some way to prolong Blossom's departure. For when Blossom left the room he would be alone with himself. It was not so much fear of being alone, fear of the shapes of dismay and despair, as of the confrontation of self, the naked self, stripped of the last pretensions.

"Very well, Blossom. When you've gone down to the pantry, I shall take up the phone, and you may pass the call through. Thank you and good night, Blossom."

"Good night, sir. I hope you sleep well, sir."

He picked up the telephone, hearing as he did so Blossom making the connection. It was the watch officer, a young voice, tense, so evidently fearful of disturbing the great man. The young, timid voice gave him back the image of self that he loathed, the swollen, puffed-up self ready to pounce, to explode.

". . . apologize for disturbing you, sir, but those were the instructions from London, sir, that you should be informed. Severe rioting has broken out in Algiers and is believed to be spreading through the rest of the country. I'm sure I don't know what they thought you might do about it at this hour, sir, and I do apologize."

"You've no need to apologize since those were your instructions. You are quite right; there is nothing that I can do. Thank you and good night."

He was alone. To look back at that other self, the self that had left this room so suitably encased in the armor of pride, was to traverse an immense distance, a distance that he could scarcely endure to span. The thought of taking up that armor again was intolerable, and yet he knew that he would, for it went with position, place, rank, the habits of a lifetime. The only other choice was extinction. He had looked at that choice and knew he lacked the courage for it. Yes, he would put it on over the bruised self, the naked, shameful self with which he was left alone and defenseless in this end of day that was close to the end of night. And wearing the armor of his old self, he would do battle again. He would confront the many heads of the Hydra, and, if not in Herculean anger to strike them off, at the very least to stare them down. They wore so many faces. But the one he saw now was the face of innocence, the American face, Caleb's face. Such a good face, but blind, blind, blind, looking with sightless eyes into a void peopled with the figures of past hope. And the ears were stopped too. The trump of doom was as a penny whistle shrilling in vain. But on another day, if there was to be another day, he would lift his voice again.

As he rose and began slowly to undress, he caught sight of the polished wooden box in which was the Tabrizi bowl that Veronica Templeton had given him. Either Anne or Blossom had put it there on the bedside table. In the new naked light in which he stood, he saw himself quite dispassionately playing in all his foolish vanity to Veronica's foolish pretensions. He had enjoyed the spectacle of Veronica, the amusing fool, failing to see that as he had posed with her his posture had been that of the accomplished mountebank. He had given her a crumb of information, teased her with it, and she had in all probability shared it with Anker, for he remembered how they had walked away together. This might explain why Brace had got into trouble, he thought with a new measure of shame.

Blossom had left one window with the curtains undrawn for the air to come in on a close night. He went over and sat down in an armchair by the open window. It was very quiet. There were a few clouds in the sky, but they did not obscure the brilliance of the stars. Half the earth was in darkness, and they were sleeping, half the people of the earth, under the long shadow of night. It was so pitiful, this sleep, so pitiful in its innocence, its lonely innocence, that he felt as never before a strange and wondering kinship with all those who slept and who would waken again and would put on whatever

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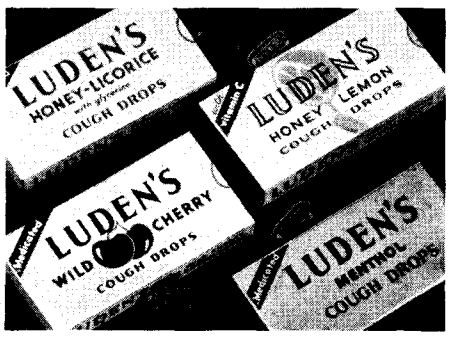

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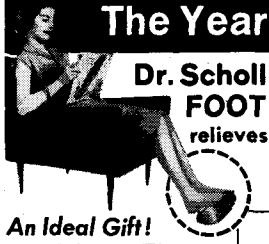

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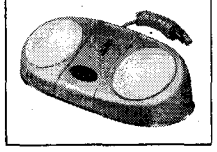

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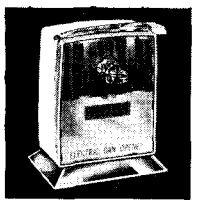

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PEACEMAKERS

it was that enabled them to go through that day. It was like that other sleep, the sleep in the garden that was deaf to anguish, deaf to peril, deaf to the cry of the sleeper tossing in his own troubled sleep. For a long time he sat looking out into the darkness.

Caleb eased himself through the door as quietly as he could. He had his own key, and he turned it in the lock gently and then closed the door after him with infinite caution. Clarabelle would have left the door to their bedroom open. She would want to know what had happened. But occasionaly when he was very late he was able to creep into bed without waking her, and then in the morning she was chagrined and reproachful.

To his surprise as he stepped into the living room he saw her stretched out on the sofa. She had on her dark-gray "practical" dressing gown, the plastic cap was firmly fixed over her hair, and she had taken a blanket from one of the beds and wrapped it around herself. As though aware that he stood there beside her, she woke with a start, a look of wonder and dismay on her face so comic that he broke into laughter.

"The startled nymph," he said, bending down to kiss her on the forehead. "Why, sweetheart, why haven't you been sound asleep long before this in your own bed?"

"Oh, Caleb!" She reached out for his hand. He saw as she came fully awake a look of more than ordinary concern in her crumpled face. "You talk about going to sleep. I've just been lying here, so upset that I didn't know what to do."

"But you were asleep," he said, smiling down at her.

"I must have dozed off for a few minutes. I've been lying here thinking and thinking, and I've come to a decision." She fixed him with a look of such solemnity as he had rarely if ever known her to show. "You can't go on this way. I can't let you go on killing yourself. I have some claim on you, Caleb, and after all that we've been through together, I think I surely have a right to speak up, and you must listen to me."

In Clarabelle's face was a touching gravity, an appeal that was almost childlike in its earnestness. A few hours earlier, this might have dismayed him. But with the new buoyant confidence that possessed him, the sense of having struck out on a course of action long deferred, he felt that in Clarabelle's momentary aberration was no more than the kind of doubt which had plagued him earlier, and which he had now banished altogether. They would see, all the doubters, that it was only in the resoluteness of a new plan of action, a new forward movement, that the hope of a future, any future, lay. Geoffrey, too, would discover this for all his present mood of doom, death and despair. The trials of the day had been almost more than body and mind could endure. But from a longer distance they would realize, the doubters, that it was not enough merely to acquiesce in what would surely, if it were not opposed, take on the dimensions of a major defeat.

"Why, I'm surprised at you," he said lightly. "You're not thinking of that little attack I had this noon are you? I'm sorry I even mentioned it."

"You didn't have to mention it. I saw it in your face, Caleb Fulton." There were tears in her eyes. "I'm going to ask you the hardest thing I've ever had to ask. I want you for my sake to give up this office just as soon as you possibly can. As soon as you can decently resign."

The depth of this astonished him. She had continued to hold his hand, and now she pressed it hard, keeping her eyes resolutely on him. Startled by her intensity, he could at first find no response.

"I mean just what I say." She measured out these words in full solemnity. "And you know that I wanted this and worked for it just as hard as you did."

"I honestly don't think you mean that." Drawing his chair nearer, he put his arm across her shoulders. "Why, my sweetheart, you wouldn't have me do that. I'd be quitting under fire. A good soldier never does that. And besides, Clarabelle, I'm just beginning to get things turned around. I'm going to go places. And you know you have to finish those chair covers. The Smithsonian is waiting for Penelope's web."

But this small diversionary attempt at humor touched her not at all. Her voice was raised in passionate entreaty.

"You're not a soldier. And it's one thing to be a soldier and get shot at—maybe that's bravery. But it's another thing to tear yourself to pieces, to beat your head against a stone wall, and get no thanks for it either. I tell you I've come to this decision, Caleb, and nothing can shake me. You can use my health as an excuse if you want to."

Every now and then even the brightest child needs to be applauded with one hand.

Herbert V. Prochnow

"Why, you're strong as an ox," he said. "You haven't had a moment's sickness that I can remember."

But she was not to be mollified. As she shook her head in stern remonstrance, he recognized the stubborn set of her mouth. Abruptly he stood up, took off his dinner jacket and threw it on a chair, loosened his tie and collar and began to pace back and forth before her.

"Clarabelle, did you realize what the fourteenth was, June fourteenth?" he began. "That was our eleventh month. On July fourteenth—I was sworn in as Secretary of State on Bastille Day, you remember—it will be a year. Now, the man in this job has to be the whipping boy. You and I have understood that all along. The Secretary of State is expendable. He has to be, if only because the President isn't. But now how would it look if at the end of the year I just got out? Just quit when the going was a little rough? You have to answer that question, Clarabelle. It's a fair question."

He looked compassionately at the figure on the sofa hunched under the blanket.

"That's all right for you to say"—she made this sound almost belligerent—"but I want you. You don't seem to understand that. I won't be another of those Washington widows. And besides, what can you do? What can anyone do? I couldn't find an answer to that as I lay here waiting for you."

"Let's look at this as reasonably as we can. The hardest thing about this job—and everybody who's occupied it in recent years has known it—is trying to reconcile interests that profoundly and terribly conflict. Interests at home and interests abroad. If in trying to effect this reconciliation you stretch the compromise too far, then the probability is you will nullify everything you try to do. You will be neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. And you will have no acceptance in the Congress or the public. Between the former colonial powers and the new nations, that is just where I we've been in the past few years—helplessly caught in the middle. It was Foster's dilemma, and I see it now more clearly than ever before. What's been happening here, this frightening business in North Africa, has brought it home and—and hard. So what I propose is to reverse the gears. To initiate a policy that will in all its aspects be opposed to colonialism, whether it's the colonialism of the Soviets or the colonialism of the West. It involves risks, some very great risks. But that's another thing about this job. There are almost as many arguments against any decision you take as for it. You're torn right in two, and all I can say is that you feel stronger and more assured when you've come down on one side finally. Do you follow me in this, Clarabelle?"

She was sitting up cross-legged on the sofa, the blanket about her shoulders. He felt that by a shade, at least, the stubborn resolve had altered.

"I'm listening, Caleb," she said.

"I never would have expected Geo... to go along with me initially, but he took it much harder than I anticipated. No"—he went on as though in response to an unspoken question from her—"he didn't get temperamental. There was something so disciplined about it, and so end-of-the-road too, that I had a bad time, and there was so little I could say. I never realized how much he had put into the hope that we would come out of this somehow with a co-operative effort. With the Russians, that is.

"I feel for him, I feel deeply for him. You see, what I think has happened to them, to our British cousins, is this. They got a terrible shock in 1940, but they came through. And now they've put everything back; they've put it back just as it was before. Ascot, Goodwood, the trooping of the colors, all the pillars of the establishment, they've been put back just as handsomely as they were b And it's good—nobody denies tha very good. But they're so fearful that something is going to happen to it again. This fear is so dominant that they draw back from any suggestion of radical change, of the kind of change that has to come if we're going to live through this time."

He had seated himself in the chair beside her again.

"But I believe, I really believe, that they'll be with us before too long. They've done some great things in Africa, and so have the French. We've got to move, get through this transitional stage. It's the old story of one world that is dying and another that's trying to be born. I believe I can give a lead. We've waited a very long time, you know. But I don't think it's too late. You see how it is, you must see it, Clarabelle."

She leaned toward him, and he took her in his arms. Wordlessly they clung to each other, his hand gently patting her back. She was weeping. At last she spoke. "Oh, Caleb, what you've been through today, and then you had me on to of everything else."

He held her off at arm's length, ing a little. "You gave me a turn there for a minute," he said.

"It just came over me. It just seemed to me that I couldn't watch you go on the way you've been going. And then I went out to dinner with Anne and Veronica

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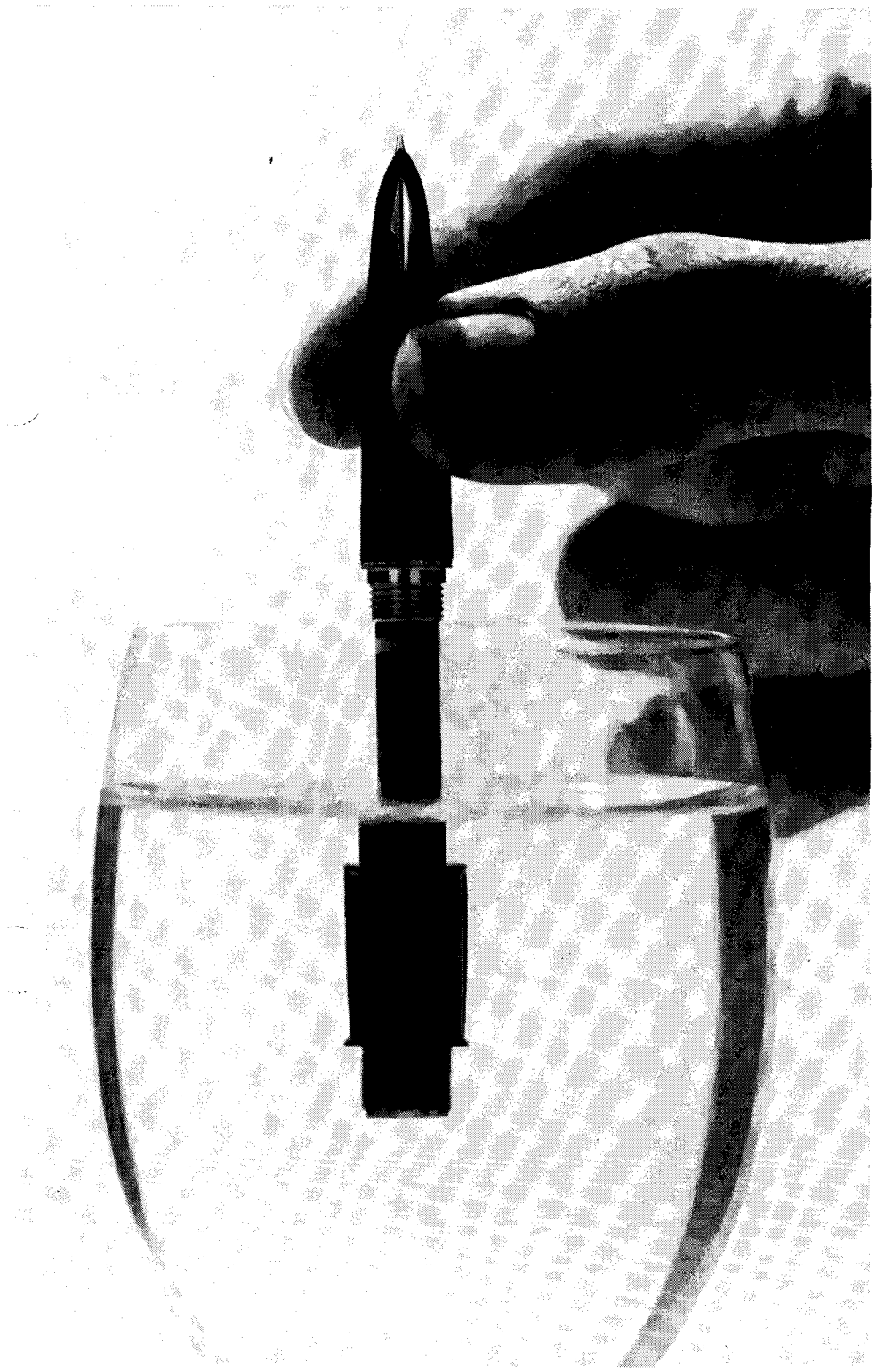
The pen that makes its own ink



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The remarkable Parker 61

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PEACEMAKERS tonight and, oh, I don't know, everything Veronica said just left you with a feeling that there was no use in anything. And poor Anne seemed so down at the mouth. But it was really"—she touched his cheek with her hand—"thinking of you and that drawn, pale look on your face when you came back here this afternoon. I know you have to do your duty, and I should be ashamed of myself. And you can bring this off, Caleb, I know you can. I have faith in you.

"But I'm not going to let you kill yourself," she added fiercely, confidently. "And I know what I'm going to do right now. I'm going to make you some milk punch, some hot-milk punch, with some of the brandy from the bottle the management sent up."

They were both startled by the sound of the telephone. It was like an alarm bell in the silence of the night, a silence that had seemed to set them apart, private and alone. "It's the White House phone," he said. "Good Lord, is he calling again?"

She looked at her watch. "Why it's nearly 1:30. He surely can't be calling at this hour."

"Yes, but it's only 8:30 there, and the President has a tendency to forget these time differences."

But as he picked up the phone and sat listening for a moment, he shook his head to show that it was not the President. This was Sen. Randy Wishart, the Secretary's patron and friend, and as he heard Randy's senatorial voice it really completed the crowded cycle of his day. Randy was calling—they had let him route the call through the White House switchboard—to say that he was very pleased that things were working out considerably better.

They had told him at the Geneva end that they thought the Secretary still up and about, and he hoped he w intruding, but Caleb knew how m... confidence and trust Randy put in him and how he always followed his every move. And he'd been just a little bit afraid that, when he called in the morning, he had seemed too pessimistic, and if he had added one straw of worry, then he was indeed sorry for it.

No, no, no, not at all, Randy. You're my guardian angel, and I count on your keeping an eye on me. It's been a close thing over here, he went on, cliff-hanging you might call it, and at first blush the outcome might not seem too satisfactory. But a lot more is going to unfold in the near future. Yes, Randy put in, he had had a little chat with the President on the phone, and he knew something of what Caleb was up to. It was good, good. Tomorrow, or the day after, Randy said he intended to make a little speech in the Senate and put those critics in their place who had been so quick to say that yielded to the Russians once again. R would let them know what the score really was. We know what you've had to put up with, Randy went on, and he could tell Caleb in confidence that the President was proud of the way his Secretary of State had come through on this, and the President meant to say something about it at his next press conference, which was day after tomorrow. So if the anvil chorus had begun to sound, it was premature, and another chorus would be heard from with a lot more fire and force. And Caleb then expressed his warm, his heartfelt gratitude, saying that Randy could never know how much his support and friendship meant.

On this note of mutual esteem and regard they concluded their talk. Clarabelle had just come in from the pantry with the hot-milk punch, a pitcher and two glasses on a tray.

"Randy is happier now," he s... beaming.

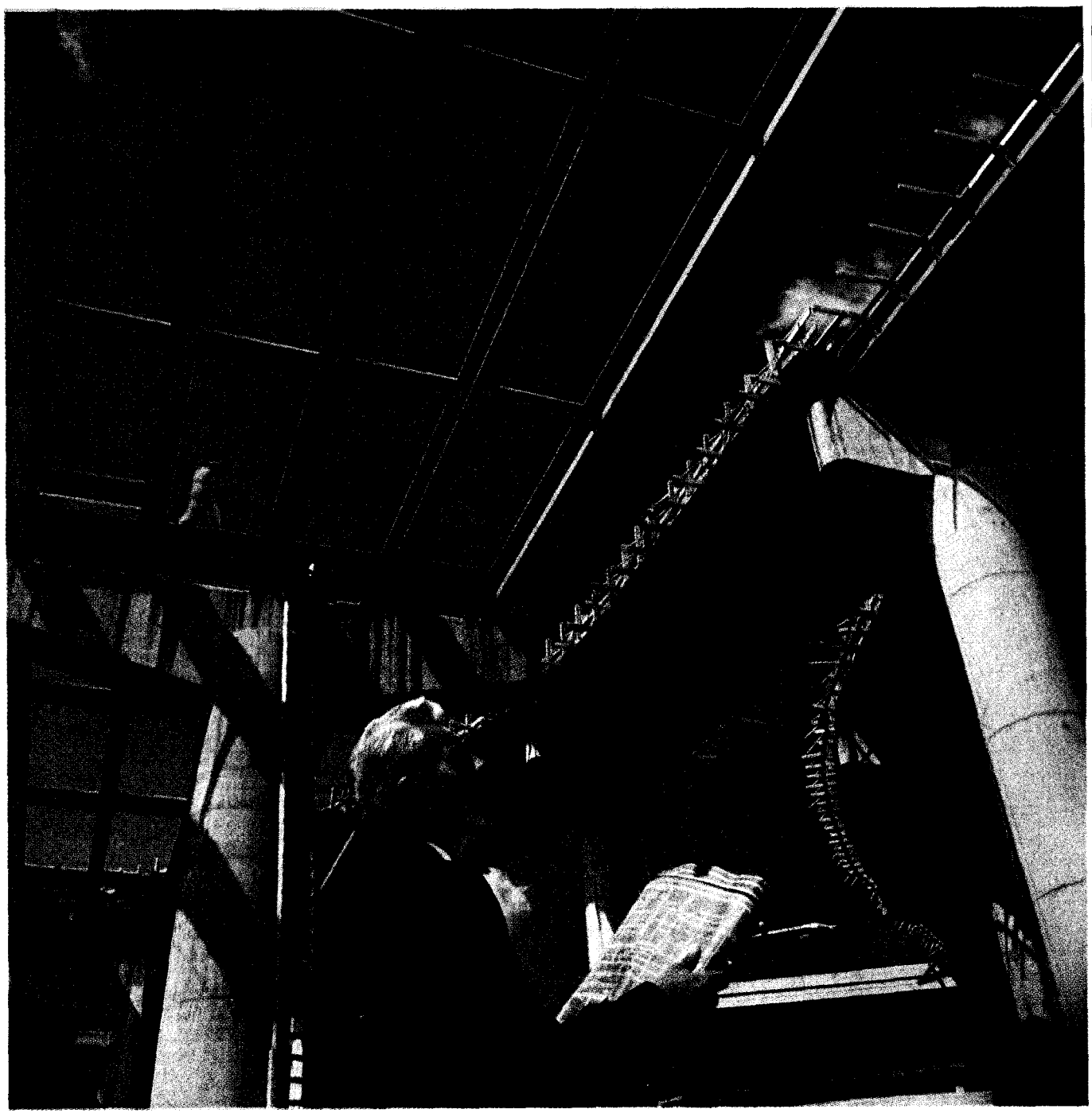
"Oh, they're always happier back ... when they think they've given you a little push one way or the other."

"As you know, my dear, I don't mind at all if they think they've done the pushing, just so long as I know that I'm the one who has set the direction we're going to move in."

One thing he had not told her, and that was about Tom Brace. It troubled his conscience. He knew that his motives were not altogether clear, and Clarabelle, who was devoted to Tom, would be liable to put the kind of question she often surprised you with, cutting through the verbiage and going shrewdly to the heart of the matter.

As he sipped his hot-milk punch, he gave her an account of the message from the White House about the Anker scoop and Tom's part in it, his discussion with the President about Tom's future and his proposal to Tom and what he took to be Tom's acceptance. He realized, as he finished the story, that he had put the best possible face or

"Oh, Caleb"—her distress was ... voice—"I'm so sorry to hear that. Tom has brains, and you need people with brains around you. I know he can be irritating. You've spoken about it before. This thing about the Anker broadcast, surely that isn't enough to turn him



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off. And that is what it means, isn't it, Caleb?"

"There comes a time in the history of a civilization"—he was speaking slowly, trying to put into words the troubling thoughts that had been in the back of his mind—"when it is to all intents and purposes full of vigor and life. Then along comes an attack, a challenge, and the greatest danger, the mortal danger, is to falter. I've been thinking about it, and you can look back on a lot of history, and you might describe it as the faltering point. I've been scratching around in my mind over this. There was the conquest of Mexico. If I remember it rightly, old Montezuma had more than enough power to repel the Spanish conquerors. But it was all strange, alien, frightening, and he faltered. That did it.

"I've come to feel that this is a great danger, a real danger, for us." He was speaking earnestly. He did so want her to understand. "In a way Geoffrey—and of course when I speak about him I speak about his people, and I have the greatest admiration and respect for him, the greatest admiration—is like old Montezuma. He's faltering, hesitating. And for no real reason. The same thing is true to lesser degree of Tom. It's partly a matter of finding reasons why you can't do this or you can't do that; why you can't take the measures that cry out to be taken. That's why I proposed the ambassadorship. This may be some sort of personal crisis with Tom."

He saw that she wanted to believe him. In her look was the trust and confidence and the love that had grown up between them over the years. Out of all the rush and scurry and frenzy of the day this seemed to him his reward.

"I'm so sorry about Tom," she said, "and I'm sorry about Geoffrey too. Anne talked at dinner tonight about how so many people in England feel that the danger is so great."

"Danger, yes, yes, danger." Something like impatience was in this. "It's a terrible danger, so terrible that most people just won't live with it at all. We've been living under it today, all day long, with the alarm bell ringing as loudly as it could. To falter, that's a danger, and maybe as great a danger, because when you see what you've done it's too late, and when you try to strike back it's too late."

"I'm sure, oh, I'm sure you're right, Caleb."

He knew that in her loyalty she would shut out any slightest doubt. That was a barrier that could never be breached. But still he was troubled, more troubled than he would have her see. If blind loyalty was the ultimate recourse, the answer of Jerry Gahagan could not in the end be denied. If you saw it through Jerry's eyes, then he himself had faltered. That was the balance you had to try to reach, such a very narrow line, with the abyss falling away on either side. He had refused Jerry's calls because he had not wanted to have to resist again that imperative: the terrifying logic of the ultimate answer, the logic of the soldier with such a simple, persuasive appeal for all those who sat unknowing in the big stadium ready to cheer the winning team.

"I can always count on you, and that is everything. Everything," he replied with deep feeling. He passed his glass over to her. "I'll have more of that punch if you've got some left. It was just what I needed to relax me a little bit."

"Here, I've let you go on talking," she said, her concern for him in her voice, "and it's so terribly late, and you should have been getting what sleep you can. I'm falling down on my job."

"No, no, it's helped me to talk it out. I had to get it off my chest. I've been sitting here wondering what kind of advice—good, bad or indifferent—old Montezuma's Secretary of State gave him when the time came."

"If he was as fortunate as the President is, he got good advice. Whether he followed it or not, that's another matter. Sometimes I think the President takes entirely too much for granted."

"You tell him that one day, will you?" He was laughing. "But say, we must turn in. That nine-o'clock briefing will be coming up mighty fast."

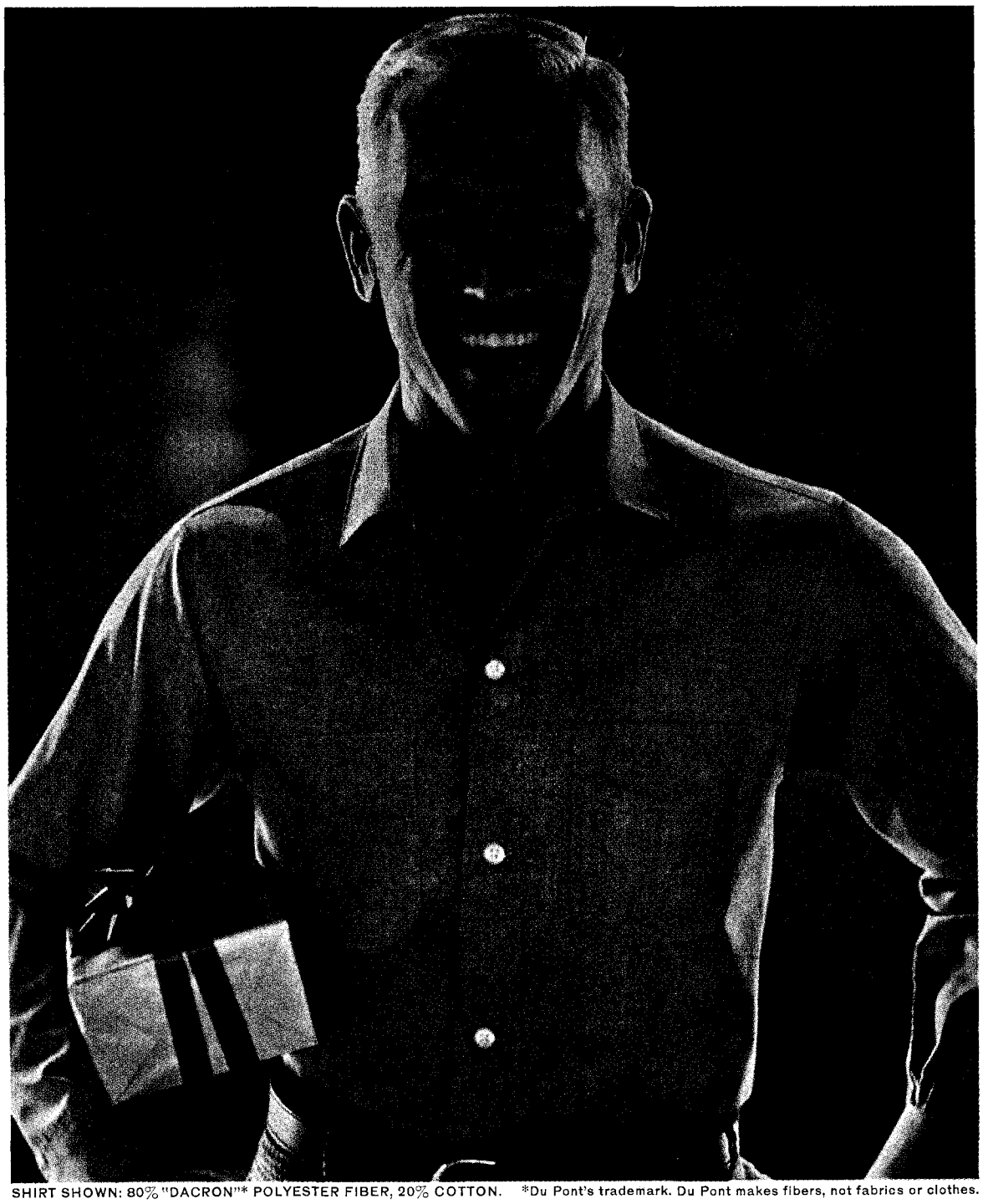
They were settled in their respective beds. As she was about to adjust her sleep shade over her eyes, she turned to say a last good night. Seeing that he was sitting propped against the pillows with the note pad and one of the sharpened pencils that she kept there for him, she spluttered.

"Why, Caleb Fulton! You turn that light out immediately."

"Five minutes. Just give me five minutes to write down some notes for the briefing. I want to jot down the most important points."

"Well, no more than that, and I'll be keeping time on you."

He wrote "new opportunity," "take every advantage of it," "returning for important consultations with the President," "plan rapidly taking shape." At last he looked over at the other bed. Clarabelle was asleep. In a few minutes he clicked off the light. THE END



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"With my three glasses of milk a day," declares Dinah Shore, "I know my weight-watching diet is safe." Dinah, whose figure is part of her fortune, has discovered that milk is the easy way to be sure of getting complete proteins, minerals, B and D vitamins and easily utilized energy.

Dinah knows that balance is vital in diet meals. To go overboard on any single nutrient is dangerous to good health. Getting in trim begins with exercise and well-balanced meals that include foods from the four basic groups: 1. Milk; 2. Meats, fish and poultry; 3. Breads and cereals; 4. Fruits and vegetables.

"My youngsters get a kick out of it when I match them glass-for-glass of milk," confides Dinah, who must maintain her glowing vitality and glamour under heavy TV demands. "Milk is the best 'cooler' I know after TV rehearsals or a tennis game," declares Dinah, "and it keeps me from getting hungry for in-between snacks when I'm dieting."

See the Dinah Shore Show—NBC-TV Friday, Dec. 1st and Dec. 29th. See your newspaper for time and station.

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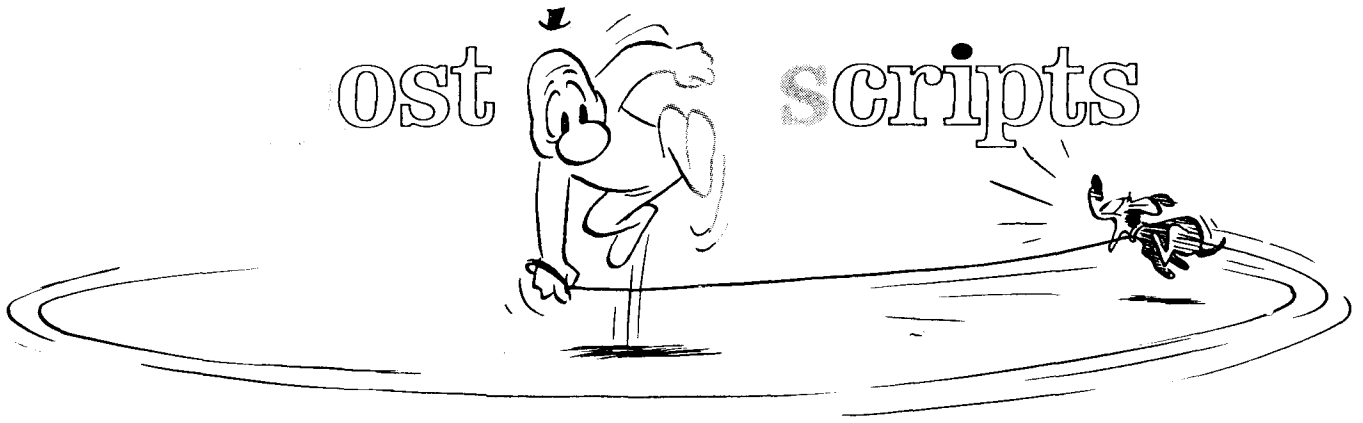

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Jarvis, you handle the diagnosis and I'll handle the treatment."

"United States Weather Bureau forecast for New York City and vicinity . . ."

"Where's the poop deck? I'm tired."

"Here he comes again!"

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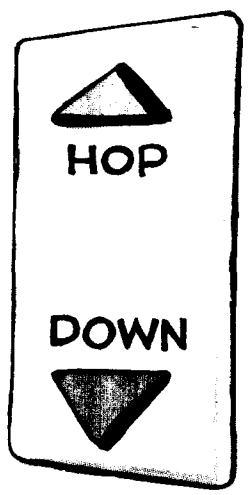
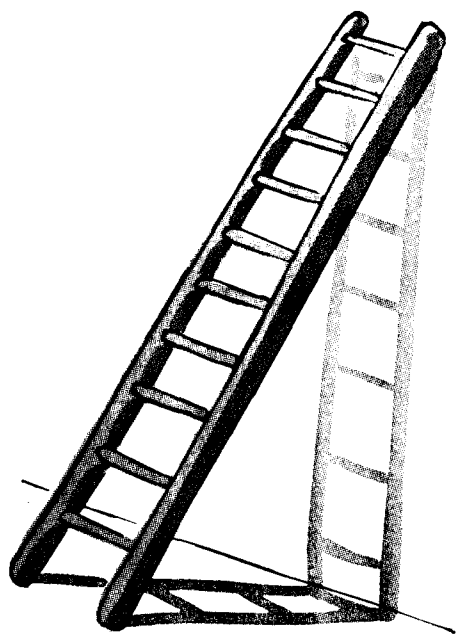
HOP: OPPOSITE OF DOWN



LATTER: USED FOR GOING HOP AND DOWN



CLIMATE: BEST WAY TO GE HOP A LATTER

"Let's run through that again– this time I want to hear the melody."

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"Very funny."

"I'm very pleased with our new expediter!"

LETTERS FROM MY FAN CLUB

(Following an Appearance on Local TV)

Dear Vernon: Congratulations! A TV star is born! Your appearance on *Discussion Forum* was great! Simply great! You made your old Aunt Effie mighty proud of you, because. . .

Dear Mr. Kurtz: I saw you last night on *Discussion Forum* and couldn't help wondering what your plans are for the future. For just a few cents a day, Mr. Kurtz, I can offer you insurance protection you never thought possible, because our firm, unlike other insurance firms, is in a position to. . .

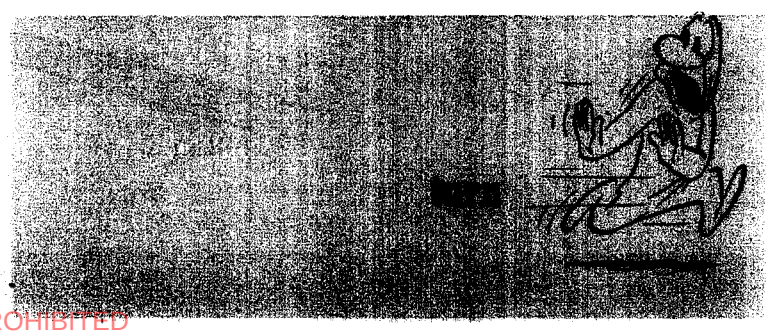
Dear Vern: Caught you on TV last night and thought you were sensational. In regard to that money I owe you, I'd sure appreciate it if you could let me have a little more time, because I've run into a little tough luck here lately. But getting back to that TV appearance, you were tremendous, Vern. I mean. . .

Dear Mr. Kurtz: We'd like to be the first to offer our congratulations to a sparkling new television personality and also to invite you to visit Sunshine Heights, the new subdivision where gracious living reigns supreme. Ranging in price from $21,750 to $29,975, the homes in Sunshine Heights feature. . .

Dear Vern: I certainly enjoyed watching you on *Discussion Forum* last night and thought you were far and away the best one on the show. Have you ever seriously considered making television your career? You really ought to, son, because. . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Thanks, honey—now hand me the coffee like a dear."



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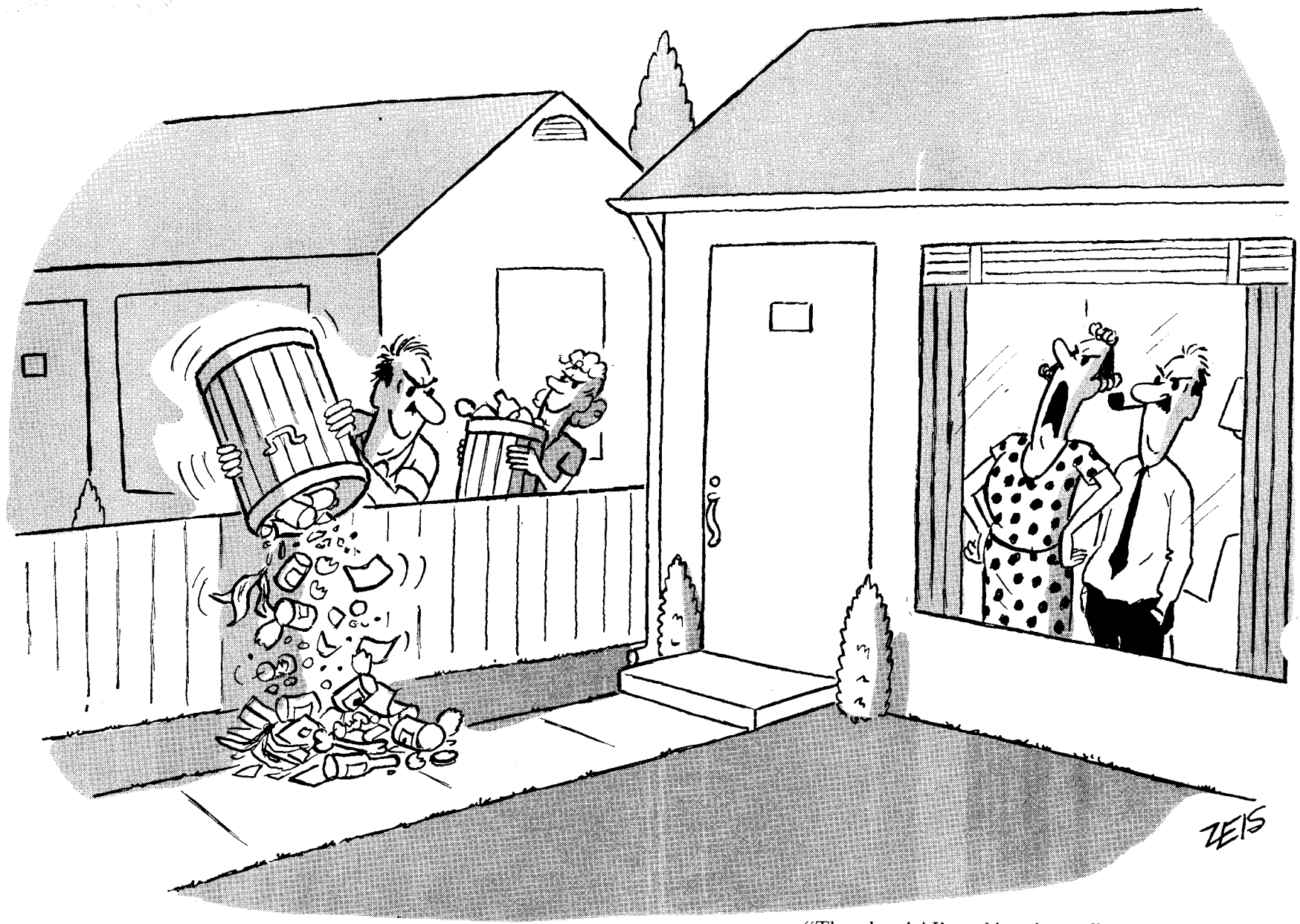
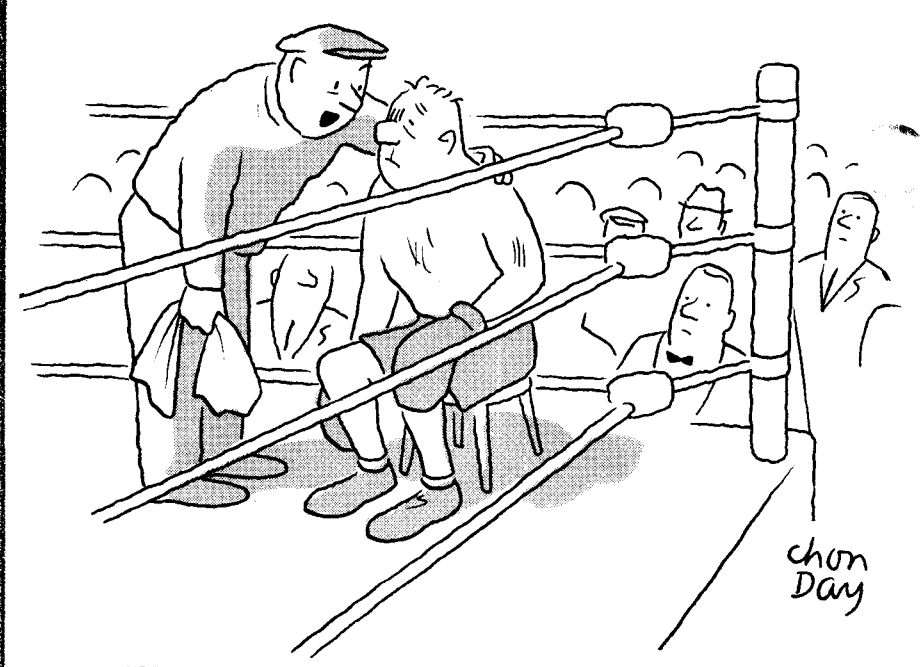


"That does it! I'm taking them off our Christmas list."

"I guess we might as well face it, Betty,
it's time we both got glasses."



"Now, if he'd just break his other hand, we'd have him."

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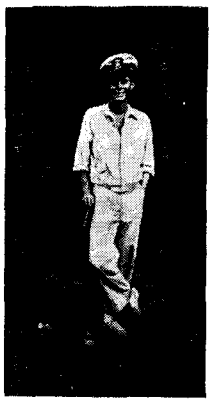

The Adventure that Made a President

continued from page 29

By now the survivors, paddling along in their kapok life jackets, were nearing Plum Pudding Island on the Gizo side. Unfortunately for them the "Gizo scouts"—friendly natives serving the Allies—did not happen to patrol among the islets that evening. If they had, Kennedy and his crew might have been spared five extra days of thirst, hunger and fear.

Around dusk the survivors of *PT 109* lay flat on the sand of Plum Pudding Island, tensely watching a Japanese motor barge just offshore. Slowly the barge chugged up to their islet—and kept going. Without detecting the Americans, the Japanese headed on north to their base on nearby Gizo Island. Obviously, however, the risk in staying on Plum Pudding Island was great.

The three officers, Lieutenant Kennedy and Ensigns Leonard J. Thom and George Ross, conferred among themselves. "How are we going to get out of here?" Kennedy asked. They hashed it over and eventually settled on a hair-raising long-shot scheme as their best bet.

Knowing that the PT's passed almost nightly through adjacent Ferguson Passage on their way to patrol Blackett Strait, they decided that someone should swim out into the passage in the dark and try to signal the boats. Undramatically, Kennedy said he would go out and see what he could do with his revolver and a big battle lantern salvaged from the PT. When he announced his intention, Ensign Ross thought it was absurd. To Pat McMahon, the badly burned motor machinist's mate from Detroit whom Kennedy had towed three and a half miles through the sea to safety, the plan seemed suicidal. Radioman John Maguire, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, perhaps the person closest to Kennedy among the enlisted men, led a negative chorus urging their skipper not to try it. Kennedy appeared not to hear them.

Stripping down to his underwear, he kept on his shoes to protect his feet from saw-toothed coral. He hung his .38 revolver around his neck by a lanyard and bundled the ten-pound battle lantern in a kapok life jacket to float it along. He strapped on his inflatable rubber life belt. Then he directed that a watch be set. Two men, scanning in opposite directions, would stand lookout on the island's beach for two-hour stints.

"If I find a boat," Kennedy said, "I'll flash the lantern twice. The password will be 'Roger,' the answer 'Wilco.'"

The men felt depressed as Kennedy waded out from the shore. Few expected to see him again. Soon he was a speck disappearing into the twilight.

Unrealized by the men, there was method in the seemingly mad mission that Kennedy had undertaken. An extensive coral reef bends southward from Plum Pudding Island and then curves out along the upper boundary of Ferguson Passage. In a sense the reef forms a submerged causeway—but a causeway fraught with pitfalls and dangers. It would have been hazardous to travel it even in broad daylight. Now Kennedy attempted it alone in the dark.

The depth of water varied. Sometimes he walked shoulder-deep or no more than waist-deep. Then he would step into an unseen hole in the reef and go under. He would have to swim until his feet touched again. Where it was shallow enough to walk, the coral bottom was treacherously slippery. He stumbled and cut his legs several times. To avoid further gashes, he lay on the water at times and pulled himself along by grasping one coral outcropping after another.

In the pitch dark it was an eerie venture. Often when he put his foot down, living things darted away underwater. He could tell that the reef swarmed with strange sea creatures. Once a huge fish of some kind swam up. He winced, remembering tales he had heard of the mutilation of men by shark and barracuda. Quickly he flashed his light and thrashed his arms and legs. The big fish went away.

Except for the lapping of the water and the whistle of the night wind, there was no sound. Although the water was warm, Kennedy often felt cold. Phosphorescent particles in the sea gave off most of the visible light. Amid the blackness his sense of direction blurred. Lacking landmarks, he found it difficult to judge how fast he was moving, how far he had gone, how far he had yet to go. He had nothing but reef to guide him. Whenever he reached a break and began swimming, he could only hope that he was headed toward the other side of the gap and would again be able to find the reef.

Finally, after several miles of groping and slipping, Kennedy could see the unbroken expanse of Ferguson Passage ahead. He paused to rest. Then he took off his shoes, tied them to his life belt and struck out for the middle of Ferguson Passage. He towed the battle lantern along in the kapok and let his .38 trail from its lanyard under the water.

In the middle of Ferguson Passage he treaded water and listened. It was his intention, when the PT's came through, to fire a recognition signal of three shots and flash his light at the nearest boat. The skipper would be the most surprised sailor in the South Pacific to find Jack Kennedy paddling around by himself out there when he was supposed to be dead. This comforting dream never came true. Instead of PT boats, all that Kennedy saw were aerial flares beyond Gizo. Did this mean, he wondered, that the boats had gone up west of Gizo and were operating in Gizo Strait? As hours passed and none appeared, he concluded that this must be the case—and he was right.

Foggy and tired from his long hours in the water, Kennedy faced back toward the reef and started swimming again. His limbs were lifeless. To lighten his burden he untied his shoes from the life belt and let them sink, even though he knew what a slashing his feet would suffer when he got back on the reef. As he swam, he wondered whether he was ever going to get back. Moving on and on through the darkness, he never seemed to come to the reef. Apparently a current through Ferguson Passage was carrying him sideways into Blackett Strait.

On the beach at Plum Pudding Island after midnight, Gunner's Mate Charles A. (Bucky) Harris, of Watertown, Massachusetts, standing watch, thought he saw a light on the water. He was galvanized by the hope that Kennedy had attracted a PT boat and was coming to their rescue. In all probability Kennedy was miles away, and the light was phosphorescence or the reflection of a star. But the light was not necessarily a product of Harris's imagination alone; when he roused the other men, some of them saw it too—or thought they did. They waded into the water, calling, "Jack! Jack!" Some thought a voice answered. As the minutes passed, the men began to ask themselves whether what they had seen was real, or whether they had only seen what they hoped for. In any case, time went by and Kennedy did not come. Faintly in the distance they could hear the pounding of the ocean on the reef beyond Naru. A shower drenched the island, and the thirsty men licked jungle leaves. The rain water tasted bitter. The next morning they discovered why: the leaves were coated with bird droppings. In days to come the survivors would refer to Plum Pudding Island as "bird island," with good cause.

At daylight Kennedy found himself still wallowing at the confluence of Ferguson Passage and Blackett Strait. Brain-weary and bone-aching though he was, he managed to reorient himself by the dawn light. He barely mustered enough strength to make it back to Leorava, one of the smallest islets in the Gizo group, with only one tree and a patch of bushes. He crawled up on the sands and collapsed into a deep slumber.

When Kennedy failed to return at daybreak, despair gripped the survivors on Plum Pudding Island. They finally concluded that their skipper had drowned in a heroic but foolhardy effort to summon rescue. They wondered whether rescue ever would come.

Pat McMahon was suffering awful pain from his acute burns, and Motor Machinist's Mate William Johnston, ill from swallowing gasoline in the sea, was still in a stupor. McMahon periodically soaked his burned limbs and face in salt water. It stung like fire, but he felt that he had to try something.

Seaman Edgar Mauer, of St. Louis, Missouri, nagged by hunger and thirst, tried climbing a tall palm to get coconuts. Part way up, a large red ant bit his leg, gripping like a chigger. He had to slide down and tear it off. Undeterred, he climbed again, made it to the top and twisted off three unripe coconuts. With great effort he opened one with his knife and drank the bland warm fluid, unconscious of the others around him.

At that, Johnston asked if he could give McMahon a drink. Pointing to the other coconuts on the ground, Mauer said, "Yeah, there are *two* of them." Ensign Thom gave him a look and said cuttingly, "Have *you* had *enough?*" At that Mauer glanced at the uncomplaining McMahon, with his awful burns, and remorsefully wondered what had come over him that he had not offered McMahon a drink.

Harris, concerned that their pistols would rust from the salt water, got an idea from the coconuts. He knew there was oil in their meat, so he disassembled all the .45's and rubbed coconut meat on their moving parts. Instead of oiling, it simply gummed the steel.

As the men lay at rest, watching the gulls swoop down on fish in Blackett Strait, Maguire suddenly exclaimed, "Here's Kirksey!"—one of two missing men, both killed in the ramming. W[illegible] he looked again, he saw that it was Kirksey, but Kennedy, swimming slowly in from the reef.

Ensign Thom ordered the men to stay under cover of the bushes. Then he and Ensign Ross went to meet Kennedy. Ross threw his arms around him, but Kennedy fell to the beach, retching from exhaustion. He was bedraggled and emaciated. His deep-circled eyes were bloodshot. His sun tan had turned a yellowish, sickly hue. His hair was matted over his forehead, and he had a scraggly beard.

Thom and Ross dragged their skipper across the beach into the bushes. When Maguire asked how he felt, Kennedy grunted. After a while someone inquired whether he had seen any PT boats. "No," he said. He muttered something about being unable to control his movements in the currents. Then he became very sick. Finally he fell asleep. The others simply sat. Later in the afternoon Kennedy w[illegible] briefly and told Ross, "You try i[illegible] night." Then he fell asleep again.

Ross, although convinced of the futility of swimming into Ferguson Passage to find PT's, obeyed Kennedy. To avoid repeating Kennedy's ordeal in the dark, he set out at four P.M., in order to reach the passage in daylight. His chief worry was that he would get lost among the islands. He told the others that if he failed to contact a PT boat, he would remain on one of the smaller islands near the reef until the next day. The battle lantern, soaked in Kennedy's long swim, had been discarded as useless. Ross carried Kennedy's .38 on its lanyard as his sole means of summoning aid. To reduce the risk of having his white legs attract sharks, he donned khaki trousers. Even so, as he crawled and swam along the reef, he saw several sand sharks three to four feet long. The sight of the sharks chilled him, but they did not come near.

Reaching Ferguson Passage by d[illegible] Ross realized it was too early to [illegible] out. He stood on a coral head in ch[illegible] deep water outside the reef and made mental notes of the seascape so he could find his way back. It was lonely and appallingly silent. Waves kept washing him off his perch. He dreaded the thought of swimming into Ferguson Passage alone at night and might not have done so if Kennedy had not. The thought kept running through his mind, *If he can do it, I can do it.*

Waiting until well after dark, when PT's might be expected, Ross struck out and swam for about twenty minutes. Then he treaded water. He was not sure whether he had gone far enough, but dreaded going farther. Soon he began to suspect that the PT's had patrolled up the other side of Gizo Island instead of going through Ferguson Passage. Nevertheless he lifted the .38 Smith and Wesson out of the water and pulled the trigger. The revolver fired, but the shot sounded flat against the broad surface of the water. He fired twice more. There was no answer.

After a long wait Ross swam ba[illegible] the reef. Happily he discovered th[illegible]

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had come in near Leorava, the islet which was Kennedy's resting place the night before. He went ashore and fell asleep to the lapping of the waves. The next morning, Wednesday, August fourth, he awoke in warm sun, full of vigor. Boyishly he felt like an emperor with a realm all his own. He wished the others could see him and envisioned himself telling of his South Pacific adventures at home after the war. There was, of course, no mirror at hand. Standing barefoot in rumpled trousers, with his hair uncombed and a black beard sprouting from ear to ear, he magnificently confirmed the judgment of his Princeton class, '41, in voting him its "worse-dressed" member.

Ross swam back to Plum Pudding Island without trouble. He found that Kennedy was feeling better. This second failure to contact the PT's, however, left everyone dispirited. Johnston, somewhat recovered, tried not quite successfully to hide his concern. Torpedoman 2/c Raymond Starkey, of Garden Grove, California, the heavy-set family man, again began worrying whether he had done wrong by his family in enlisting. Bitterness toward the Navy was growing. Some men were asking angrily, "Where are the boats, anyway?"

While he concealed his thoughts from the enlisted men, Kennedy himself felt resentful at the seeming abandonment. To Thom and Ross, he revealed his anger at the Lumberi PT base because no rescue boats had reached them. The *PT 109* had been rammed by the destroyer in busy waters early on a Monday morning. It was now midday Wednesday, with not a sign of help in sight.

Unknown to Kennedy, a series of misunderstandings and mistakes had hamstrung rescue despite the earnest efforts of Reg Evans, the Australian coast watcher, and others.

On Monday from his secret vantage point on Japanese-held Kolombangara, Evans saw a flight of P-40's go by shortly before dusk. Assuming they were looking for the PT survivors, he radioed KEN at Guadalcanal: WILL YOU PLEASE ADVISE RESEARCH BY P-FORTYS OVER GIZO.

Evans got no answer that night. Next day he was erroneously informed that the P-40's passed by on another mission. Later this was corrected with a message: AIRINTEL HAVE REQUESTED US TO TELL YOU A SEARCH WAS MADE YESTERDAY DUSK WITH NEGATIVE RESULT.

By the time the planes belatedly came over, Kennedy and his crew had reached Plum Pudding Island and taken cover under its foliage. That explained why the flight failed to spot eleven men on a clear day in a body of water not more than five and a half miles wide.

Further, the fruitless air search made mischief in another direction. Back at the Lumberi base Ens. William Cullen Battle, of Charlottesville, Virginia, skipper of *PT 171* and a particular pal of Kennedy, had sought permission to make a rescue run up Blackett Strait. If he had done so, he might have found the eleven survivors in the water. But as an air search was being made, the base commander felt with some propriety that he could not justify a daylight mission by the PT. Permission for a search was denied.

Coast watcher Evans meanwhile received a report from his Gizo scouts indicating that they had not come across any American sailors in that area. He notified his headquarters accordingly: NO SURVIVORS FOUND AT GIZO.

For Kennedy and his men the comedy of errors verged on tragedy. He attempted to joke to keep their spirits up. Turning to Gerard Zinser, a regular-Navy machinist's mate from Belleville, Illinois, Kennedy remarked, "What I would give now for a can of grapefruit juice!"

Zinser was not much amused. His arms were burned, and he felt sorry for himself—until he looked at Pat McMahon. McMahon's pitiable condition and brave silence shamed everyone out of complaining. It saddened Kennedy to behold him. Scabs forming over his burned eyelids made it almost impossible for him to see. The palms of his hands were swollen three inches thick and cracked open like burned bacon. He could look deeply into his own flesh. To double his misery, his burns gave off an awful stench, which he knew was offensive to the other men.

Yet another problem oppressed the stranded men. Except for the three coconuts and water from leaves, nothing of sustenance had passed their lips in nearly three days. Despite its delicious-sounding name, Plum Pudding Island, measuring only about 100 by seventy yards, was bare of food and drink except for the few coconuts. Partly to get more coconuts and partly to be nearer to Ferguson Passage, Kennedy decided to move to Olasana Island. The sailors had noticed that Olasana abounded in coconut palms. Kennedy favored it because it was only one island removed from the passage.

On Wednesday afternoon the men picked up the plank salvaged from the sunken PT and dragged it for the swim of nearly two miles to Olasana. In their parched weariness the sea felt good. Once again Kennedy began towing McMahon by the strap of his life jacket. Even McMahon seemed more hopeful this time.

But the crossing took longer than they expected. The current sweeping between the outer islands seemed stronger than it was in Blackett Strait. Kennedy reached shore with McMahon first, as before. The men had a hard time swimming to a point on the beach within a few hundred yards of Kennedy. Nearing the island, Albert left the plank and swam ahead. When he called back to the others, they were furious. They feared his voice might be heard by a Japanese patrol and that they would be captured.

The eleven survivors gathered in the trees behind the curved beach on the southeastern tip of Olasana. Straight across another half mile of water they could see Naru Island, on the edge of Ferguson Passage. Discussing the situation, they kept their voices hushed. Olasana appeared to be about twice the size of Plum Pudding Island; nobody could be positive that there were no Japanese on it. They talked of exploring the entire island. "Why go looking for trouble?" someone asked. The others agreed. None ever went beyond that corner of Olasana, an area about fifty yards square.

Photographs by Elliott Erwitt

The thirsty men were forced to lick rain water from leaves befouled by birds.

Gathering coconuts where they were, all hands began eating. Partly as a joke, Ross ate a live snail and reported it tasted awful. One of the men caught a land crab, but no one was that hungry yet. After eating a coconut, Kennedy, McMahon and several other men became quite sick.

As there was nothing to wash down their unappetizing meal, Zinser tried to dig a shallow well for fresh water. When coral split his fingernails, he gave up and sat worrying that the Navy would report him missing in action and subject his wife to unnecessary anguish.

After sunset the men huddled together for warmth. Though the days were hot, the nights felt chilly to men who had to sleep in damp clothing. An unearthly squeak alarmed them until they deduced that it was made by tree branches rubbing together in the wind. They mistook every unfamiliar sound for the footfall of Japanese soldiers. Albert felt especially nervous and asked to sleep next to Ensign Ross, whom he knew best.

A rain shower moved over the island, and McMahon, his lips parched, went to lick some leaves in the dark. Twenty feet away he saw a sight that turned him to marble. There was a stocky man, standing absolutely still. McMahon froze. He imagined almond-shaped eyes in a broad face staring at him. He stood helpless. His feet were too burned to outrun the man. He had no pistol or knife. If he fell flat on the ground for concealment, he might be pounced upon. He was afraid to cry out.

More than anything else, the long lapse of time made McMahon realize that he was not facing an armed enemy. As suddenly as he had seen the man, McMahon recognized him as Maguire. Maguire had stood still because he was equally paralyzed at encountering a figure in the night. For the last three days he had expected that Japanese soldiers would turn up.

Weariness and upset stomachs from eating coconut left nobody in condition for a long swim. For the first time in three nights, no one ventured out into Ferguson Passage. For the first time in three nights, the PT boats came through Ferguson Passage.

At the PT base at Lumberi, some thirty-eight miles southeast, *PT 109* and its crew were mourned as lost. PT's had been sunk before, but the disappearance of the *109* in a pillar of flame at night shook the men at the base intensely.

Among those deeply touched was Paul Fay Jr., now Under Secretary of the Navy by appointment of President Kennedy. He was then a young ensign. Kennedy had helped to train him at the PT school at Melville, Rhode Island, and had threatened him with dismissal because of a boyish disobedience. Later they became fast friends. In a letter to his sister, Fay lamented: "George Ross has lost his life for a cause that he believed in stronger than any one of us, because he was an idealist in the purest sense. Jack Kennedy, the ambassador's son, was on the same boat and also lost his life. The man who said that the cream of a nation is lost in war can never be accused of making an overstatement of a very cruel fact."

Next week: The castaways spot some natives who bring about their rescue—

THE EDITORS

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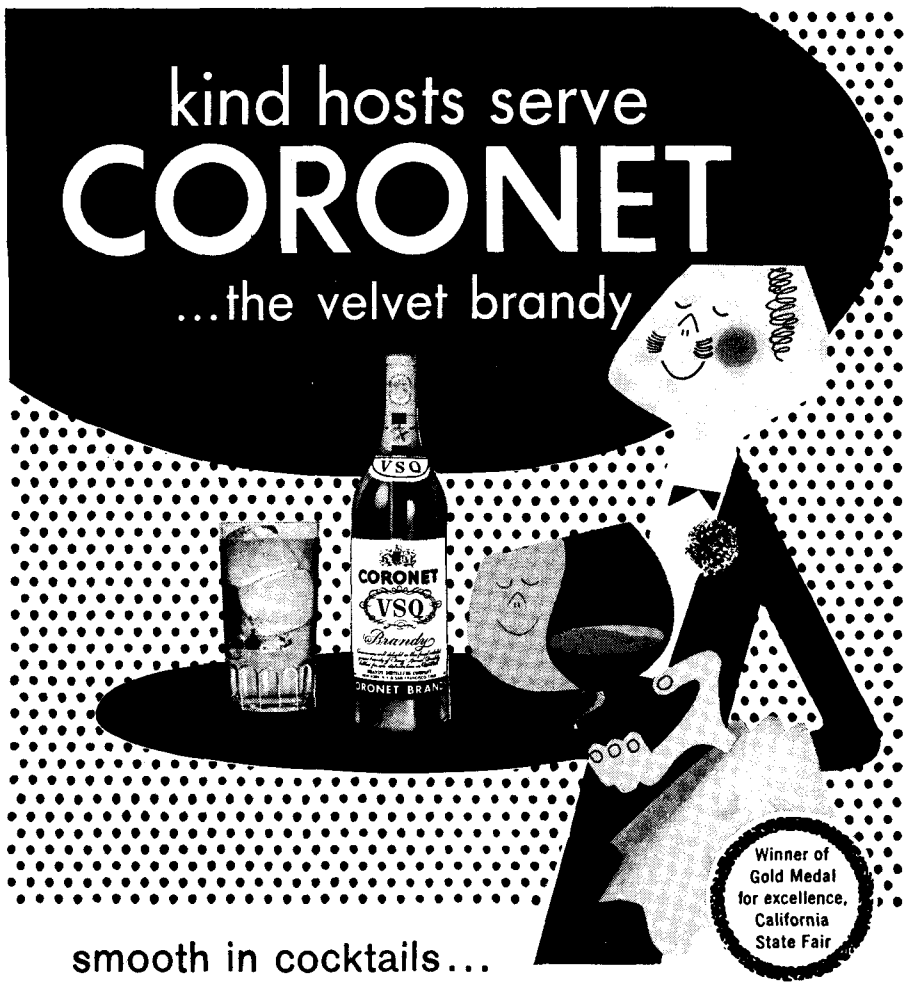

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Madame Scandal

continued from page 21

They had served together on three continents. Their respective wives were jealous and possessive women who, over the embattled years, had entertained the darkest suspicions regarding their husbands' extra-marital excursions and adventures. To them, as to many women, the passage of time meant nothing. A fall from grace in the first decade of the century, or even a suspected fall from grace, was as fresh and vivid as though it had occurred recently. Each of these three wives had at various times known Millicent Pelham-Langley, and each, seeing her spectacular beauty and knowing something of her reputation, had wondered whether *her* husband had fallen under the spell of those emerald-green eyes.

"Frankly," said Bonzo after he had wetted his whistle, "I don't like it. Whatever may have happened—and I see not the smallest necessity for us to be so caddish as to compare notes—happened so long ago that I feel we were entitled to believe that it was dead, buried and forgotten. Milly didn't know the meaning of the word 'discretion' sixty years ago and, from one or two things I've heard since, I doubt very much indeed whether she's yet learned it. Milly just didn't care a damn what people thought."

"Precisely, my dear chap," said Daddles with a misty look in his bright-blue eyes, "and that's what made her so irresistibly charming. She didn't speak evil of others, and it just didn't occur to her that others were not so charitable about her. But now—well, I don't mind admitting that the title she's chosen for her memoirs scares me stiff. *Murder Will Out!* Ugh!"

"It's got to be stopped," said Rumpot firmly. "But how?"

"As you both know," said Daddles, "I usually favored a frontal attack, but I don't feel that will serve us now. I think now we've got to adopt diversionary tactics while one of us infiltrates the enemy's lines, so to speak."

"Splendid idea, Daddles!" said Rumpot enthusiastically. "And, as you probably knew Milly better than either of us did, you undoubtedly are the man."

"That," said Daddles with lofty reproof in his voice, "is something I am not prepared to discuss but, if it is your wish, I will undertake to reconnoiter the position. I hope," he added tenderly, "that the years have been kind to Milly and that time has not destroyed all that loveliness."

The three old soldiers sighed in unconscious unison and, realizing that they were on the forbidden borderland of a public display of sentiment, began hurriedly to discuss the merits and demerits of the Derby runners.

With masterly cunning Daddles chose the day of the big race to be absent from home. He did not specifically say that he was going to see the Derby run, for that would have been a direct lie, but his "Well, shan't see many more derbies, I suppose!" when he left the house certainly left that impression on Lady Gallstone.

The railway station at Bellingdon Green is three miles from the village, so Daddles hired an ancient taxi for the drive to Primrose Cottage. The elderly driver, like many of his kind, was inclined to be chatty. "Where to, sir?" he asked when the general emerged from the station.

"Primrose Cottage. Know it?"

"If you'd asked me that a week ago, sir," said the driver, "I'd've told you I'd never 'eard of it. But blimy, you must be the sixth or seventh gentleman I've taken there since Monday. Funny 'ow things go. Nice old lady too. Bin livin' 'ere for nigh on twenty years and, so the neighb[illegible] say, never 'ad 'ardly no visitors till n[illegible]

The words were hardly out of [illegible] man's mouth when the general realized with alarm that the sensation stealing over him was jealousy. Who were these others who, like ghosts from the past, were beating a pathway to Primrose Cottage all because Milly—how sweet and lovely she had been!—was about to write her memoirs? What did they fear? What could they fear unless they, too, had tasted the sweetness of her lips? Worse—how many of them had there been? So strong were the emotions engendered by these speculations that the old soldier felt himself torn asunder. Such was the power of a pair of emerald eyes he had not seen for more than forty years.

Primrose Cottage had a doll's-house quality. The biggest thing about it was a Tudor chimney stack which rose high above a thatched roof. Daddles's first thought was one of wonderment that there was room in it for such a splend[illegible] proportioned girl and woman as Mil[illegible] Pelham-Langley had been in the [illegible] ago. When she answered the knock at the front door, Daddles would not have known her but for her unforgettable eyes, which seemed not to have changed at all.

"It's good to see you, Daddles," she said unaffectedly, holding her face up to be kissed like a child. To kiss her, the old soldier was compelled to stoop, for she had shrunk with the years and now looked like a tiny Dresden-china doll.

"It's good to see you, Milly. On the way from the station I was trying to recall exactly when and where it was we last met."

"I can tell you, Daddles, and I'm hurt that you don't remember. It was in Cairo in 1917. You were on your way through to Mesopotamia. Jumbo was on the staff in Cairo. He was expecting me for dinner, when you and I ran into each other. I forget exactly where. But what I don't forget, Daddles," she added with a l[illegible] "is that Jumbo was cross—very [illegible] when I didn't get home until breakfast-time. That was the last time I danced until dawn, Daddles, half a lifetime ago. And what fun it was! Now tell me what you've been doing all these years. Julia's well, I hope?"

"Yes, Milly, Julia's well—considering that she, like all of us, is getting a bit long in the tooth. I suppose I ought not to say so, but I have a strange fancy that Julia is quite indestructible."

"I always liked Julia, Daddles, even though I knew she didn't like me. I'm glad she's worn well. Does she know you're here today?"

"Heaven forbid, my dear!" said the old soldier explosively. "Don't think for a moment that I'm being disloyal, but Julia isn't the—well, the easiest woman to live with at any time but, if she knew I was here with you, she'd be impossible."

"Where are you supposed to be?" asked Milly.

"At the Derby, of course. This is Derby Day."

"Then don't forget to buy a [illegible] evening paper before you go hon[illegible] that you'll have a thrilling eyewitness account of the race. I thought of going myself," she added sadly, "but it isn't much fun going alone, so I stayed at home. I'm glad now that I did. I can't tell you

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Scandal

how happy I am to see you, Daddles, you naughty old man. You've still got that wicked twinkle in your eye."

Then over tea and crumpets, and later over whiskies and soda, they reminisced bittersweetly over past follies, voices that would never be heard again, names which had not crossed either of their minds for years, until the lengthening shadows reminded the old soldier that it was time to leave. "I hope, Milly, that none of this is going to appear in your memoirs," he said pointedly. "Some of it, I'm afraid, wouldn't look too well in print."

"But how could I leave out the best part, Daddles?" she asked, aghast. "Whether you believe me or not, the bits about you are the best part. You see, Daddles, I won't deny that I flirted with lots of men, but with you it wasn't just flirtation. It was wicked of me, I suppose, but I went on hoping for years that you'd divorce Julia and, when you didn't, I—well, I married Jumbo, but although I've never said this to a soul until now, I didn't ever love him."

"My dear Milly," said the general, panic-stricken at the turn the conversation had taken, "I find all this most embarrassing, but not half as embarrassing as that damned book of yours could be if you don't exercise a little discretion."

"But Daddles, my darling," said Milly with laughter in her eyes, "I have no discretion. You of all people should certainly know *that*."

"And while we're on the subject, my dear Milly, can't you possibly think of a less—a less menacing title than *Murder Will Out*"?

"I did think of *Kittapore Days and Nights* as a title, but then, you see, it was hardly suitable, because only about half the book will be about Kittapore."

"*Half* the book!" exclaimed the General, leaping from his chair in a positive frenzy. "If you have the smallest consideration for me, the most you'll do is gloss over Kittapore."

"You don't have to be alarmed, Daddles, because I don't call you Daddles in the book. I've changed your name to Diddles so nobody will recognize it. Do you remember the time when we were all staying with the maharaja and you climbed over the roof to kiss me good night? That was terribly sweet and brave of you, Daddles. It made me so happy that I cried myself to sleep."

"Yes, and what you seem to forget is that I lost my way back and spent the night on the roof. Julia was very nasty about that. I cooked up some story with Bonzo about a bet."

"Ah, dear Bonzo! Is he still above ground? Give him my love, won't you, and tell him I'd adore to see him. There's nearly a whole chapter about Bonzo, but not as much as there is about you."

"You know, my dear, deeply touched as I am by your remembrance of all these childish pranks, I would prefer on the whole to forgo the honor of figuring in your memoirs and, I believe, Bonzo would be of the same mind if you were to consult him."

"Childish pranks, Daddles! That isn't a bit how I remember it. Not at all. We were both young, of course, but the way you talk of it, one would think we were in our cradles."

"Now, my dear, let's talk about you. What have you been doing lately?"

"Me? Nothing, Daddles. I have a cat and my knitting—and my memories. I'm an old lady of over eighty, whose only real pleasures are to see a few old friends and to relive the old days that were so utterly different from today that I sometimes wonder, sitting here alone by the fireside, whether I didn't dream it all. So, you see, time doesn't hang heavily for me—especially now that I am working on my memoirs. . . .

"Must you go, Daddles? Well, if you must, you must. But come again soon—and before you go, let me show you something I found the other day."

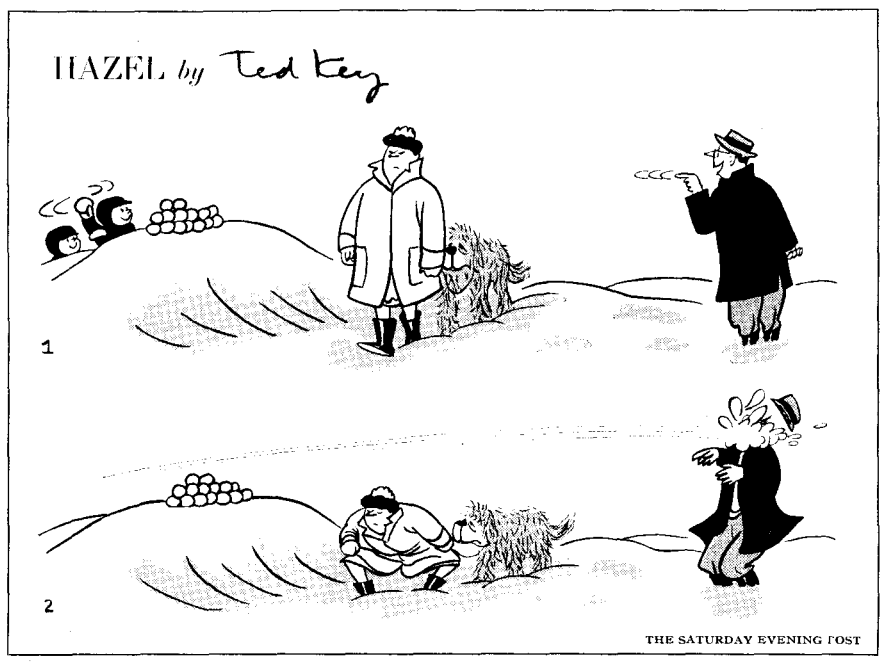
The something was an old dance program, numbered for each dance and with a blank space beside each for the name of the partner. Attached by a wisp of silken cord was a pencil. Across the card, in the general's own handwriting, was the bold legend, "All with Daddles."

"We danced every dance together that night—you naughty old man. It's funny, but I can't remember where it was—Poona, Ootacamund, or one of the other hill stations. All I remember is that you were the handsomest man present and, of course, some of the terrible things you whispered in my ear. How tongues must have wagged!"

"How tongues would wag, my dear Milly, if you should ever let any of that appear in print!"

"Come again soon, Daddles, won't you, and then you'll be able to help me censor the—naughty parts. And please, before you come the next time, telephone me. You see, I have several old friends coming to refresh my memories of all sorts of things and—well, you understand, it might be embarrassing for you—not for me—if you ran into them. Good-by, dear Daddles, and thank you for coming."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



The three old conspirators, Daddles, Bonzo and Rumpot, met once again in the bar of the Ancient Warriors. "This," said Daddles, reporting on his visit to Milly, "is quite clearly a case of each man for himself. I do not know and, frankly, actively prefer not to know, which episodes in your respective associations with Milly would cause you embarrassment. Even at our ages, these are things which gentlemen may not discuss. It is my considered opinion, therefore, that you should each make the pilgrimage to Primrose Cottage, see Milly and—well, protect your own interests in your own fashion. Mark you," he added with a flash of jealousy he could not control, "I am far from convinced that Milly was ever sufficiently interested in either of you to warrant your feeling—er—compromised. It's up to you now. Her phone number is Bellingdon Green 0027."

"As you say, Daddles," remarked Bonzo somewhat stuffily, with resentment blazing from his eyes, "these are matters which we may not discuss, but all the same, you don't have to behave so dashed proprietorially about it all."

So matters rested for some months, during which Daddles, Bonzo and Rumpot, to say nothing of an unknown number of ghosts from Milly's past—unknown anyway to everyone but Milly herself and the Bellingdon Green taxi driver—were visitors to Primrose Cottage. They came fearfully, but like the fools who came to scoff, they stayed to pray, for now, near the end of their lives and hers, they were discovering with pleasure and amazement that the old magic of her charm still lived.

"Blimy!" said the Bellingdon Green taxi driver on one of Daddles's visits, as a car swung out of Moat Lane, at the bottom of which was Primrose Cottage. "If this keeps up, we'll soon be 'aving traffic lights, you know!"

"Kindly keep such observations to yourself!" snarled the general, experiencing once again the surge of a jealousy beyond all reason.

"How are the memoirs coming along, Milly?" asked Daddles on another visit, realizing with a shock that it had been a number of months since they had been mentioned.

"Slowly, Daddles, slowly! My fingers get cramped holding a pen for long. But I hope to turn the manuscript over to the publishers within three months. I shall be glad when it is done, dear Daddles, because between ourselves I'm a very tired old woman. Writing about life is so dull, not a bit like living it."

Then, one day as summer was dying, the general arrived to find a doctor's car outside Primrose Cottage. The doctor himself opened the door. "General Gallstone?" he asked, "Before you come in, general, I should warn you that Lady Millicent is in a very low state. There is a nurse in the house now."

"Is she seriously ill?"

The doctor nodded. "Had she not expressly asked to see you, I would have forbidden visitors. Please, general, do not stay too long."

Milly seemed tinier than ever, propped up by pillows in the big four-poster bed and wearing a dainty lace cap. Her skin was translucent. Only the startling emerald eyes were unchanged and even now laughter lurked behind them. "I'm so glad you came, dear Daddles," she said, slipping her hand into his trustingly like a little girl. "It would have been h to go without saying good-by to y and it won't be long now.

"Take this letter, please, Daddles," she said, giving him an envelope, "and don't open it until I'm gone. I've made you my literary executor—what a pomposity that sounds! You will know the right thing, the kind thing, to do when you have read it. I know I've been very naughty, but I've tried never to be unkind or waspish. Wasps leave a sting behind them when they go, and I mustn't do that. You will understand —— No, Daddles, no tears! We—you and I aren't the weeping kind. Go over there and stand by the window. I want to look at you through half-closed eyes—to fix you in my mind."

The general did as she bade him, standing at attention with the afternoon sun streaming through the window on his tall, spare, erect figure. "You know, Daddles, you're older than I am," she said with a chuckle, "but even now you're a handsome old devil, and you've still wicked twinkle in your eye. Poor . She can't have known any peace of mind with you on the rampage. Be good to her, Daddles, for the time that remains. Don't cry for me, I implore you. I'm not worth it. I'm only gilt, but Julia is pure gold. She's given you all her love over the years, while I only gave you a little bit of mine. Never forget that.

"Now go, please. Thank you for everything, Daddles, for coming here today and just for being you. When you remember me, old friend, let it be as I was, not as I am. Warm yourself by remembering the outrageous things you whispered to me as we danced that night in Simla. They've warmed me often enough, dear, dear Daddles, in the lonely years between. Go, Daddles, go, before we make fools of ourselves."

As the old soldier bent down to kiss her lightly on the cheeks, he knew that he was looking into those emerald eyes for the last time. Straightening himse turned and marched out of the without once looking back.

That evening when the general returned home, Lady Gallstone looked at him sharply and said, "You'd better let me bathe your eyes, Daddles. They look quite inflamed."

"Must have got some dust in them. They feel a bit sore."

"I should know the feeling, Daddles, for you've thrown enough dust in mine!"

The general opened Milly's letter on the morning he read of her death. It read:

Dearest Daddles: There never were any memoirs. *Murder Will Out* was never written. I did what I did because I was so bitterly, cruelly lonely and wanted a few old friends to come and talk to me. As my literary executor, put it right for me in the way that seems best to you. Let people know that my indiscretions are dying with me. Good-by, you wicked old man. MILLY

The "Personal" column of the *Times* a few days later carried an announcement which was read with sighs of rel many parts of the world:

THE LITERARY EXECUTOR of the late Lady Millicent Pelham-Langley wishes to announce that, owing to errors and omissions in *Murder Will Out*, which cannot now be rectified, the book is being withdrawn and the manuscript destroyed. THE END

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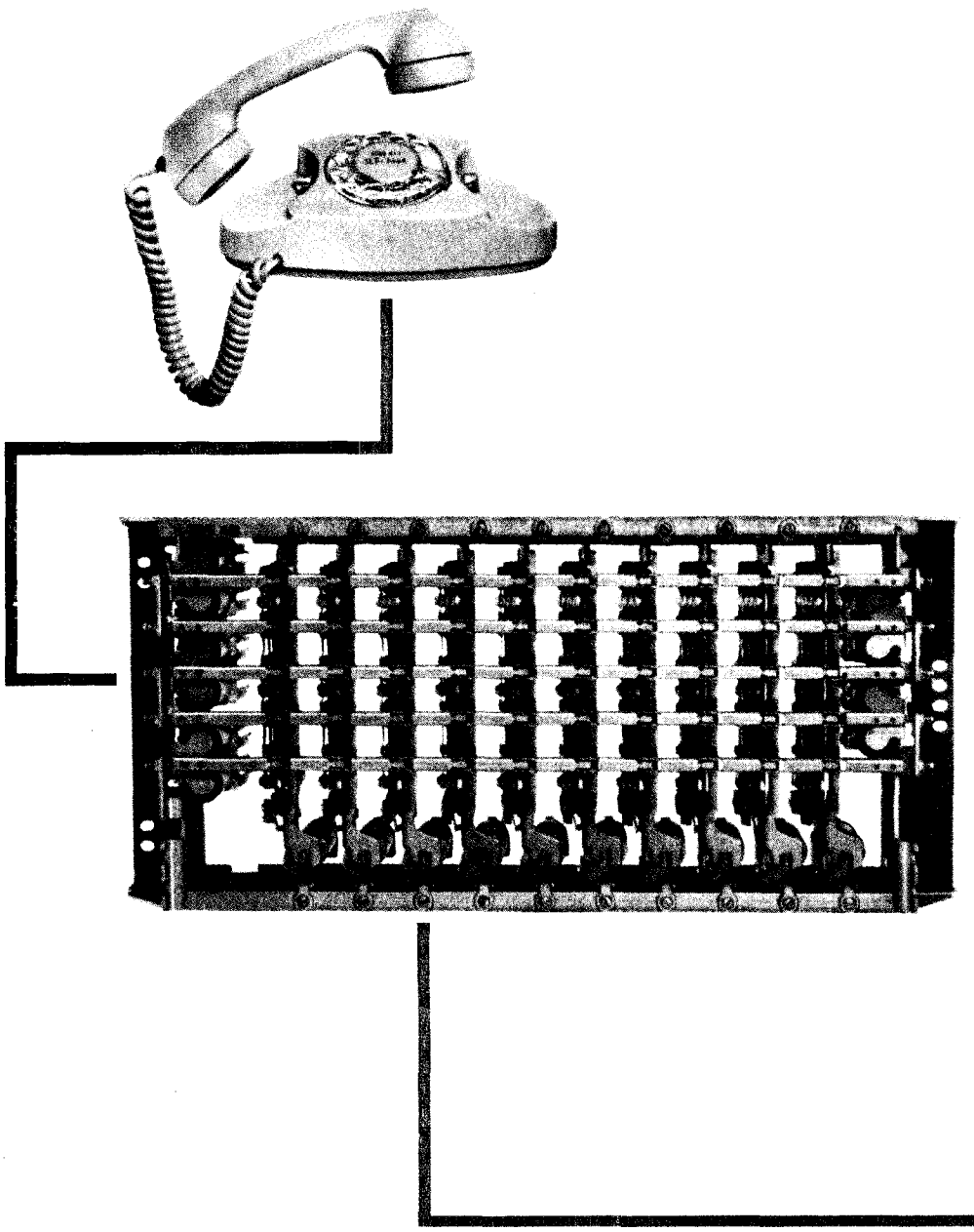

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HOW TO GET RICH WITH A ROPE

Dean Oliver, cowpuncher extraordinary, already has won more than $150,000 as a rodeo champion and may set an all-time record.

By Colin Lofting and Daniel Knapp

The capacity crowd at the Dallas Coliseum suddenly grew silent. Just off the arena floor a tall cowboy sat astride a sorrel in an open-faced stall. Beside him, in a closed chute, a 300-pound calf squirmed and stamped at the ground. The cowboy nodded and an attendant jerked open the chute door. The calf bolted into the arena. Then the horse cleared the stall, and the looped end of a twenty-five-foot Manila rope hummed in the air over the cowboy's head. When the rope horse pulled up to within ten feet of the ducking, twisting calf, the cowboy sent his loop winging with the motion of a fast-ball pitcher, dropping it snugly over the calf's neck. The rope tightened, and the calf was jerked to an unceremonious stop.

With effortless speed the cowboy leaped from his horse, picked up his calf, and flopped it on its side. From between his teeth he whipped a small looped "pigging" string and slipped it neatly over a foreleg. In an unbelievable blur of motion he crowded the calf's hind legs forward and tied them. Palms down, his hands shot out from the tie, signifying "time" for the rodeo officials.

The cowboy was champion calf roper Dean Oliver. His time in the tenth "go-round" of the National Finals Rodeo last January was a pulse-quickening 11.8 seconds.

Championships in calf roping are awarded solely on the amount of prize money accumulated by a cowboy during a rodeo season. Last year in sixty grueling rodeos throughout the country, Oliver won $28,841. This sum may seem modest in comparison to the earnings of some professional athletes, but in the austere world of the cowpuncher it was $8760 more than the winnings of Oliver's nearest competitor. And it was enough to set a world record for a single rodeo event. It also earned Oliver his third world calf-roping championship and brought his total prize money for nine complete seasons to $131,866.

This year rodeo *aficionados* are betting that Oliver will shoot holes through last year's record book—with good reason. As of this writing, he is leading the roping contingent again with winnings of $25,596 in fifty-one rodeos, more than $10,000 ahead of his nearest rival. Oliver has two remaining rodeos in which to overtake his 1960 mark. Barring injury, he will enter the 1961 National Finals—at Dallas, Texas, late this month—with this year's championship tucked neatly in one pocket of his jeans.

Rodeos offer five different man-against-beast contests: bulldogging, in which a cowboy leaps from his running horse, grabs a racing steer by the horns, and wrestles it to the ground; bull riding, and saddle and bareback bronc riding, the stay-on-'em-as-long-as-you-can events; and calf roping. While all of these contests demand rugged skill, calf roping requires a particularly artful split-second co-ordination of rider, horse and lariat. Strangely enough, although Dean Oliver has risen to the top of his field, many other cowboys handle a rope with more classic skill. And Oliver has never had the chance to develop the superb horsemanship most rodeo performers display. What, then, makes him so great?

Once at Greybull, Wyoming, Oliver had just roped a calf, leaped from his horse and was beginning to throw the calf when it suddenly threw up its head. Nearly everyone in the stands, including Dean's wife, Martha, heard a loud *splat*. One of the calf's blunt, two-inch horns had broken Oliver's nose. Oliver shook the cobwebs out of his head, still holding the 270-pound calf off the ground. Recovering, he tied the calf in 11.7 seconds and won the go-round.

"Dean's got speed, size, co-ordination, and he uses his head," says Bill Linderman, one of rodeo's finest all-round champions. "But it's that little extra something he turns on when things get rough that's the secret of his success. He just plumb never gives up."

Thirty-one-year-old Dennis Dean Oliver stands six feet three and carries 200 pounds on a rangy frame. His handsome face expresses confidence, contentment and prosperity. He is the respected representative and cherished friend of fellow calf ropers. But Oliver wasn't always so healthy, happy and obviously well fed. In fact, there was a time when he seemed to have as much chance of becoming a champion calf roper as Eddie Arcaro would have of beating Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight crown. And until a few years ago Oliver was a loner—a rodeo cowboy unaccepted by his fellow competitors—and indifferent about it.

To start with, Dean Oliver was born a "blue baby." He survived an incubator confinement, but retained a mild heart ailment. Then, after nine years of gypsy-like wandering across the country with his family, Oliver finally grew out of his childhood infirmities. Another hindrance to his becoming a roping champion was the fact that Oliver was an Idaho boy. When Dean began cowboying in the early '50's, no Northwesterner had ever won a calf-roping championship. The geographical handicap had logical roots. Although roping had become a thing of the past in northern cattle country, it was still an everyday chore on the sprawling ranches of the Southwest. And while Oliver was still picking sugar beets to help his widowed mother feed a hungry family, hundreds of southwestern high schools and colleges were turning out rodeo athletes by the regiment.

In fact, Dean Oliver never even saw a big-time rodeo until 1948. "Me and my brother Dale hitched a ride from our home in Boise to the Snake River Stampede," Oliver recalls. "That's a rodeo in Nampa, Idaho, nineteen miles from Boise." The brothers drifted over to the arena when the calf roping started. "There was a real skinny guy," Oliver says. "The announcer said he was a high-school teacher. He was wearin' glasses. When he won three hundred dollars, I couldn't believe it. Right then I decided I was gonna be a roper."

Oliver had to surmount formidable financial obstacles before he stepped into a big-time arena to compete. A capable, trained rope horse costs $2500 or more. A trailer in which to haul the horse costs another $1500—not to mention the price of a big, durable car. And calves on which to practice roping, throwing and tying are expensive to buy, shelter and feed.

Despite all this, Oliver launched a [illegible] natical campaign to become a r[illegible] champion. But then Oliver was prep[illegible] for an uphill battle. His youth was an obstacle course in itself.

"We were always on the move," says Dean's elder brother Dale, remembering Dean's nomadic early years. "My dad, Vernon, was a salesman. Seven of us kids was born in seven different states from Florida to California. Dean was born in Kansas. All Dean and I can remember of grammar-school days was sayin' good-by to one bunch of kids we'd just gotten to know—and then bein' the new kids in a strange community."

Dean's father finally settled at Nampa, Idaho, where he bought an abandoned airfield, opened a flying school and flew charter hunting flights into Salmon River country. Then the Idaho Wool Growers Association gave him a contract to hunt coyotes by plane.

"The coyotes was givin' sheepmen fits," Dean recalls. "My father went down too low after one critter and crashed into the side of a mountain. He was killed instantly."

Oliver was haunted by the mem[illegible] his father's death. "He was in a wor[illegible] by himself," says his brother Dale. "He

Oliver and his gear: Manila rope, boots, blanket, saddle, spurs and bridle.

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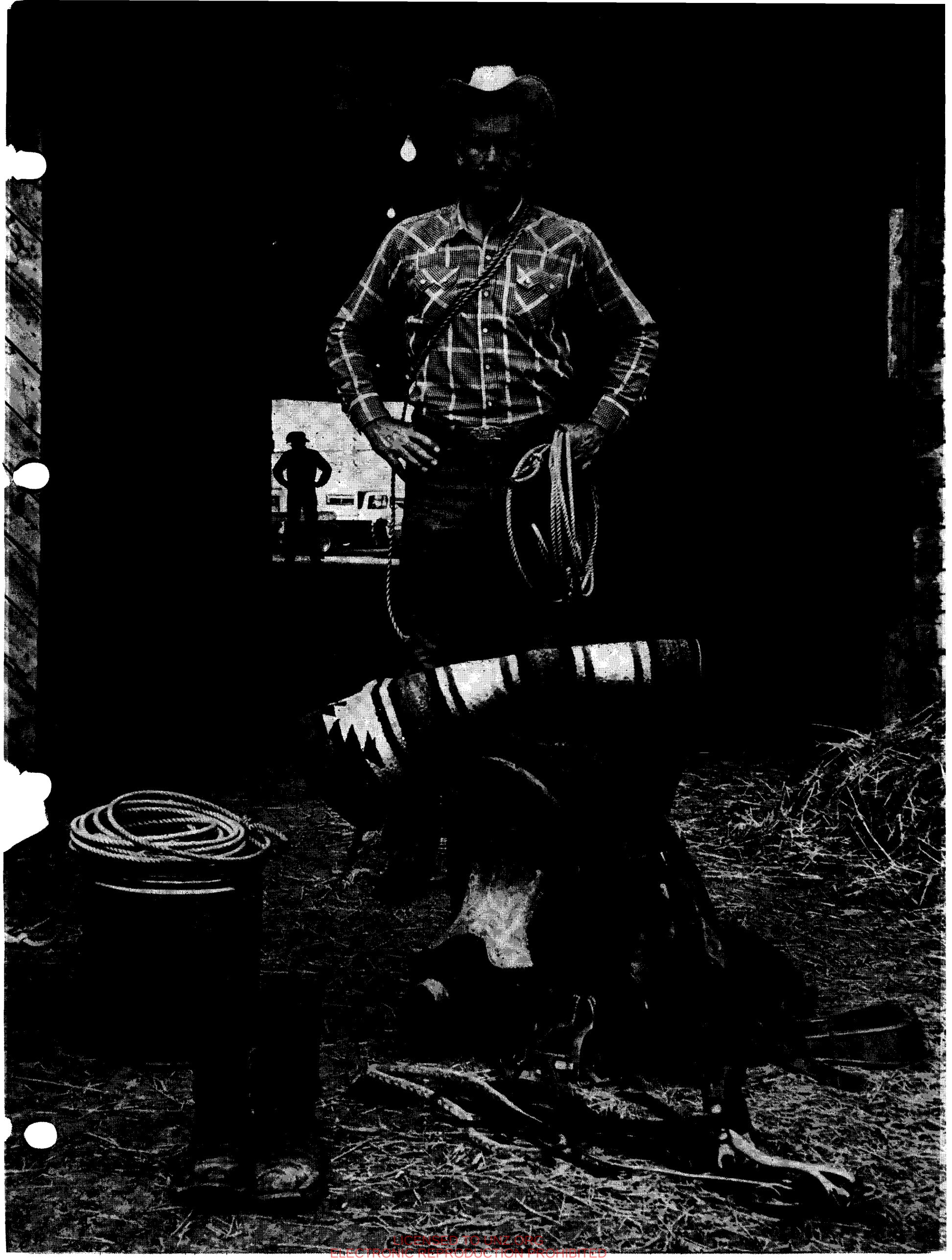

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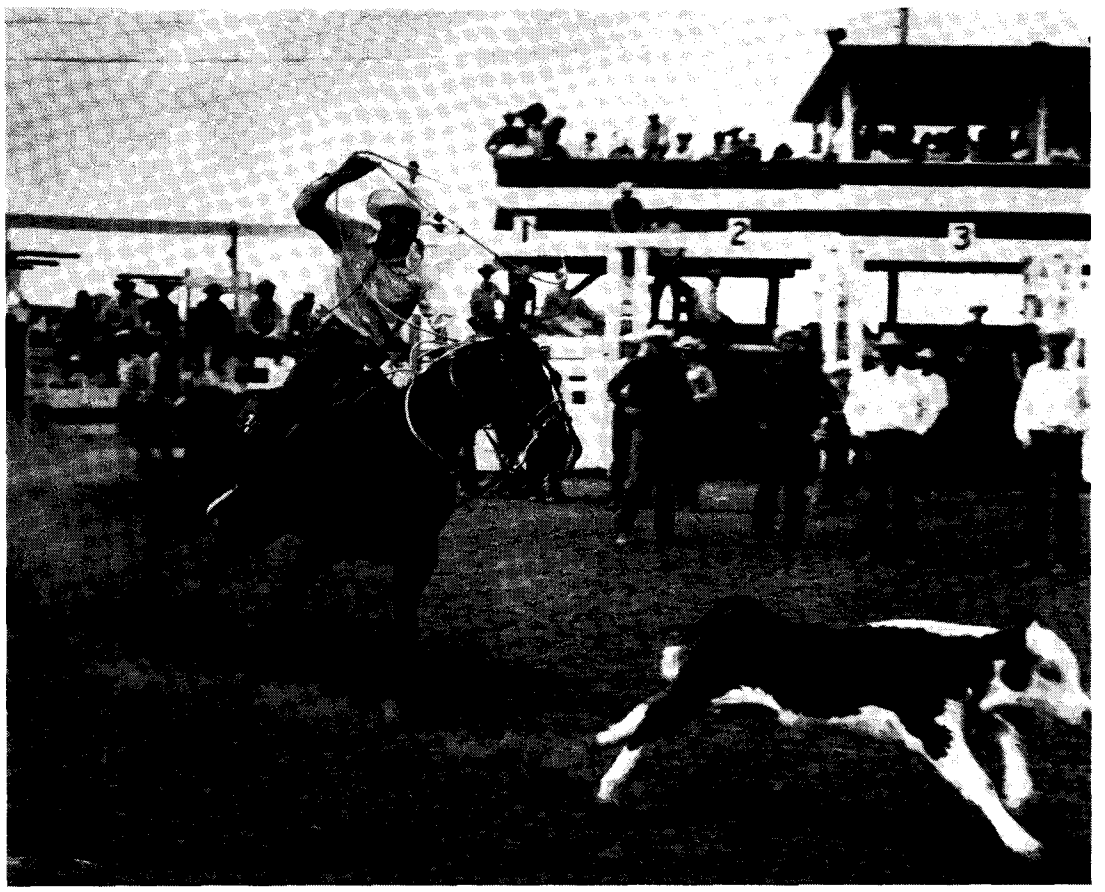
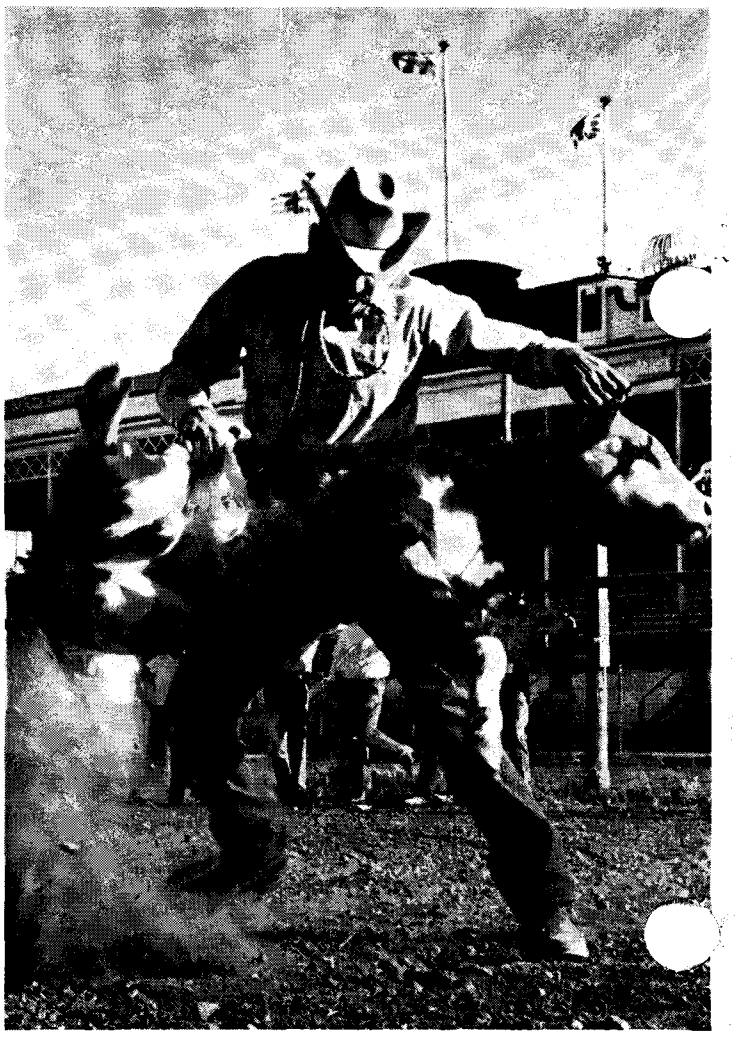
Photographs by Larry Fried



Lethbridge, Alberta. Oliver twirls a twenty-five-foot lariat as he pursues a ducking, dodging calf. Between his teeth is a short "pigging" string.



Grabbing the 300-pound calf by its loin and the rope around its neck, Dean "flanks" it to the ground.

didn't have any friends. To make things worse, he developed a slight speech impediment."

"I was self-conscious about everything," says Dean. "Dale and I had to go to the welfare station for raisins and beans every day. I was sure every kid that saw us on the way home knew where we'd been—and that the sorry-lookin' clothes we wore were from the aid-to-dependent-children outfit."

Dean quit school during the tenth grade and went to work on a farm for fifty cents a day plus room and board. Two and a half years later he took his fateful trip to Nampa's Snake River Stampede.

Following his first exposure to the lure of rodeo, Oliver squandered fifteen dollars on an old mare with an ugly boil on her side. He doctored the boil tenderly and fashioned a rope hackamore to serve as a bridle.

"No milk cow or calf was safe after dark," his brother Dale says. "The horse Dean bought wasn't much good, so we'd run on foot after a calf, grab it and Dean would try to throw it. But then a neighbor saw what we were up to and called the police. I can still picture the two of us lying in the bottom of a drainage ditch with the cops searching for us with flashlights."

Oliver was nineteen when he went to work on Alex Reizenstein's farm near Boise. Martha, the eldest of Reizenstein's ten children, worked alongside the men in the sugar-beet fields.

Martha Oliver has good reason to remember the day she and Dean met. "I noticed there was a new man working with us," she says. "I eased over to get a better look at him, and just as he turned around, I stumbled into an irrigation ditch and got sopping wet. It wasn't exactly what you'd call romantic."

When Dean told his mother and Dale that he and Martha intended to get married, they tried to talk him out of continuing his efforts to become a rodeo calf roper. "I was sure the marriage wouldn't work out," Dean's mother Vesper recalls. "He had this crazy idea in his head about roping, and I just couldn't see Martha putting up with that for long."

Dean's brother urged him to get a steady job. "It was like talking to a runaway freight," Dale says.

But Martha encouraged Dean. She even agreed to postpone their marriage so that Dean could buy a suitable horse. Dean worked extra hours to raise $400 for an unbroken filly named Brandy.

"Finally Martha and I just decided to tie the knot and hope for the best," Dean says. "When we were married in 1950, I was broke and Martha had twelve dollars."

Oliver practiced tying his employer's calves after dark to perfect his technique. Soon he was tying a calf's legs in less than three seconds—faster than the average person ties his shoelaces. Then, when he was caught by his foreman and reprimanded, Dean stretched his meager budget almost to the breaking point and bought a practice calf. "Martha'd hold it till I was ready and then turn it loose and I'd rope and tie it. When I was finished, we'd start all over. She must've done that for me over a thousand times."

But there is more to calf roping than the crucial last few seconds when the tie is made, and Dean Oliver knew it. Seated on a quarter horse, a roper starts his run from an open-faced stall called the "box." He carries a short "pigging" string with which he ties the calf's legs once he has the animal roped and on the ground. In addition to the Manila lariat he carries, another rope is snugged to his saddle in case he misses with his first loop. The roper must time his start so his horse does not hit an elastic barrier at the opening of the box before the loosed calf has tripped it. (If the horse does, ten seconds are added to the cowboy's final tying time.) He must pitch a loop over the racing calf's neck. Then he has to throw the calf, either "flanking" it—grabbing the calf by the skin on its loin and the rope around its neck—or "legging" it—using one of its forelegs as a lever. Last but not least, he must tie the calf. More often than not, a cowboy will draw a rank Brahman that could easily kick half his teeth out.

To perfect his roping accuracy while he was working, Oliver would bolt his noontime meal and rush out to toss a rope at a bale of hay or an overturned bucket. On Sundays he took Brandy to his friend Jake Dyer's place twelve miles away. Dyer, one of the few accomplished calf ropers to come out of Idaho, helped Dean close the deal for Brandy and coached him in the art of roping from a horse.

"I didn't think he'd amount to much that first year," Dyer says. "He'd swing an awful big loop; 'peared to be twenty feet across. Only things he had goin' for him was speed and strength. And Dean was so anxious to get to tyin' he never let Brandy develop as a rope horse.

"Of course," Dyer adds, "the big money's won in those last few seconds, when you're tyin'. Dean's learnin' not to depend too much on a horse is probably one of the biggest reasons behind his greatness."

During the summer of 1951 Dean started entering local rodeos. When he couldn't beg a ride for Brandy in someone's trailer, he'd get his milking done before five A.M., climb onto his mare and ride to a rodeo. He bought a saddle on time, and he still owed money on Brandy. From the start, Dean learned to compete under physical and financial pressure.

He went to nine rodeos without winning. At his tenth rodeo he won eighty dollars and he could scarcely believe it.

Through the remainder of 1951 and then in '52 Oliver went to as many local rodeos as he could. After a few wins, he assembled his own crude traveling outfit—an old pickup truck and a homemade cumbersome trailer. He carried a gallon drum of gasoline in the tru to save money. He didn't have a tire, and a flat was always a disast

When Oliver was winning, H Martha went with him. They w for a grove of aspens and a str a remote rodeo town. There the d sleep in their trailer. "When De didn't win enough to make entrance fees, we'd both go to work," says Martha. "Harvesttime was best. We'd stop somewhere and pick peas or chop beets until we had enough for Dean to enter another rodeo."

"She'd do anything for me," Dean recalls with pride. "Sometimes she'd even go clear back to Boise and work in a laundry to keep me on the road."

By the end of summer in 1952 Oliver was beating his northwestern competition easily. He had won $4000 in two years, but he wasn't content.

"Everyone was satisfied with Dean's performance but himself," Martha says. "He just kept driving himself unmercifully."

To his old friend Jake Dyer, Dean's progress was astonishing. "Each r s smoother than the one before, r says. "His ability on the ground with a calf was exceptional. All that practice in the dark and the manure paid off. He could tie with the best of them."

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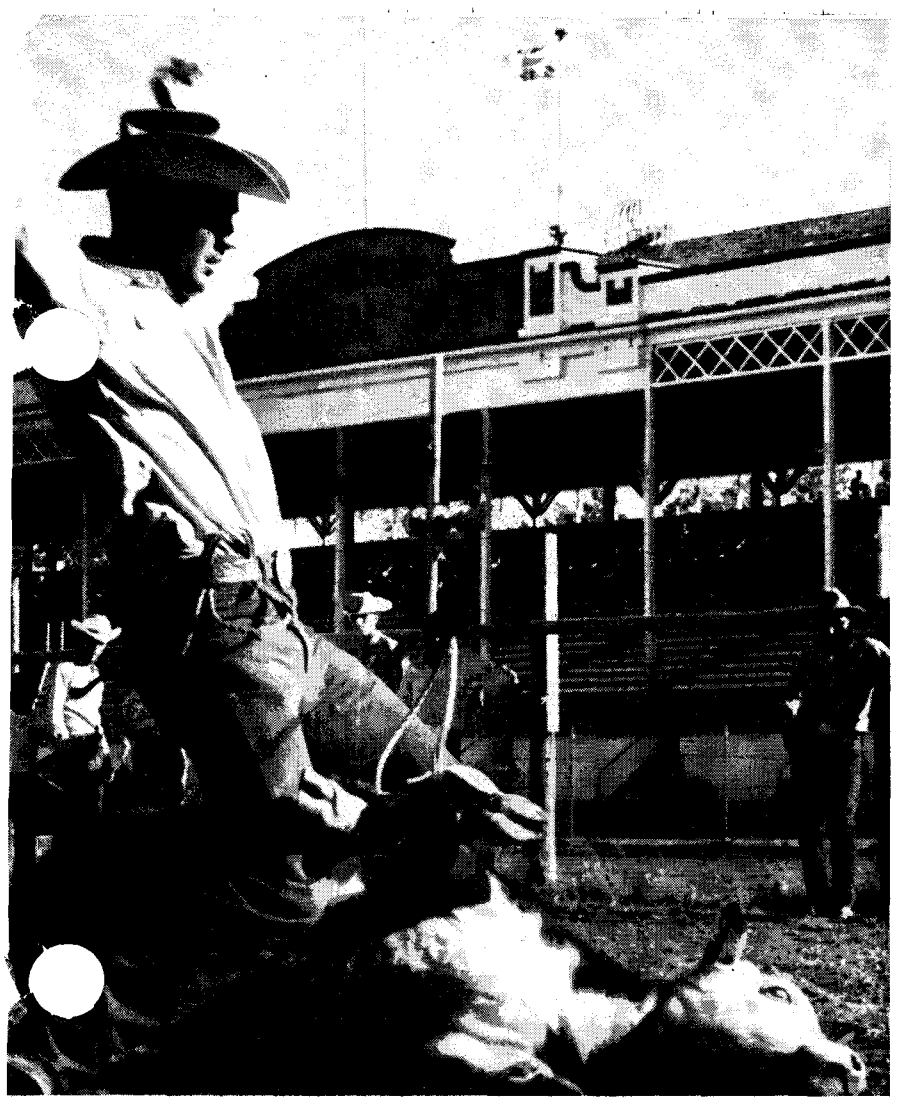
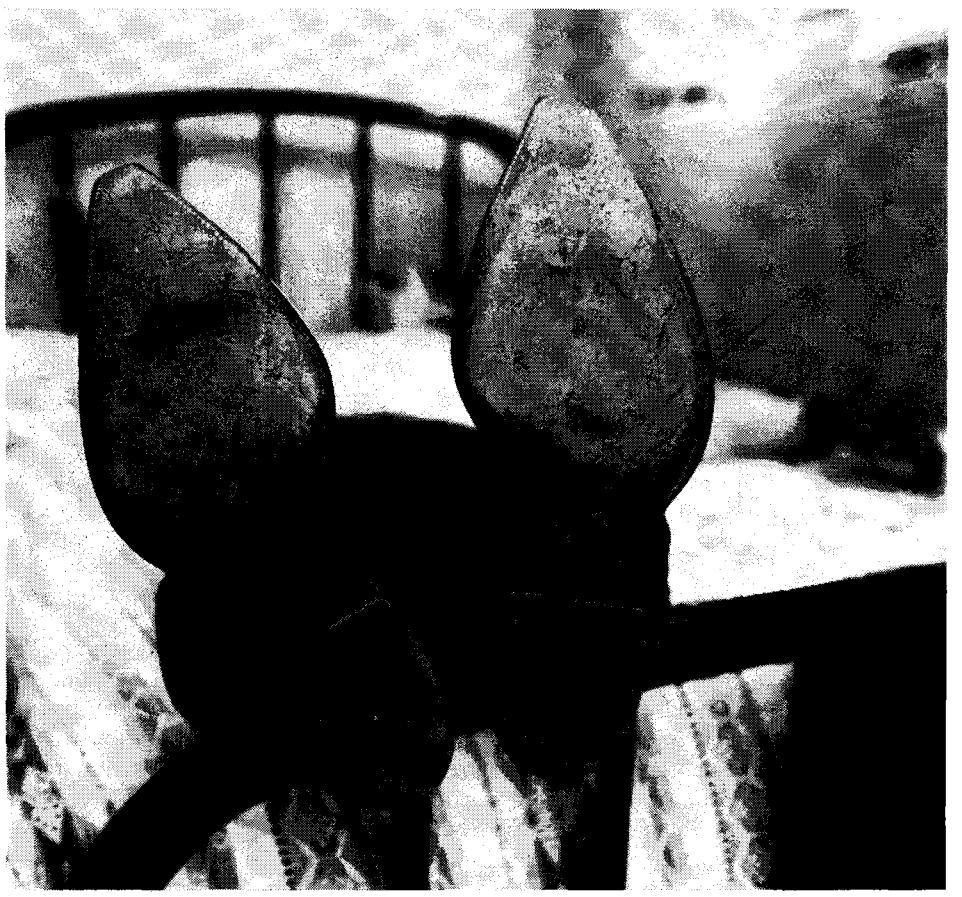


After quickly tying three legs with the pigging string, Oliver throws up his hands to signify "time" for the rodeo officials.



The champion cooling his heels after a grueling day of roping. Last year Oliver won a record $28,841 at sixty rodeos.

Dean got his big break that fall. After talking to some top ropers at Nampa, Dean decided to join the Rodeo Cowboys Association. On the major rodeo circuit he knew he would find the stiff competition for rich purses that would further hone his skills.

Oliver traveled to the association's rodeo at Albuquerque, New Mexico and paid a seventy-five-dollar entrance fee. He "bought" a seat on a rawboned bay [illegible] quarter of what he might win—[illegible]n practice among rodeo cowboy[illegible]can's time was second in the first go-round and second in the over-all average for two go-rounds. He won $1250. He was on his way.

In Denver a week later, on another "borrowed" horse, Dean won the first go-round for $685. He tied three calves in 42.9 seconds and was runner-up in the "average" for three go-rounds. His time was only a half-second behind the winner. When he finished, he had won $2500 at Albuquerque and Denver.

After paying $625 for the use of two horses, Dean shopped around and finally bought an aging buckskin for $1750. He put $1000 down on the horse and hauled him to the Cow Palace in San Francisco. There he placed second in the first go-round on his new mount, Buck, winning $550.

Dean came home to Boise from the Cow Palace and waited eagerly to enter the National Western in Denver in January of 1953. From there he planned to hit the choice winter rodeos in Texas. He [illegible]re[illegible] of a big win at Denver that [illegible]wo[illegible]e care of his forthcoming rodeo expenses. Practically all his earnings had gone for payments on Buck and a new truck and trailer. When it was all over in Denver, Dean hadn't won a dime. His entire capital, some twenty-one dollars, was all he had to comfort him as he drove back to Boise through a blinding snowstorm.

Dean and Martha resigned themselves to months of hard work on a nearby ranch. Once again Dean roped cattle surreptitiously for practice, sweating it out until he could go back on the road in the spring. Throughout 1953 Oliver's rodeo fortunes followed the up-again-down-again course of a bucking bronc. Resounding wins were followed by strings of dismal failures. He finished the year with a mediocre $6163.

But then in 1954 Oliver's fortune took off at a gallop. Astounding his southwestern competitors, the big Idaho farm hand roped in $11,153 and finished third in the year's standings.

"He was bound to be a winner," says one grizzled veteran of the rodeo wars. "When he's haulin' a horse in a trailer, he'll stop, let his horse out and run up and down for a quarter of a mile exercisin' it. I think his legs are sounder than his horse's. How you gonna beat a guy like that?"

The following year Oliver stunned the rodeo world by pocketing $20,092 for his first world championship. Oliver had arrived in the envied winner's circle—but he still had a long way to ride before he was accepted by his fellow cowboys.

"It wasn't easy to like Dean in those days," says one crack roper. "Most times after a rodeo a winner'll buy all the other guys a steak or a drink. And there's always a party everyone goes to. But not Dean. He'd always get dressed and head off to the next rodeo town. Stayed to himself most of the time. He just wasn't one of us."

The tight-fisted attitude and the zeal for conditioning and winning is understandable in view of Oliver's youth. But no one in the close-mouthed world of rodeo cowboys knew anything about Oliver's past.

Then, in 1956, with a championship under his belt, Dean began to mellow. The year was a poor one for Oliver. He slipped to tenth in the rankings, finishing the year with winnings of $9378. One of the cowboy stars who warmed to Dean that year was Casey Tibbs, rodeo's unsurpassed bronc-riding champion. A colorful heckler, Casey remembers when Dean's personal stock began to soar.

"One of the signs that point to a fellow's being accepted," says Tibbs, "is when the guys start pullin' stunts on him. I guess I was one of the first. We were in Puyallup, Washington, and it was rainin'. Dean was headin' for this shed where he had his ropes under cover. He was due to rope in a few minutes. When I saw two girls go into the shed ahead of him I followed him over. He stood there for a minute or so wonderin' what to do. You see, Dean's sort of scared of girls," Tibbs laughed. "Well, he finally got up enough courage to go in. As soon as he was inside, I ran over and hung a padlock in the hasp. You should've heard those girls. Must've thought they was locked up with a maniac. Just a whoopin' and a screamin' somethin' terrible."

In 1957 Oliver moved up to sixth place in the final standings with an $11,510 year. He captured his second championship in 1958, winning a then-record-breaking $23,269, but slipped to third place in 1959, with winnings of $18,104. But his reputation as one of rodeo's most popular and respected competitors had risen to new heights.

Toward the close of the 1959 season Oliver bought a chunky sorrel gelding named Mickey. It was the sagest $2500 Oliver has ever spent. Mickey excels at all the tricks required of a rope horse in topflight competition. His timing is perfect. He gives Oliver the surge of power he needs coming out of the box. He follows a dodging calf completely on his own. When Oliver signals him to stop, he slams on the brakes. And when Oliver is running to his calf, Mickey helps him by backing up, bringing the calf toward him. When Dean throws a calf, Mickey keeps the rope taut enough to keep the calf from raising its head, but not so taut that the calf chokes, struggles and fouls up a tie. Riding Mickey almost exclusively last year, Oliver smashed the one-year winnings record for a single rodeo event with a total of $28,841.

This year, in addition to his branding-iron grip on the No. 1 roping spot, Oliver has lassoed third place in "all around" winnings—prize money won in two or more events—by turning an occasional bulldogging trick. This is something of a risk for a champion whose earnings depend on his physical well-being, for bulldogging, or steer wrestling, is a hazardous, often bone-breaking, specialty.

Capping Oliver's competitive triumphs was the gratifying personal tribute paid to him not long ago by his fellow ropers. This year they elected him a representative on the Rodeo Cowboys Association Board—the governing body of the sport.

Uppermost in importance to Dean Oliver, though, is the spacious farm near Boise that he has acquired for his wife and their two daughters, Sheryl, eight, and Deann, six.

"That place of ours—that's what really matters to me now," Oliver says. "A comfortable place for Martha. You know one year she hauled a horse clear to New York City for me—all by herself. Why—shucks, without her, I never would've made it." THE END

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UNITED NATIONS NEWCOMERS NEED LESSON ON FREE DEBATE

A few weeks ago Eric H. Louw, the delegate from South Africa, made a speech in the United Nations Assembly in which he attempted to justify his government's policy on race relations. He produced figures purporting to show that the black people in South Africa were better off in their standard of living, social services and even civil rights than are their brothers in Ghana or the Congo, outside Katanga. Whatever the merits of his argument, he was entitled to make it in what is supposed to be a "parliament of mankind."

However, the newly admitted African states, not yet accustomed to free debate, cooked up a resolution censuring Mr. Louw on the ground that he had "insulted" other members of the Assembly. The resolution was passed by a vote of 67 to 1. The United States delegation, with Adlai Stevenson absent, "abstained."

Thus went over the side a splendid opportunity for a representative of the United States to stand up and elucidate for the benefit of the new members what it means to participate in a deliberative assembly! Such an address could have included references to some of the great debates in our own Congress, like the long debate on the extension of slavery which brought forth brilliant speeches by John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster and others. In this debate the very structure of the Federal Government was attacked and defended. Violence was sometimes threatened, and Sen. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts was actually assaulted by a Southern member of Congress who resented one of the senator's speeches. But it was only when men on both sides gave up debating altogether that orderly government broke down and the contestants resorted to arms.

Free debate needs defense today more than ever. It has been extinguished in countries all over the world, including some of the countries which voted to censure Mr. Louw. Free debate needed vigorous defense on October eleventh in the U.N. Assembly all the more so because the South African delegate's views were unpopular. But the United States, Britain, France and the Scandinavian countries, in all of which free debate is taken for granted, abstained from voting. They ought to have voted No! Ducking such an opportunity seems to us a poor way to build up "world opinion" in favor of the democratic process—or to strengthen the United Nations!

ARE AMERICANS STILL LANGUISHING IN RED CHINESE JAILS?

In his press conference of October eleventh, President Kennedy was asked about the prospect of talks with the Chinese Communists. His reply, in part, was: "We have been meeting periodically for the past three or four years, for a period at Geneva and most recently at Warsaw, in which we talked about the exchange of prisoners, or rather the release of prisoners . . ."

Charles L. Markmann and Mark Sherwin, in their recent book, *John F. Kennedy: a Sense of Purpose* (St. Martin's) report that earlier this year "Jacob D. Beam, the American Ambassador to Poland, resumed the intermittent seven-year conferences that had been held in Warsaw with Peking's envoy. . . . He was, of course, going to pursue the long-standing request for the release of captive Americans. . . ." Because the United States continued to recognize Formosa, these authors state, "the Peking envoy refused to discuss the release of the prisoners."

The prisoners referred to are presumably the American servicemen who were captured by the Chinese Communists during the Korean War and for whom the Communists have never made any adequate accounting. Although the State Department takes the attitude that the majority of these men are presumed dead, while "some few of them might still be alive," it is apparent from the above that some of them at least are still considered a matter for negotiation, and that the Chinese Communists regard them as pawns in the game of power politics. If we would surrender on Formosa, it is implied, the Communists might talk about prisoners. Of course, these men may be dead but, unless many have been shot, it is hard to believe that all of them—young men in the prime of life—have succumbed.

On file in Washington, D.C., and with United States representatives in Panmunjom and Warsaw are the dossiers of 450 American servicemen who were captured by the Communists during the Korean War. The United States Government has continually confronted the Red Chinese with this evidence and requested an accounting of these prisoners. The Communists have refused to enter into any genuine discussion of the subject. As the State Department release last year put it, the Communists have "met all questions on this subject with evasion and irrelevant countercharges and have refused to enter into a meaningful discussion."

What millions of Americans want to know is whether we have exerted all the pressure available to get an answer to the question: "Are any of these prisoners alive and, if so, why have they not been released?"

MANY COMMUNITIES NEED PLAY AREAS NEARER HOME

The increasing demands for outdoor recreation usually mean more national and state parks. But there is a widespread need for such open-air opportunities closer to home for most people. Iowa has a county-conservation law that is filling this void. It enables counties to develop local natural resources to provide outdoor recreation.

The law, enacted in 1955, works simply. If the voters favor the project, the County Board of Supervisors will appoint a County Conservation Board of five qualified members. They are empowered "to acquire, maintain and make available . . . public parks, preserves, parkways, playgrounds, recreational centers, county forests, wildlife and other conservation areas."

When the first chance to vote on the proposition came at the 1956 election, it was adopted by sixteen counties. So popular has it proved that now sixty-two of the state's ninety-nine counties have recreation programs under way. Latest figures show that these include some 200 separate conservation areas, ranging in size from a few acres up to 1250 acres. For the most part, the smaller areas are historical sites, roadside parks or boat-launching facilities, while the larger ones are being developed for multiple-use parks.

Some counties are building artificial lakes, and the first one was completed in Benton County in 1960. This forty-five-acre lake was constructed in a 160-acre park, which gives it an attractive setting. Iowa has numerous streams, and many counties are developing shore-line resources along them.

The use Iowans are making of the county-conservation act is all the more impressive because Iowa has a better-than-average system of state parks. Other states should find it an applicable way to provide more recreation for more people.

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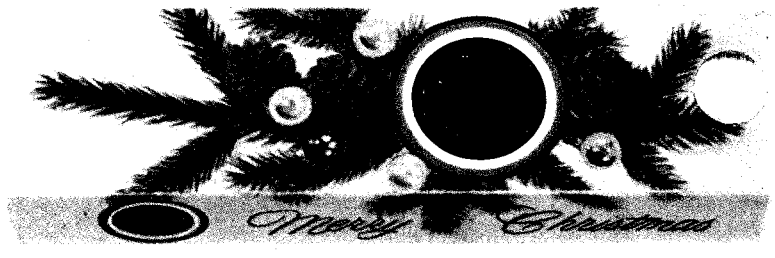

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